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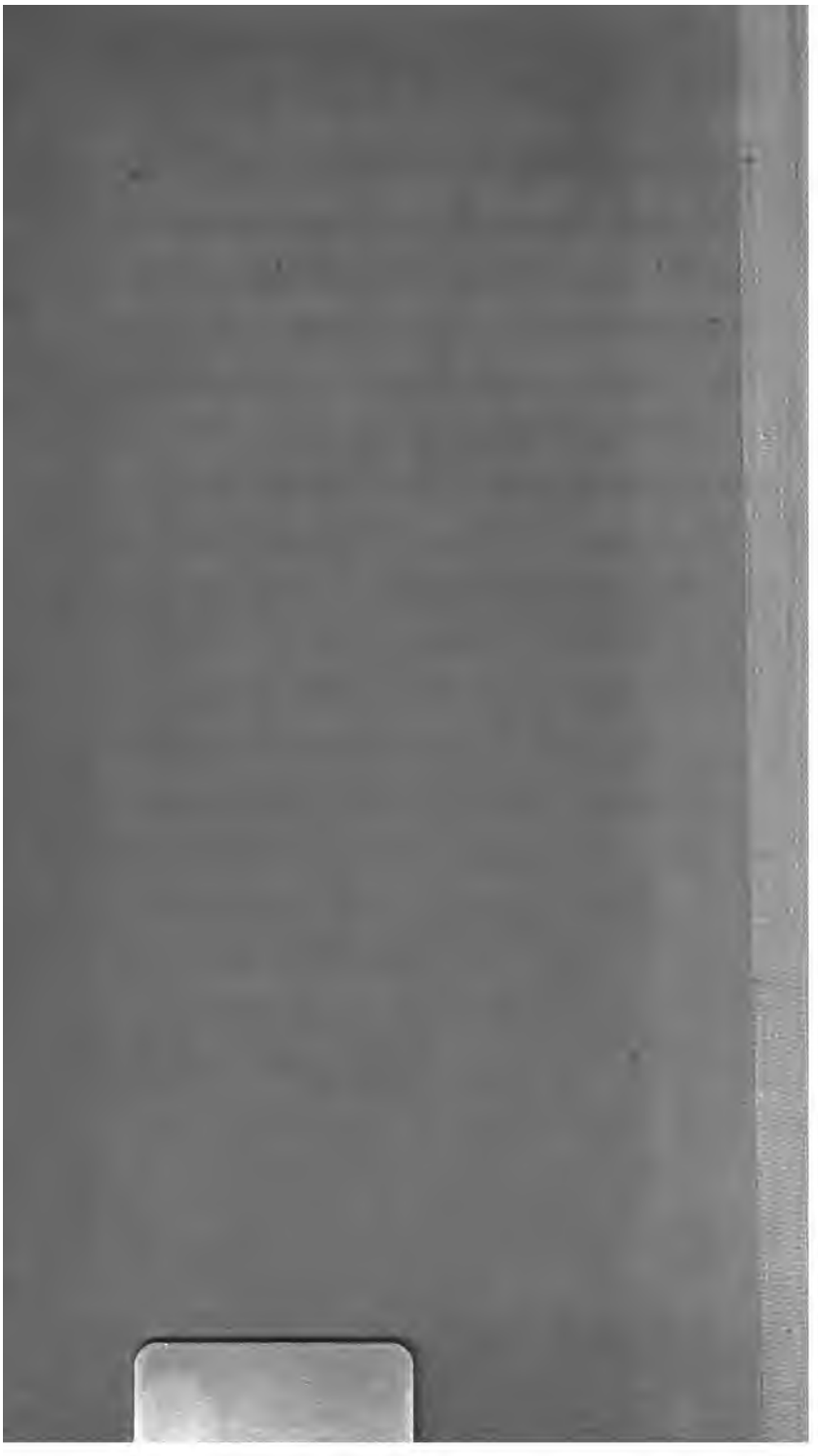

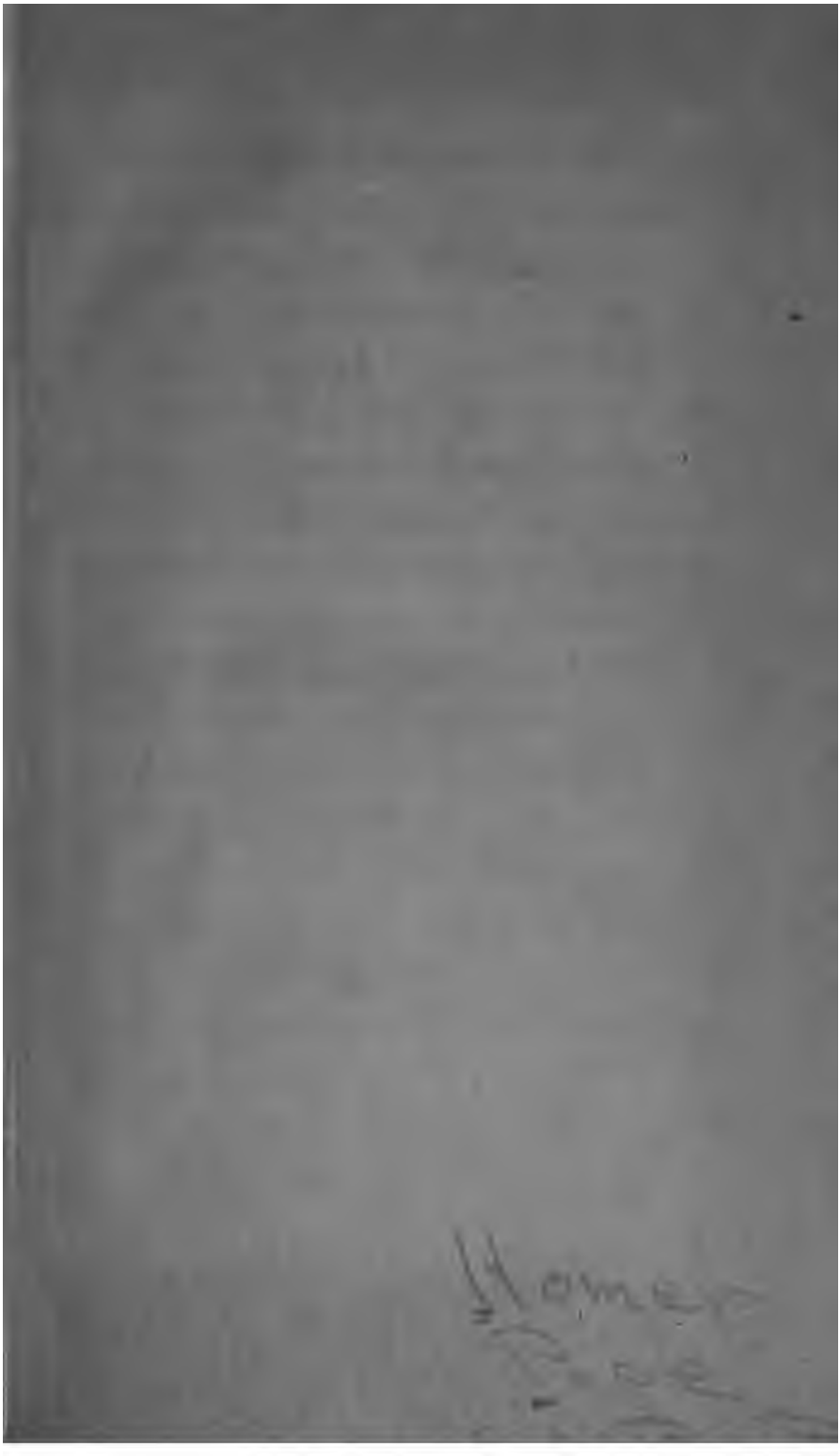

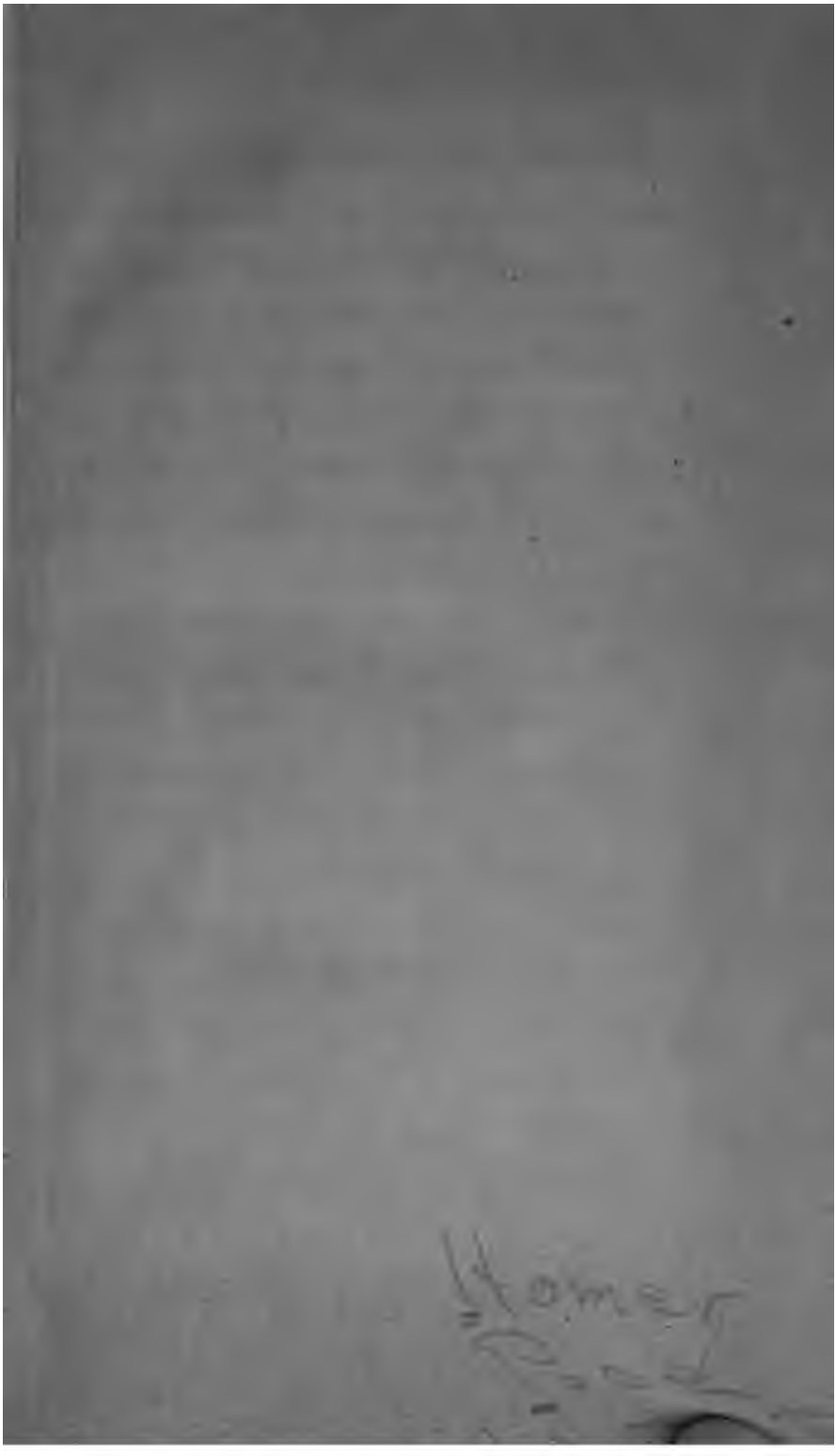

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

Tranſlated by

ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq;

——— Det primos verſibus annos,
Mæoniumque bibat fœlici pectore fontem.

PETR.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

LONDON,

Printed by Charles Rivington,

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THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſecond battle, and the diſtreſs of the *Greeks*.

JUPITER *aſſembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of* Tartarus *if they aſſiſt either ſide:* Minerva *only obtains of him that ſhe may direct the* Greeks *by her counſels. The armies join battle;* Jupiter *on mount* Ida *weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the* Greeks *with his thunders and lightnings.* Neſtor *alone continues in the field in great danger;* Diomed *relieves him; whoſe exploits and thoſe of* Hector, *are excellently deſcribed.* Juno *endeavours to animate* Neptune *to the aſſiſtance of the* Greeks, *but in vain. The acts of* Teucer, *who is at length wounded by* Hector, *and carried off.* Juno *and* Minerva *prepare to aid the* Grecians, *but are reſtrained by* Iris, *ſent from* Jupiter. *The night puts an end to the battle.* Hector *continues in the field (the* Greeks *being driven to their fortification before the ſhips) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reimbarking and eſcaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and paſs the night under arms.*

The time *of ſeven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the Poem to the end of this book. The* ſcene *here (except of the celeſtial machines) lies in the field toward the ſea-ſhore.*

THE

* EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn;
When *Jove* conven'd the ſenate of the ſkies,
Where high *Olympus'* cloudy tops ariſe.

* *Homer*, like moſt of the *Greeks*, is thought to have travelled into *Ægypt*, and brought from the prieſts there, not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in fables and hieroglyphicks. This is neceſſary to be conſidered by thoſe who would thoroughly penetrate into the beauty and deſign of many parts of this author: for whoever reflects that this was the mode of learning in thoſe times, will make no doubt but there are ſeveral myſteries both of natural and moral philoſophy involved in his fictions, which otherwiſe in the

The Sire of Gods his awful ſilence broke,
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he ſpoke.
Celeſtial ſtates, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move;
Thou Fate! fulfil it; and, ye pow'rs! approve!
What God but enters yon' forbidden field,
Who yields aſſiſtance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the ſkies with ſhame he ſhall be driv'n,
Gaſh'd with diſhoneſt wounds, the ſcorn of heav'n:
Or far, oh far from ſteep *Olympus* thrown,
Low in the dark *Tartarean* gulf ſhall groan,

literal meaning appear too trivial or irrational; and it is but juſt, when theſe are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that ſomething of this kind may be hid under them. Nevertheleſs, as *Homer* travelled not with a direct view of writing philoſophy or theology, ſo he might often uſe theſe hieroglyphical fables and traditions as embelliſhments of his poetry only, without taking the pains to open their myſtical meaning to his readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himſelf.

ỳ. 16. *Low in the dark* Tartarean *gulf*, &c.] This opinion of *Tartarus*, the place of torture for the impious after death, might be taken from the *Ægyptians*: for it ſeems not improbable, as ſome writers have obſerved, that ſome tradition might then be ſpread in the Eaſtern parts of the world, of the fall of the angels, the puniſhment of the damned, and other ſacred truths, which were afterwards more fully explained and taught by the Prophets and Apoſtles. Theſe *Homer* ſeems to allude to in

With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' ethereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread thoſe dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of *Jove:*
Let down our golden everlaſting chain,
Whoſe ſtrong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main:

this and other paſſages; as where *Vulcan* is ſaid to be precipitated from heaven in the firſt book, where *Jupiter* threatens *Mars* with *Tartarus* in the fifth, and where the Dæmon of Diſcord is caſt out of heaven in the nineteenth. *Virgil* has tranſlated a part of theſe lines in the ſixth *Æneid:*

" — — — — Tum Tartarus ipſe
" Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque ſub umbras,
" Quantus ad æthereum cœli ſuſpectus Olympum."

And *Milton* in his firſt book,

As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
As from the centre thrice to th' utmoſt pole.

It may not be unpleaſing juſt to obſerve the gradation in theſe three great Poets, as if they had vied with each other, in extending this idea of the depth of hell. *Homer* ſays as far, *Virgil* twice as far, *Milton* thrice.

℣. 25. *Let down our golden everlaſting chain.*] The various opinions of the ancients concerning this paſſage are collected by

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to earth:

Euſtathius. *Jupiter* ſays, *If he holds this chain of gold, the force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down, but he can draw up them, the ſeas, and the earth, and cauſe the whole univerſe to hang unactive.* Some think that *Jupiter* ſignifies the *Æther*, the golden chain the *Sun:* if the *Æther* did not temper the rays of the ſun as they paſs through it, his beams would not only drink up and exhale the Ocean in vapours, but alſo exhale the moiſture from the veins of the earth, which is the cement that holds it together: by which means the whole creation would become unactive, and all its powers ſuſpended.

Others affirm, that by this golden chain may be meant the days of the world's duration, ἡμέρας αἰῶνος, which are as it were painted by the luſtre of the ſun, and follow one another in a ſucceſſive chain till they arrive at their final period: while *Jupiter* or the *Æther* (which the ancients called the ſoul of all things) ſtill remains unchanged.

Plato in his *Theætetus* ſays, that by this golden chain is meant the ſun, whoſe rays enliven all nature, and cement the parts of the univerſe.

The *Stoicks* will have it, that by *Jupiter* is implied deſtiny, which over-rules every thing both upon and above the earth.

Others (delighted with their own conceits) imagine that *Homer* intended to repreſent the excellence of monarchy; that the ſceptre ought to be ſwayed by one hand, and that all the wheels of government ſhould be put in motion by one perſon.

But I fancy a much better interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great reaſon to believe) that the *Ægyptians* underſtood the true ſyſtem of the world, and that *Pythagoras* firſt learned it from them. They held that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitation upon the ſun, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer*; and ſometimes by the ſun (as *Macrobius* informs us) is meant *Jupiter* himſelf: we ſee too, that the moſt prevailing opinion of antiquity fixes it

Ye ſtrive in vain! If I but ſtretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land;
I fix the chain to great *Olympus'* height,
And the vaſt world hangs trembling in my ſight!
For ſuch I reign, unbounded and above;
And ſuch are Men, and Gods, compar'd to *Jove*.

Th'Almighty ſpoke, nor durſt the pow'rs reply,
A rev'rend horrour ſilenc'd all the ſky;
Trembling they ſtood before their ſovereign's look;
At length his beſt-belov'd, the pow'r of *Wiſdom*, ſpoke.

to the *ſun*; ſo that I think it will be no ſtrained interpretation to ſay, that by the inability of the Gods to pull *Jupiter* out of his place with this *Catena*, may be underſtood the ſuperiour attractive force of the ſun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the reſt of the planets toward him.

℣. 35. *Th' Almighty ſpoke.*] *Homer* in this whole paſſage plainly ſhews his belief of one ſupreme, omnipotent God, whom he introduces with a majeſty and ſuperiourity worthy the great ruler of the univerſe. Accordingly *Juſtin Martyr* cites it as a proof of our Author's attributing the power and government of all things to one firſt God, whoſe divinity is ſo far ſuperiour to all other Deities, that if compared to him, they may be ranked among mortals. *Admon. ad Gentes.* Upon this account, and with the authority of that learned father, I have ventured to apply to *Jupiter*, in this place, ſuch appellatives as are ſuitable to the ſupreme Deity: a practice I would be cautious of uſing in many other paſſages, where the notions and deſcriptions of our Author muſt be owned to be unworthy of the divinity.

Oh firſt and greateſt! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our father and our Lord!
But ah! permit to pity human ſtate:
If not to help, at leaſt lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our *Argives* ſlain;
Yet grant my counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Or all muſt periſh in the wrath of *Jove*.

The cloud-compelling God her ſuit approv'd,
And ſmil'd ſuperiour on his beſt-belov'd.
Then call'd his courſers, and his chariot took;
The ſteadfaſt firmament beneath them ſhook:
Rapt by th' æthereal ſteeds the chariot roll'd;
Braſs were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heav'n's undroſſy gold the God's array
Refulgent, flaſh'd intolerable day.

℣. 39. *Oh firſt and greateſt!* &c.] *Homer* is not only to be admired for keeping up the characters of his Heroes, but for adapting his ſpeeches to the characters of his Gods. Had *Juno* here given the reply, ſhe would have begun with ſome mark of reſentment, but *Pallas* is all ſubmiſſion; *Juno* would probably have contradicted him, but *Pallas* only begs leave to be ſorry for thoſe whom ſhe muſt not aſſiſt; *Juno* would have ſpoken with the prerogative of a wife, but *Pallas* makes her addreſs with the obſequiouſneſs of a prudent daughter. *Euſtathius.*

High on the throne he ſhines: his courſers fly
Between th' extended earth and ſtarry ſky.
But when to *Ida*'s topmoſt height he came,
(Fair nurſe of fountains, and of ſavage game)
Where o'er her pointed ſummits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car, the ſacred Sire
Of Gods and men releas'd the ſteeds of fire:
Blue ambient miſts th' immortal ſteeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his ſeat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the ſubject world ſurveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable ſeas.

Now had the *Grecians* ſnatch'd a ſhort repaſt,
And buckled on their ſhining arms with haſte.
Troy rous'd as ſoon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.

ỳ. 69. *For on this dreadful day The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.*] It may be neceſſary to explain, why the *Trojans* thought themſelves obliged to fight in order to defend their wives and children. One would think they might have kept within their walls; the *Grecians* made no attempt to batter them, neither were they inveſted; and the country was open on all ſides except towards the ſea, to give them proviſions. The moſt natural thought is, that they and their auxiliaries being very numerous, could not ſubſiſt but from a

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on ſquadrons cloud the duſky plain:
Men, ſteeds, and chariots ſhake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the ſkies reſound.
And now with ſhouts the ſhocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, ſhields to ſhields oppos'd,
Hoſt againſt hoſt with ſhadowy legions drew,
The ſounding darts in iron tempeſts flew,
Victors and vanquiſh'd join promiſcuous cries,
Triumphant ſhouts and dying groans ariſe;

large country about them: and perhaps not without the ſea, and the rivers, where the *Greeks* encamped: that in time the *Greeks* would have ſurrounded them, and blocked up every avenue to their town: that they thought themſelves obliged to defend the country with all the inhabitants of it, and that indeed at firſt this was rather a war between two nations, and became not properly a ſiege till afterwards.

ỳ. 71. *The gates unfolding*, &c.] There is a wonderful ſublimity in theſe lines; one ſees in the deſcription the gates of a warlike city thrown open, and an army pouring forth; and hears the trampling of men and horſes ruſhing to the battle.

Theſe verſes are, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, only a repetition of a former paſſage; which ſhews that the Poet was particularly pleaſed with them, and that he was not aſhamed of a repetition, when he could not expreſs the ſame image more happily than he had already done.

With ſtreaming blood the ſlipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams encreaſing bright,
O'er heav'n's clear azure ſpread the ſacred light;
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But when the Sun the height of heav'n aſcends;
The Sire of Gods his golden ſcales ſuſpends,

ỳ. 84. *The ſacred light.*] *Homer* deſcribing the advance of the day from morning till noon, calls it ἱερὸν, or ſacred, ſays *Euſtathius*, who gives this reaſon for it, becauſe that part of the day was allotted to ſacrifice and religious worſhip.

ỳ. 88. *The Sire of Gods his golden ſcales ſuſpends.*] This figure repreſenting God as weighing the deſtinies of men in his balances, was firſt made uſe of in holy writ. In the book of *Job*, which is acknowledged to be one of the moſt ancient of the ſcriptures, he prays to be *weighed in an even balance, that God may know his integrity*. *Daniel* declares from God to *Belſhazzar, thou art weighed in the balances, and found light.* And *Proverbs*, ch. xvi. ỳ. 11. *A juſt weight and balance are the Lord's.* Our Author has it again in the twenty-ſecond *Iliad*, and it appeared ſo beautiful to ſucceeding Poets, that *Æſchylus* (as we are told by *Plutarch de aud. Poetis)* writ a whole tragedy upon this foundation, which he called *Pſychoſtaſia*, or the *weighing of ſouls*. In this he introduced *Thetis* and *Aurora* ſtanding on either ſide of *Jupiter's* ſcales, and praying each for her ſon, while the heroes fought:

Καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατὴρ ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,
Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε ταπηλεγέος θανάτοιο,
Ἕλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβών· ἔκλιν δ' αἶσιμον ἦμαρ ἀχαιῶν.

With equal hand: in theſe explor'd the fate
Of *Greece* and *Troy*, and pois'd the mighty weight.

It has been copied by *Virgil* in the laſt *Æneid:*

" Jupiter ipſe duas æquato examine lances
" Suſtinet, & fata imponit diverſa duorum:
" Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere lethum."

I cannot agree with Madam *Dacier* that theſe verſes are inferiour to *Homer*'s; but *Macrobius* obſerves with ſome colour, that the application of them is not ſo juſt as in our author; for *Virgil* had made *Juno* ſay before, that *Turnus* would certainly periſh:

" Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fatis,
" Parcarumque dies & vis inimica propinquat."

So that there was leſs reaſon for weighing his fate with that of *Æneas* after that declaration. *Scaliger* trifles miſerably, when he ſays *Juno* might have learned this from the fates, though *Jupiter* did not know it, before he conſulted them by weighing the ſcales. But *Macrobius*'s excuſe in behalf of *Virgil* is much better worth regard: I ſhall tranſcribe it entire, as it is perhaps the fineſt period in all that author. *Hæc & alia ignoſcenda Virgilio, qui ſtudii circa Homerum nimietate excedit modum. Et revera non poterat non in aliquibus minor videri, qui per omnem poeſim ſuam hoc uno eſt præcipuè uſus archetypo. Acriter enim in Homerum oculos intendit, ut æmularetur ejus non modo magnitudinem ſed & ſimplicitatem, & præſentiam orationis, & tacitam majeſtatem. Hinc diverſarum inter heroas ſuas perſonarum varia magnificatio, hinc Deorum interpoſitio, hinc autoritas fabuloſa, hinc affectuum naturalium expreſſio, hinc monumentorum perſecutio, hinc parabolarum exaggeratio, hinc torrentis orationis ſonitus, hinc rerum ſingularum cum ſplendore faſtigium.* Sat. l. v. c. 13.

As to the aſcent or deſcent of the ſcales, *Euſtathius* explains it in this manner. The deſcent of the ſcale toward earth ſignifies unhappineſs and death, the earth being the place of miſ-

Preſs'd with its load, the *Grecian* balance lies
Low ſunk on earth, the *Trojan* ſtrikes the ſkies,
Then *Jove* from *Ida*'s top his horrours ſpreads;
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the *Grecian* heads;

fortune and mortality; the mounting of it ſignifies proſperity and life, the ſuperiour regions being the ſeats of felicity and immortality.

Milton has admirably improved upon this fine fiction, and with an alteration agreeable to a Chriſtian Poet. He feigns that the Almighty weighed *Satan* in ſuch ſcales, but judiciouſly makes this difference, that the mounting of his ſcale denoted ill ſucceſs; whereas the ſame circumſtance in *Homer* points the victory. His reaſon was, becauſe *Satan* was immortal, and therefore the ſinking of his ſcale could not ſignify death, but the mounting of it did his *lightneſs*, conformable to the expreſſion we juſt now cited from *Daniel:*

Th' Eternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in heaven his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
Between *Aſtræa* and the *Scorpion* ſign:
Wherein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,
In counterpoiſe; now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in theſe he put two weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam.

I believe upon the whole this may with juſtice be preferred both to *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s, on account of the beautiful alluſion to the ſign of *Libra* in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it ſince; ſo correſpondent at once to philoſophy, and to the ſtyle of the ſcriptures.

ỳ. 93. *Then* Jove *from* Ida's *top*, &c.] This diſtreſs of the *Greeks* being ſuppoſed, *Jupiter*'s preſence was abſolutely ne-

Thick light'nings flaſh; the mutt'ring thunder rolls;
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.

ceſſary to bring them into it: for the inferiour Gods that were friendly to *Greece* were rather more in number and ſuperiour in force to thoſe that favoured *Troy*; and the Poet had ſhewed before, when both armies were left to themſelves, that the *Greeks* could overcome the *Trojans*; beſides, it would have been an indelible reflection upon his countrymen to have been vanquiſhed by a ſmaller number. Therefore nothing leſs than the immediate interpoſition of *Jupiter* was requiſite, which ſhews the wonderful addreſs of the Poet in his machinery. *Virgil* makes *Turnus* ſay in the laſt *Æneid*,

"— — Dii me terrent & Jupiter hoſtis."

And indeed this defeat of the *Greeks* ſeems more to their glory than all their victories, ſince even *Jupiter*'s omnipotence could with difficulty effect it.

ỳ. 95. *Thick light'nings flaſh.*] This notion of *Jupiter*'s declaring againſt the *Greeks* by thunder and lightening, is drawn (ſays *Dacier*) from truth itſelf: 1 *Sam.* ch. vii. *And as* Samuel *was offering up the burnt-offering, the* Philiſtines *drew near to battle againſt* Iſrael: *but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the* Philiſtines, *and diſcomfited them, and they were ſmitten before* Iſrael. To which may be added, that in the eighteenth *Pſalm: The Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Higheſt gave his voice; hailſtones and coals of fire. Yea, he ſent out his arrows and ſcattered them; he ſhot out lightenings and diſcomfited them.*

Upon occaſion of the various ſucceſſes given by *Jupiter*, now to *Grecians*, now to *Trojans*, whom he ſuffers to periſh interchangeably; ſome have fancied this ſuppoſition injurious to the nature of the Sovereign Being, as repreſenting him variable or inconſtant in his rewards and puniſhments. It may be anſwered, that as God makes uſe of ſome people to

Before his wrath the trembling hoſts retire;
The God in terrours, and the ſkies on fire.

chaſtiſe others, and none are totally void of crimes, he often decrees to puniſh thoſe very perſons for leſſer ſins, whom he makes his inſtruments to puniſh others for greater: ſo purging them from their own iniquities, before they become worthy to be chaſtiſers of other men's. This is the caſe of the *Greeks* here, whom *Jupiter* permits to ſuffer many ways, though he had deſtined them to revenge the rape of *Helen* upon *Troy*. There is a hiſtory in the Bible juſt of this nature. In the twentieth chapter of *Judges*, the *Iſraelites* are commanded to make war againſt the tribe of *Benjamin*, to puniſh a rape on the wife of a *Levite*, committed in the city of *Gibeah*: when they have laid ſiege to the place, the *Benjamites* ſally upon them with ſo much vigour, that a great number of the beſiegers are deſtroyed: they are aſtoniſhed at theſe defeats, as having undertaken the ſiege in obedience to the command of God: but they are ſtill ordered to perſiſt, till at length they burn the city, and almoſt extinguiſh the race of *Benjamin*. There are many inſtances in ſcripture, where heaven is repreſented to change its decrees according to the repentance or relapſes of men: *Hezekias* is ordered to prepare for death, and afterwards fifteen years are added to his life. It is foretold to *Ahab*, that he ſhould periſh miſerably, and then upon his humiliation God defers the puniſhment till the reign of his ſucceſſor, *&c.*

I muſt confeſs, that in comparing paſſages of the ſacred books with our Author, one ought to uſe a great deal of caution and reſpect. If there are ſome places in ſcripture that in compliance to human underſtanding repreſent the Deity as acting by motives like thoſe of men; there are infinitely more that ſhew him as he is, all perfection, juſtice, and beneficence; whereas in *Homer* the general tenour of the poem repreſents *Jupiter* as a Being ſubject to paſſion, inequality, and imperfection. I think M. *Dacier* has carried theſe com-

Nor great *Idomeneus* that fight could bear,
Nor each ſtern *Ajax*, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the King of Men, th' alarm ſuſtain'd;
Neſtor alone amidſt the ſtorm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for *Paris'* dart
Had pierc'd his courſer in a mortal part;
Fix'd in the forehead where the ſpringing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it ſtung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguiſh, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and laſh the air.
Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying ſteed,
When dreadful *Hector*, thund'ring thro' the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had ſtretch'd beneath his matchleſs hand
The hoary monarch of the *Pylian* band,
But *Diomed* beheld; from forth the croud
He ruſh'd, and on *Ulyſſes* call'd aloud.

pariſons too far, and is too zealous to defend him upon every occaſion in the points of theology and doctrine.

ỳ. 115. *But* Diomed *beheld.*] The whole following ſtory of *Neſtor* and *Diomed* is admirably contrived to raiſe the character of the latter. He maintains his intrepidity, and ventures ſingly to bring off the old hero, notwithſtanding the

Whither, oh whither does *Ulyſſes* run?
Oh flight unworthy great *Laërtes'* ſon!
Mix'd with the vulgar ſhall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, diſhoneſt wound? 120
Oh turn and ſave from *Hector's* direful rage
The glory of the *Greeks*, the *Pylian* ſage.

general conſternation. The art of *Homer* will appear wonderful to any one who conſiders all the circumſtances of this part, and by what degrees he reconciles this flight of *Diomed* to that undaunted character. The thunderbolt falls juſt before him; that is not enough; *Neſtor* adviſes him to ſubmit to heaven; this does not prevail, he cannot bear the thoughts of flight: *Neſtor* drives back the chariot without his conſent; he is again inclined to go on, till *Jupiter* again declares againſt him. Theſe two heroes are very artfully placed together, becauſe none but a perſon of *Neſtor's* authority and wiſdom could have prevailed upon *Diomed* to retreat: a younger warriour could not ſo well in honour have given him ſuch counſel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cauſe *Diomed* to fly, required both the counſel of *Neſtor*, and the thunder of *Jupiter*.

ỳ. 121. *Oh turn and ſave*, &c.] There is a decorum in making *Diomed* call *Ulyſſes* to the aſſiſtance of his brother ſage; for who better knew the importance of *Neſtor* than *Ulyſſes?* But the queſtion is, whether *Ulyſſes* did not drop *Neſtor*, as one great miniſter would do another, and fancied he ſhould be the wiſe man when the other was gone? *Euſtathius* indeed is of opinion that *Homer* meant not to caſt any aſperſion on *Ulyſſes*, nor would have given him ſo many noble appellations, when in the ſame breath he reflected upon his courage. But perhaps the contrary opinion may be ill grounded, if we obſerve the manner of *Homer's* expreſſion. *Diomed* called *Ulyſſes*, but *Ulyſſes* was deaf, he *did not hear*; and whereas the

His fruitleſs words are loſt unheard in air,
Ulyſſes ſeeks the ſhips, and ſhelters there.
But bold *Tydides* to the reſcue goes,
A ſingle warriour 'midſt a hoſt of foes;
Before the courſers with a ſudden ſpring
He leap'd, and anxious thus beſpoke the King.

Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
Theſe younger champions will oppreſs thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy ſervant, and thy courſers ſlow.
Then haſte, aſcend my ſeat, and from the car
Obſerve the ſteeds of *Tros*, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to ſtop, to chace,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
Theſe late obey'd *Æneas'* guiding rein;
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:
With theſe againſt yon' *Trojans* will we go,
Nor ſhall great *Hector* want an equal foe;

Poet ſays of the reſt, that they had not the hardineſs to ſtay, *Ulyſſes* is not only ſaid to *fly*, but παρήϊξεν, to make *violent haſte* towards the navy. *Ovid* at leaſt underſtood it thus, for he puts an objection in *Ajax*'s mouth, *Metam.* xiii. drawn from this paſſage, which would have been improper, had not *Ulyſſes* made more ſpeed than he ought; ſince *Ajax* on the ſame occaſion retreated as well as he.

Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.
Thus ſaid the chief; and *Neſtor*, ſkill'd in war,
Approves his counſel, and aſcends the car:
The ſteeds he left, their truſty ſervants hold;
Eurymedon, and *Sthenelus* the bold:
The rev'rend charioteer directs the courſe,
And ſtrains his aged arm to laſh the horſe.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; *Tydides* whirl'd his ſpear.
The ſpear with erring haſte miſtook its way,
But plung'd in *Eniopeus'* boſom lay.
His opening hand in death forſakes the rein;
The ſteeds fly back; he falls, and ſpurns the plain.
Great *Hector* ſorrows for his ſervant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to preſs the field;

ỳ. 142. *The thirſty fury of my flying ſpear.*] *Homer* has figures of that boldneſs which it is impoſſible to preſerve in another language. The words in the original are Δόρυ μαίνεται, Hector *ſhall ſee if my ſpear is mad in my hands.* The tranſlation pretends only to have taken ſome ſhadow of this, in animating the ſpear, giving it *fury*, and ſtrengthening the figure with the epithet *thirſty*.

'Till to ſupply his place and rule the car,
Roſe *Archeptolemus*, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horrour cover'd all;
Like tim'rous flocks the *Trojans* in their wall
Inclos'd had bled: but *Jove* with awful ſound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vaſt profound;
Full in *Tydides'* face the light'ning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with ſulphur blue;

℣. 159. *And now had death*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves how wonderfully *Homer* ſtill advances the character of *Diomed:* when all the leaders of *Greece* were retreated, the Poet ſays that had not *Jupiter* interpoſed, *Diomed* alone had driven the whole army of *Troy* to their walls, and with his ſingle hand have vanquiſhed an army.

℣. 164. *The ground before him flam'd.*] Here is a battle deſcribed with ſo much fire, that the warmeſt imagination of an able painter cannot add a circumſtance to heighten the ſurpriſe or horrour of the picture. Here is what they call the *Fracas*, or hurry and tumult of the action in the utmoſt ſtrength of colouring, upon the foreground; and the *repoſe* or *ſolemnity* at a diſtance, with great propriety and judgment. Firſt, in the *Eloignement*, we behold *Jupiter* in golden armour, ſurrounded with glory, upon the ſummit of mount *Ida*; his chariot and horſes by him, wrapt in dark clouds. In the next place below the horizon, appear the clouds rolling and opening, through which the lightening flaſhes in the face of the *Greeks*, who are flying on all ſides; *Agamemnon* and the reſt of the commanders in the rear, in poſtures of aſtoniſhment. Towards the middle of the piece, we ſee *Neſtor* in the utmoſt diſtreſs, one of his horſes having a deadly wound in the forehead with a dart, which makes him rear and writhe;

The quiv'ring ſteeds fell proſtrate at the ſight;
And *Neſtor*'s trembling hand confeſs'd his fright;
He drop'd the reins; and ſhook with ſacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid *Diomed*.

O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire adviſ'd, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averſe, the ſov'reign of the ſkies
Aſſiſts great *Hector*, and our palm denies.
Some other ſun may ſee the happier hour,
When *Greece* ſhall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to ſubmit to *Jove*.

and diſorder the reſt. *Neſtor* is cutting the harneſs with his ſword, while *Hector* advances driving full ſpeed. *Diomed* interpoſes, in an action of the utmoſt fierceneſs and intrepidity: theſe two heroes make the principal figures and ſubject of the picture. A burning thunderbolt falls juſt before the feet of *Diomed*'s horſes, from whence a horrid flame of ſulphur riſes.

This is only a ſpecimen of a ſingle picture deſigned by *Homer*, out of the many with which he has beautified the *Iliad*. And indeed every thing is ſo natural and ſo lively, that the Hiſtory-painter would generally have no more to do, but to delineate the forms, and copy the circumſtances, juſt as he finds them deſcribed by this great maſter. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been ſo often ſaid, of *Homer*'s furniſhing Ideas to the moſt famous Painters of antiquity.

O rev'rend Prince! (*Tydides* thus replies)
Thy years are awful, and thy words are wiſe.
But ah, what grief! ſhould haughty *Hector* boaſt,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coaſt.
Before that dire diſgrace ſhall blaſt my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth; and hide a warriour's ſhame.
To whom *Gerenian Neſtor* thus reply'd:
Gods! can thy courage fear the *Phrygian*'s pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who ſhall heed the boaſt?
Not thoſe who felt thy arm, the *Dardan* hoſt,
Nor *Troy*, yet bleeding in her heroes loſt;
Not ev'n a *Phrygian* dame, who dreads the ſword
That laid in duſt her lov'd, lamented lord.
He ſaid, and haſty, o'er the gaſping throng
Drives the ſwift ſteeds; the chariot ſmokes along.
The ſhouts of *Trojans* thicken in the wind;
The ſtorm of hiſſing jav'lins pours behind.
Then with a voice that ſhakes the ſolid ſkies,
Pleas'd *Hector* braves the warriour as he flies.

ỳ. 194. *The ſolid ſkies.*] *Homer* ſometimes calls the heavens *brazen*, Οὐρανὸν πολύχαλκον, and *Jupiter*'s palace, χαλκοβατὲς δῶ. One might think from hence that the notion of the *ſolidity of*

Go, mighty hero! grac'd above the reſt
In ſeats of council and the ſumptuous feaſt;
Now hope no more thoſe honours from thy train;
Go, leſs than woman, in the form of man!
To ſcale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames,
To lead in exile the fair *Phrygian* dames,
Thy once proud hopes, preſumptuous Prince! are fled;
This arm ſhall reach thy heart, and ſtretch thee dead.

Now fears diſſuade him, and now hopes invite,
To ſtop his courſers, and to ſtand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial *Jove*
On *Ida*'s ſummits thunder'd from above.
Great *Hector* heard; he ſaw the flaſhing light,
(The ſign of conqueſt) and thus urg'd the fight.

Hear ev'ry *Trojan*, *Lycian*, *Dardan* band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers glories, and your own.

the heavens, which is indeed very ancient, had been generally received. The ſcripture uſes expreſſions agreeable to it, *A heaven of braſs*, and the *firmament*.

Heard ye the voice of *Jove?* Succeſs and fame
Await on *Troy*, on *Greece* eternal ſhame.
In vain they ſkulk behind their boaſted wall,
Weak bulwarks! deſtin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their ſlighted trench our ſteeds ſhall bound;
And paſs victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
Soon as before yon' hollow ſhips we ſtand,
Fight each with flames, and toſs the blazing brand;
'Till their proud navy wrapt in ſmoke and fires.
All *Greece*, encampaſs'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he ſaid; then bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud ſteeds, while thus he ſpoke.
Now *Xanthus*, *Æthon*, *Lampus!* urge the chace,
And thou, *Podargus!* prove thy gen'rous race:

ỳ. 214. *Heard ye the voice of* Jove?] It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the troops, by telling them that God was ſurely on their ſide: this, it ſeems, has been an ancient practice, as it has been uſed in modern times by thoſe who never read *Homer*.

ỳ. 226. *Now* Xanthus, Æthon, *&c.*] There have been Criticks who blame this manner, introduced by *Homer* and copied by *Virgil*, of making a hero addreſs his diſcourſe to his horſes. *Virgil* has given human ſentiments to the horſe of *Pallas*, and made him weep for the death of his maſter. In the tenth *Æneid*, *Mezentius* ſpeaks to his horſe in the

Be fleet, be fearleſs, this important day,
And all your maſter's well-ſpent care repay.
For this, high-fed in plenteous ſtalls ye ſtand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a Princeſs' hand;
For this my ſpouſe, of great *Aëtion*'s line,
So oft has ſteep'd the ſtrength'ning grain in wine,

ſame manner as *Hector* does here. Nay, he makes *Turnus* utter a ſpeech to his ſpear, and invoke it as a divinity. All this is agreeable to the art of oratory, which makes it a precept to ſpeak to every thing, and make every thing ſpeak; of which there are innumerable applauded inſtances in the moſt celebrated orators. Nothing can be more ſpirited and affecting than this enthuſiaſm of *Hector*, who, in the tranſport of his joy at the ſight of *Diomed* flying before him, breaks out into this apoſtrophe to his horſes, as he is purſuing. And indeed the air of this whole ſpeech is agreeable to a man drunk with the hopes of ſucceſs, and promiſing himſelf a ſeries of conqueſts. He has in imagination already forced the *Grecian* retrenchments, ſet the fleet in flames, and deſtroyed the whole army.

ỳ. 232. *For this, my ſpouſe.*] There is, ſays M. *Dacier*, a ſecret beauty in this paſſage, which perhaps will only be perceived by thoſe who are particularly verſed in *Homer*. He deſcribes a Princeſs ſo tender in her love to her huſband, that ſhe takes care conſtantly to go and meet him at his return from every battle; and in the joy of ſeeing him again, runs to his horſes, and gives them bread and wine as a teſtimony of her acknowledgment to them for bringing him back. Notwithſtanding the raillery that may be paſt upon this remark, I take a Lady to be the beſt judge to what actions a woman may be carried by fondneſs to her huſband. *Homer* does not expreſsly mention bread, but wheat; and the commentators are not agreed whether ſhe gave them wine to drink, or ſteeped the grain in it. *Hobbes* tranſlates it as I do,

Now ſwift purſue, now thunder uncontroull'd;
Give me to ſeize rich *Neſtor*'s ſhield of gold;
From *Tydeus*' ſhoulders ſtrip the coſtly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
Theſe if we gain, then Victory, ye pow'rs!
This night; this glorious night, the fleet is ours.
That heard, deep anguiſh ſtung *Saturnia*'s ſoul;
She ſhook her throne that ſhook the ſtarry pole:
And thus to *Neptune*: Thou, whoſe force can make
The ſteadfaſt earth from her foundations ſhake,
See'ſt thou the *Greeks* by fates unjuſt oppreſt,
Nor ſwells thy heart in that immortal breaſt?
Yet *Ægæ*, *Helicè*, thy pow'r obey,
And gifts unceaſing on thine altars lay.
Would all the Deities of *Greece* combine,
In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine:

ỳ. 237. Vulcanian *arms*, *the labour of a God.*] Theſe were the arms that *Diomed* had received from *Glaucus*, and a prize worthy *Hector*, being (as we are told in the ſixth book) entirely of gold. I do not remember any other place where the ſhield of *Neſtor* is celebrated by *Homer*.

ỳ. 246. *Yet* Ægæ, Helicè.] Theſe were two cities of *Greece* in which *Neptune* was particularly honoured, and in each of which there was a temple and a ſtatue of him.

Sole ſhould he ſit, with ſcarce a God to friend,
And ſee his *Trojans* to the ſhades deſcend:
Such be the ſcene from his *Idæan* bow'r;
Ungrateful proſpect to the ſullen pow'r!

Neptune with wrath rejects the raſh deſign:
What rage, what madneſs, furious Queen! is thine?
I war not with the Higheſt. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of *Jove*.

Now godlike *Hector*, to whoſe matchleſs might
Jove gave the glory of the deſtin'd fight,
Squadrons on ſquadrons drives, and fills the fields
With cloſe-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd ſhields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops ſtand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they ſhake the brands, and threat
With long-deſtroying flames the hoſtile fleet.
The King of Men, by *Juno*'s ſelf inſpir'd,
Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.

ỳ. 262. *Where the deep trench.*] That is to ſay, the ſpace betwixt the ditch and the wall was filled with the men and chariots of the *Greeks*: *Hector* not having yet paſt the ditch. *Euſtathius.*

Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright enſign of command.
High on the midmoſt bark the King appear'd;
There, from *Ulyſſes'* deck, his voice was heard:
To *Ajax* and *Achilles* reach'd the ſound,
Whoſe diſtant ſhips the guarded navy bound.
Oh *Argives!* ſhame of human race; he cry'd,
(The hollow veſſels to his voice reply'd)
Where now are all your glorious boaſts of yore,
Your haſty triumphs on the *Lemnian* ſhore?
Each fearleſs hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feaſt laſts, and while the goblet flows;

℣. 269. *His purple robe.*] *Agamemnon* here addreſſes himſelf to the eyes of the army; his voice might have been loſt in the confuſion of a retreat, but the motion of this purple robe could not fail of attracting the regards of the ſoldiers. His ſpeech alſo is very remarkable; he firſt endeavours to ſhame them into courage, and then begs of *Jupiter* to give that courage ſucceſs; at leaſt ſo far as not to ſuffer the whole army to be deſtroyed. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 270. *High on the midmoſt bark,* &c.] We learn from hence the ſituation of the ſhips of *Ulyſſes*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax*. The two latter being the ſtrongeſt heroes of the army, were placed to defend either end of the fleet, as moſt obnoxious to the incurſions or ſurpriſes of the enemy; and *Ulyſſes* being the ableſt head, was allotted the middle place, as more ſafe and convenient for the council, and that he might be the nearer, if any emergency required his advice. *Euſtathius*, *Spondanus.*

But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames ſurround?
O mighty *Jove!* oh ſire of the diſtreſs'd!
Was ever King like me, like me oppreſs'd?
With pow'r immenſe, with juſtice arm'd in vain;
My glory raviſh'd, and my people ſlain!
To thee my vows were breath'd from ev'ry ſhore;
What altar ſmok'd not with our victim's gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the conſtant flame,
And aſk'd deſtruction to the *Trojan* name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;
Give theſe at leaſt to 'ſcape from *Hector*'s hand,
And ſave the relicks of the *Grecian* land!
Thus pray'd the King, and heav'n's great Father heard
His vows, in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd;

℣. 293. *Thus pray'd the King, and heav'n's great Father heard.*] It is to be obſerved in general, that *Homer* hardly ever makes his heroes ſucceed, unleſs they have firſt offer'd a prayer to heaven. Whether they engage in war, go upon an embaſſy, undertake a voyage; in a word, whatever they enterpriſe, they almoſt always ſupplicate ſome God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect ſome adverſity to befall them in the courſe of the ſtory.

The wrath appeas'd, by happy ſigns declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.
His eagle, ſacred bird of heav'n! he ſent,
A fawn his talons truſs'd (divine portent!)
High o'er the wond'ring hoſts he ſoar'd above,
Who paid their vows to *Panomphæan Jove*;

℣. 297. *His eagle, ſacred bird.*] *Jupiter* upon the prayers of *Agamemnon* ſends an omen to encourage the *Greeks*. The application of it is obvious: the eagle ſignified *Hector*, the fawn denoted the fear and flight of the *Greeks*, and being dropt at the altar of *Jupiter*, ſhewed that they would be ſaved by the protection of that God. The word Πανομφαῖος (ſays *Euſtathius*) has a great ſignificancy in this place. The *Greeks* having juſt received this happy omen from *Jupiter*, were offering oblations to him under the title of the *Father of Oracles*. There may alſo be a natural reaſon for this appellation, as *Jupiter* ſignified the *Æther*, which is the vehicle of all ſounds.

Virgil has a fine imitation of this paſſage, but diverſified with many more circumſtances, where he makes *Juturna* ſhew a prodigy of the like nature to encourage the *Latins*, *Æn.* xii.

" Namque volans rubrâ fulvis Jovis ales in æthrâ,
" Litoreas agitabat aves, turbamque ſonantem
" Agminis aligeri: ſubito cùm lapſus ad undas
" Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.
" Arrexere animos Itali: cunctæque volucres
" Convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile viſu)
" Ætheraque obſcurant pennis, hoſtemque per auras
" Factâ nube premunt: donec vi victus & ipſo
" Pondere defecit, prædamque ex unguibus ales
" Projecit fluvio, penituſque in nubila fugit."

Then let the prey before his altàr fall;
The *Greeks* beheld, and tranſport ſeiz'd on all:
Encourag'd by the ſign, the troops revive,
And fierce on *Troy* with doubled fury drive.
Tydides firſt, of all the *Grecian* force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horſe,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their ſtrongeſt battle tore;
And dy'd his jav'lin red with *Trojan* gore.
Young *Agelaüs* (*Phradmon* with his ſire)
With flying courſers ſhun'd his dreadful ire:
Struck thro' the back, the *Phrygian* fell oppreſt;
The dart drove on, and iſſued at his breaſt:
Headlong he quits the car; his arms reſound:
His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth ruſh a tide of *Greeks*, the paſſage freed;
Th' *Atridæ* firſt, th' *Ajaces* next ſucceed:

℣. 305. Tydides *firſt.*] *Diomed*, as we have before ſeen, was the laſt that retreated from the thunder of *Jupiter*; he is now the firſt that returns to the battle. It is worth while to obſerve the behaviour of the hero upon this occaſion: he retreats with the utmoſt reluctancy, and advances with the utmoſt ardour; he flies with greater impatience to meet danger, than he could before to put himſelf in ſafety. *Euſtathius.*

Meriones, like *Mars* in arms renown'd,
And god-like *Idomen*, now paſs'd the mound;
Evæmon's ſon next iſſues to the foe,
And laſt, young *Teucer* with his bended bow.
Secure behind the *Telamonian* ſhield
The ſkilful archer wide ſurvey'd the field,
With ev'ry ſhaft ſome hoſtile victim ſlew,
Then cloſe beneath the ſeven-fold orb withdrew:
The conſcious infant ſo, when fear alarms,
Retires for ſafety to the mother's arms.
Thus *Ajax* guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the ſhining ſhield.
Who firſt by *Teucer*'s mortal arrows bled?
Orſilochus; then fell *Ormenus* dead:

ỳ. 321. *Secure behind the* Telamonian *ſhield.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Teucer* being an excellent archer, and uſing only the bow, could not wear any arms which would encumber him, and render him leſs expedite in his archery. *Homer* to ſecure him from the enemy, repreſents him as ſtanding behind *Ajax*'s ſhield, and ſhooting from thence. Thus the Poet gives us a new circumſtance of a battle, and though *Ajax* atchieves nothing himſelf, he maintains a ſuperiority over *Teucer*: *Ajax* may be ſaid to kill theſe *Trojans* with the arrows of *Teucer*.

There is alſo a wonderful tenderneſs in the ſimile with which he illuſtrates the retreat of *Teucer* behind the ſhield of

The god-like *Lycophon* next preſs'd the plain,
With *Chromius*, *Dætor*, *Opheleſtes* ſlain:
Bold *Hamopäon* breathleſs ſunk to ground;
The bloody pile great *Melanippus* crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, ſad trophies of his art,
A *Trojan* ghoſt attending ev'ry dart.
Great *Agamemnon* views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example ſhall retrieve our hoſt,
Thy country's ſaviour, and thy father's boaſt!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy ſire to grace,
The vig'rous offspring of a ſtol'n embrace,

Ajax: ſuch tender circumſtances ſoften the horrours of a battle, and diffuſe a ſort of ſerenity over the ſoul of the reader.

℣. 337. *Great* Agamemnon *views.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Homer* would here teach the duty of a General in a battle. He muſt obſerve the behaviour of his ſoldiers: he muſt honour the hero, reproach the coward, reduce the diſorderly; and for the encouragement of the deſerving, he muſt promiſe rewards, that deſert in arms may not be paid with glory only.

℣. 343. *Sprung from an alien's bed.*] *Agamemnon* here, in the height of his commendations of *Teucer*, tells him of his ſpurious birth: this (ſays *Euſtathius*) was reckoned no diſgrace among the ancients; nothing being more common than for heroes of old to take their female captives to their beds;

Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame,
And the brave ſon repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If heav'n's high pow'rs
Give me to raze *Troy*'s long defended tow'rs;
Whatever treaſures *Greece* for me deſign,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or diſtinguiſh'd car,
With courſers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or ſome fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompenſe the warriour's toils with love.
To this the chief: With praiſe the reſt inſpire,
Nor urge a ſoul already fill'd with fire.
What ſtrength I have, be now in battle try'd.
'Till ev'ry ſhaft in *Phrygian* blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at *Hector* have I bent my bow:
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:

and as ſuch captives were then given for a reward of valour, and as a matter of glory, it could be no reproach to be deſcended from them. Thus *Teucer* (ſays *Euſtathius*) was deſcended from *Telamon* and *Heſione* the ſiſter of *Priam*, a female captive.

But ſure ſome God denies me to deſtroy
This fury of the field, this dog of *Troy*.
He ſaid, and twang'd the ſtring. The weapon flies
At *Hector*'s breaſt, and ſings along the ſkies:
He miſs'd the mark; but pierc'd *Gorgythio*'s heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirſty dart.

ỳ. 364. *This dog of* Troy.] This is literal from the *Greek*, and I have ventured it, as no improper expreſſion of the rage of *Teucer*, for having been ſo often diſappointed in his aim, and of his paſſion againſt that enemy, who had ſo long prevented all the hopes of the *Grecians*. *Milton* was not ſcrupulous of imitating even theſe, which the modern refiners call unmannerly ſtrokes of our author, (who knew to what extremes human paſſions might proceed, and was not aſhamed to copy them.) He has put this very expreſſion into the mouth of God himſelf, who upon beholding the havock which *Sin* and *Death* made in the world, is moved in his indignation to cry out,

See with what heat theſe dogs of hell advance!

ỳ. 367. *He miſs'd the mark.*] Theſe words, ſays *Euſtathius*, are very artfully inſerted; the reader might wonder why ſo ſkilful an archer ſhould ſo often miſs his mark, and it was neceſſary that *Teucer* ſhould miſs *Hector*, becauſe *Homer* could not falſify the Hiſtory: this difficulty he removes by the intervention of *Apollo*, who wafts the arrow aſide from him: the poet does not tell us that this was done by the hand of a God, till the arrow of *Teucer* came ſo near *Hector* as to kill his charioteer, which made ſome ſuch contrivance neceſſary.

(Fair *Caſtianira*, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to King *Priam*'s line.) 370
As full-blown poppies, over-charg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiſs the plain;

℣. 371. *As full-blown poppies.*] This ſimile is very beautiful, and exactly repreſents the manner of *Gorgythion*'s death: there is ſuch a ſweetneſs in the compariſon, that it makes us pity the youth's fall, and almoſt feel his wound. *Virgil* has applied it to the death of *Euryalus*:

" ——Inque humeros cervix collapſa recumbit:
" Purpureus veluti cùm flos ſuccifus aratro
" Langueſcit moriens; laſſove papavera collo
" Demiſere caput, pluviâ cùm fortè gravantur."

This is finely improved by the *Roman* author, with the particulars of *ſuccifus aratro*, and *laſſo collo*. But it may on the other hand be obſerved in the favour of *Homer*, that the circumſtance of the head being oppreſſed and weighed down by the helmet, is ſo remarkably juſt, that it is a wonder *Virgil* omitted it; and the rather becauſe he had particularly taken notice before, that it was the *helmet* of *Euryalus* which occaſioned the diſcovery and unfortunate death of this young hero and his friend.

One may make a general obſervation, that *Homer* in thoſe compariſons that breathe an air of tenderneſs, is very exact, and adapts them in every point to the ſubject which he is to illuſtrate: but in other compariſons, where he is to inſpire the ſoul with ſublime ſentiments, he gives a looſe to his fancy, and does not regard whether the images exactly correſpond. I take the reaſon of it to be this: In the firſt, the copy muſt be like the original to cauſe it to affect us; the glaſs needs only to return the real image to make it beautiful: whereas in the other, a ſucceſſion of noble ideas will

So ſinks the youth: his beauteous head, depreſt
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breaſt.
Another ſhaft the raging archer drew:
That other ſhaft with erring fury flew,
(From *Hector Phœbus* turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltleſs to the ground:
Thy breaſt, brave *Archepiolemus!* it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his ſudden fall alarms
The ſteeds, that ſtartle at his ſounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathleſs on the ſanguine field.
Then bids *Cebriones* direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and iſſues on the plain.
Dreadful he ſhouts: from earth a ſtone he took,
And ruſh'd on *Teucer* with the lifted rock.
The youth already ſtrain'd the forceful yew;
The ſhaft already to his ſhoulder drew;
The feather in his hand, juſt wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow cheſt unite;

cauſe the like ſentiments in the ſoul; and though the glaſs ſhould enlarge the image, it only ſtrikes us with ſuch thoughts as the Poet intended to raiſe, ſublime and great.

There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief diſcharg'd the craggy ſtone:
The bow-ſtring burſt beneath the pond'rous blow,
And his numb'd hand diſmiſs'd his uſeleſs bow.
He fell: but *Ajax* his broad ſhield diſplay'd,
And ſcreen'd his brother with a mighty ſhade;
'Till great *Alaſtor*, and *Meciſtheus*, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the ſhore.

Troy yet found grace before th' *Olympian* Sire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breaſts with fire.
The *Greeks*, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
Firſt of the foe, great *Hector* march'd along,
With terrour cloath'd, and more than mortal ſtrong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,
With beating boſom, and with eager pace,

℣. 407. *As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace.*] This ſimile is the juſteſt imaginable; and gives the moſt lively picture of the manner in which the *Grecians* fled, and *Hector* purſued them, ſtill ſlaughtering the hindmoſt. *Gratius* and *Oppian* have given us particular deſcriptions of thoſe ſort of dogs, of prodigious ſtrength and ſize, which were employed

Hangs on his haunch, or faſtens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft' the *Grecians* turn'd, but ſtill they flew;
Thus following *Hector* ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew.
When flying they had paſs'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gaſping on the ground;
Before the ſhips a deſp'rate ſtand they made,
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his ratt'ling chariot *Hector* came;
His eyes like *Gorgon* ſhot a ſanguine flame
That wither'd all their hoſt; like *Mars* he ſtood;
Dire as the monſter, dreadful as the God!
Their ſtrong diſtreſs the wife of *Jove* ſurvey'd;
Then penſive thus, to War's triumphant maid.
Oh daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the ſable ſhield!

to hunt and tear down wild beaſts. To one of theſe fierce animals he compares *Hector*, and one cannot but obſerve his care not to diſgrace his *Grecian* countrymen by an unworthy compariſon: though he is obliged to repreſent them flying, he makes them fly like lions; and as they fly, turn frequently back upon their purſuer: ſo that it is hard to ſay, if they, or he, be in the greater danger. On the contrary, when any of the *Grecian* heroes purſue the *Trojans*, it is he that is the lion, and the flyers are but ſheep or trembling deer.

Now, in this moment of her laſt deſpair,
Shall wretched *Greece* no more confeſs our care,
Condemn'd to ſuffer the full force of Fate,
And drain the dregs of heav'n's relentleſs hate?
Gods! ſhall one raging hand thus level all? 429
What numbers fell? what numbers yet ſhall fall?
What pow'r divine ſhall *Hector*'s wrath aſſuage?
Still ſwells the ſlaughter, and ſtill grows the rage!
So ſpake th' imperial regent of the ſkies;
To whom the Goddeſs with the azure eyes: 434
Long ſince had *Hector* ſtain'd theſe fields with gore,
Stretch'd by ſome *Argive* on his native ſhore;
But He above, the Sire of heav'n withſtands,
Mocks our attempts, and ſlights our juſt demands.
The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my ſervice and deſerv'd reward; 440

℣. 439. *The ſtubborn God, inflexible and hard.*] It muſt be owned that this ſpeech of *Minerva* againſt *Jupiter*, ſhocks the Allegory more than perhaps any in the poem. Unleſs the Deities may ſometimes be thought to mean no more than Beings that preſided over thoſe parts of nature, or thoſe paſſions and faculties of the mind. Thus as *Venus* ſuggeſts unlawful as well as lawful deſires, ſo *Minerva* may be deſcribed as the Goddeſs not only of Wiſdom but of Craft; that is, both of true and falſe wiſdom. So the moral of *Minerva*'s ſpeaking

Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite * ſon diſtreſs'd,
By ſtern *Euriſtheus* with long labours preſs'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep diſmay;
I ſhot from heav'n, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wiſdom known this dire event,
When to grim *Pluto*'s gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor *Styx* been croſs'd, nor hell explor'd in vain,
Averſe to me of all his heav'n of Gods,
At *Thetis*' ſuit the partial Thund'rer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, reſenting ſon,
My hopes are fruſtrate, and my *Greeks* undone,
Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd maid his beſt-belov'd.
Haſte, launch thy chariot, thro' yon' ranks to ride;
My ſelf will arm, and thunder at thy ſide,
Then Goddeſs! ſay, ſhall *Hector* glory then,
(That terrour of the *Greeks*, that Man of men)

raſhly of *Jupiter*, may be, that the wiſeſt of finite Beings is liable to paſſion and indiſcretion, as the commentators have already obſerved.

* *Hercules*,

When *Juno*'s ſelf, and *Pallas* ſhall appear,
All dreadful in the crimſon walks of war?
What mighty *Trojan* then, on yonder ſhore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feaſt the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?

She ceas'd, and *Juno* rein'd the ſteeds with care;
(Heav'n's awful empreſs, *Saturn*'s other heir)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her ſacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and ſpreads the court of *Jove*.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs inveſt,
His cuiraſs blazes on her ample breaſt.
The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car aſcends;
Shook by her arm, the maſſy jav'lin bends;

℣. 461. *What mighty* Trojan *then, on yonder ſhore.*] She means *Hector*, whoſe death the Poet makes her foreſee in ſuch a lively manner, as if the image of the hero lay bleeding before her. This picture is noble, and agreeable to the obſervation we formerly made of *Homer*'s method of propheſying in the ſpirit of poetry.

℣. 469. *Floats in rich waves.*] The *Greek* word is κατέχυτο, *pours* the veil on the pavement. I muſt juſt take notice that here is a repetition of the ſame beautiful verſes which the author had uſed in the fifth book.

Huge, pond'rous, ſtrong! that when her fury burns
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the laſh; the courſers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid ſky.
Heav'n's gates ſpontaneous open to the pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged *Hours*.
Commiſſion'd in alternate watch they ſtand,
The Sun's bright portals and the ſkies command;
Cloſe, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll thoſe clouds away.
The ſounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the ſteep of heav'n their courſe they guide.
But *Jove* incens'd, from *Ida*'s top ſurvey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd Maid.
Thaumantia! mount the winds, and ſtop their car;
Againſt the Higheſt who ſhall wage the war?

℣. 477. *Smooth glides the chariot*, &c.] One would almoſt think *Homer* made his Gods and Goddeſſes deſcend from *Olympus*, only to mount again, and mount only to deſcend again, he is ſo remarkably delighted with the deſcriptions of their horſes, and their manner of flight. We have no leſs than three of theſe in the preſent book.

If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I ſpoke, and what I ſpeak is Fate.
Their courſers cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Their car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky;
My light'ning theſe rebellious ſhall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground;
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep:
So ſhall *Minerva* learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For *Juno*, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs our will.
Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd Maid
From *Ida*'s top her golden wings diſplay'd;
To great *Olympus*' ſhining gates ſhe flies,
There meets the chariot ruſhing down the ſkies,

℣. 500 *For* Juno, *headſtrong and imperious ſtill, She claims*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves here, if a good man does us a wrong, we are juſtly angry at it; but if it proceeds from a bad one, it is no more than we expected, we are not at all ſurpriſed, and we bear it with patience.

There are many ſuch paſſages as theſe in *Homer*, which glance obliquely at the fair ſex; and *Jupiter* is here forced to take upon himſelf the ſevere huſband, to teach *Juno* the duty of a wife.

Reſtrains their progreſs from the bright abodes,
And ſpeaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.
What frenzy, Goddeſſes! what rage can move
Celeſtial minds to tempt the wrath of *Jove*.
Deſiſt, obedient to his high command;
This is his word: and know his word ſhall ſtand.
His light'ning your rebellion ſhall confound,
And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horſes cruſh'd beneath the wheels ſhall lie,
Your car in fragments ſcatter'd o'er the ſky;
Yourſelves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impreſs'd by burning thunder deep.
So ſhall *Minerva* learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For *Juno*, headſtrong and imperious ſtill,
She claims ſome title to tranſgreſs his will:
But thee what deſp'rate inſolence has driv'n,
To lift thy lance againſt the King of heav'n?

ỳ. 522. *But thee what deſp'rate inſolence.*] It is obſervable that *Homer* generally makes his meſſengers divine as well as human, very punctual in delivering their meſſages in the very words of the perſons who commiſſioned them. *Iris* however in the cloſe of her ſpeech has ventured to go beyond her inſtructions and all rules of decorum, by adding theſe expreſſ-

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and *Juno* thus her rage reſign'd.
O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
No more let beings of ſuperiour birth
Contend with *Jove* for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miſerably ſlain,
They breathe or periſh as the fates ordain.

ons of bitter reproach to a Goddeſs of ſuperiour rank. The words of the original Κύον ἀδδέες, are too groſs to be literally tranſlated.

℣. 525. Juno *her rage reſign'd.*] *Homer* never intended to give us the picture of a good wife in the deſcription of *Juno*: ſhe obeys *Jupiter*, but it is a forced obedience: ſhe ſubmits rather to the governour than to the huſband; and is more afraid of his lightening than his commands.

Her behaviour in this place is very natural to a perſon under a diſappointment: ſhe had ſet her heart upon preferring the *Greeks*, but failing in that point, ſhe aſſumes an air of indifference, and ſays, whether they live or die, ſhe is unconcerned.

℣. 531. *They breathe or periſh as the fates ordain.*] The tranſlator has turned this line in compliance to an old obſervation upon *Homer*, which *Macrobius* has written, and ſeveral others have ſince fallen into: they ſay he was ſo great a fataliſt, as not ſo much as to name the word *Fortune* in all his works, but conſtantly *Fate* inſtead of it. This remark ſeems curious enough, and indeed does agree with the general tenour and doctrine of this Poet; but unluckily it is not true, the word which they have proſcribed being implied in the original of this ℣. 430. Ὅς κε τύχῃ.

But *Jove*'s high counſels full effect ſhall find;
And ever conſtant, ever rule mankind.
She ſpoke, and backward turn'd her ſteeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright.
The *Hours* unloos'd them, panting as they ſtood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambroſial food.
There ty'd, they reſt in high celeſtial ſtalls;
The chariot propt againſt the cryſtal walls.
The penſive Goddeſſes, abaſh'd, controull'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their ſeats of gold.
And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight
From *Ida*'s ſummits to th' *Olympian* height.
Swifter than thought the wheels inſtinctive fly,
Flame thro' the vaſt of air, and reach the ſky.
'Twas *Neptune*'s charge his courſers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal baſe;

℣. 547. *And fix the car on its immortal baſe.*] It is remarked by *Euſtathius* that the word βωμοὶ ſignifies not only *altars*, but *pedeſtals* or *baſes* of ſtatues, &c. I think our language will bear this literally, though M. *Dacier* durſt not venture it in the *French*. The ſolemnity with which this chariot of *Jupiter* is ſet up, by the hands of a God, and covered with a fine veil, makes it eaſy enough to imagine that this diſtinction alſo might be ſhewn it.

There ſtood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
'Till with a ſnowy veil he ſcreen'd the blaze.
He, whoſe all-conſcious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal Thunderer, ſat thron'd in gold.
High heav'n the footſtool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him, all *Olympus* ſhakes.
Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd,
Confus'd and ſilent, for his frown they fear'd.
He ſaw their ſoul, and thus his word imparts;
Pallas and *Juno!* ſay, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud *Troy* retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er almighty power withſtand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who ſhall the ſov'reign of the ſkies controul?
Not all the Gods that crown the ſtarry pole.
Your hearts ſhall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horrour ſhake.
For thus I ſpeak, and what I ſpeak ſhall ſtand;
What pow'r ſoe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more ſhall hold his place;
Cut off, and exil'd from th' æthereal race.

Juno and *Pallas* grieving hear the doom,
But feaſt their ſouls on *Ilion*'s woes to come.
Tho' ſecret anger ſwell'd *Minerva*'s breaſt,
The prudent Goddeſs yet her wrath repreſt:

ỳ. 570. Juno *and* Pallas.] In the beginning of this book *Juno* was ſilent, and *Minerva* replied: here, ſays *Euſtathius*, *Homer* makes *Juno* reply with great propriety to both their characters. *Minerva* reſents the uſage of *Jupiter*, but the reverence ſhe bears to her father, and her King, keeps her ſilent; ſhe has not leſs anger than *Juno*, but more reaſon. *Minerva* there ſpoke with all the ſubmiſſion and deference that was owing from a child to a father, or from a ſubject to a King; but *Juno* is more free with her huſband, ſhe is angry, and lets him know it by the firſt word ſhe utters.

Juno here repeats the ſame words which had been uſed by *Minerva* to *Jupiter* near the beginning of this book. What is there uttered by wiſdom herſelf, and approved by him, is here ſpoken by a Goddeſs, who (as *Homer* tells us at this very time) imprudently manifeſted her paſſion, and whom *Jupiter* anſwers with anger. To deal fairly, I cannot defend this in my Author, any more than ſome other of his repetitions; as when *Ajax* in the fifteenth *Iliad*, ỳ 668. uſes the ſame ſpeech word for word to encourage the *Greeks*, which *Agamemnon* had made in the fifth, ỳ. 653. I think it equally an extreme, to vindicate all the repetitions of *Homer*, and to excuſe none. However *Euſtathius* very ingeniouſly excuſes this, by ſaying that the ſame ſpeeches become entirely different by the different manner of introducing them. *Minerva* addreſſed herſelf to *Jupiter*, with words full of reſpect, but *Juno* with terms of reſentment. This, ſays he, ſhews the effect of opening our ſpeeches with art: it prejudices the audience in our favour, and makes us ſpeak to friends: whereas the auditor naturally denies that favour, which the orator does not ſeem to aſk; ſo that what he delivers, though it has equal merit, labours under this diſadvantage, that his judges are his enemies.

But *Juno*, impotent of rage, replies.
What haſt thou ſaid, Oh tyrant of the ſkies!
Strength and Omnipotence inveſt thy throne;
'Tis thine to puniſh; ours to grieve alone.
For *Greece* we grieve, abandoned by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeaſured hate:
From fields forbidden we ſubmiſs refrain,
With arms unaiding ſee our *Argives* ſlain;
Yet grant our counſels ſtill their breaſts may move,
Leſt all ſhould periſh in the rage of *Jove*.

The Goddeſs thus: and thus the God replies,
Who ſwells the clouds, and blackens all the ſkies.
The morning ſun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall ſee th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.
What heaps of *Argives* then ſhall load the plain,
Thoſe radiant eyes ſhall view, and view in vain.
Nor ſhall great *Hector* ceaſe the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy *Greeks* in flight;

ỳ. 590. *Nor ſhall great* Hector *ceaſe*, &c.] Here, ſays *Euſtathius*, the Poet prepares the reader for what is to ſucceed: he gives us the out-lines of his piece, which he is to fill up in the progreſs of the poem. This is ſo far from cloying the reader's appetite, that it raiſes it, and makes him deſirous to ſee the picture drawn in its full length.

Ev'n 'till the day, when certain fates ordain
That ſtern *Achilles* (his *Patroclus* ſlain)
Shall riſe in vengeance, and lay waſte the plain.
For ſuch is fate, nor can'ſt thou turn its courſe
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remoteſt bound,
Where on her utmoſt verge the ſeas reſound;
Where curs'd *Iäpetus* and *Saturn* dwell,
Faſt by the brink, within the ſtreams of hell;
No ſun e'er gilds the gloomy horrours there;
No chearful gales refreſh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold *Titanian* band;
And arm in vain; for what I will, ſhall ſtand.
Now deep in Ocean ſunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conqu'ring *Trojans* mourn his beams decay'd;
The *Greeks* rejoicing bleſs the friendly ſhade.
The victors keep the field; and *Hector* calls
A martial council near the navy walls:
Theſe to *Scamander*'s bank apart he led,
Where thinly ſcatter'd lay the heaps of dead.

Th' aſſembled chiefs, deſcending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their Prince ſurround.
A maſſy ſpear he bore of mighty ſtrength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was braſs, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold;
The noble *Hector* on his lance reclin'd,
And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind.
Ye valiant *Trojans*, with attention hear!
Ye *Dardan* bands, and gen'rous Aids give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring flame
Greece with her ſhips, and crown our toils with fame.
But darkneſs now, to ſave the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls,
Obey the Night, and uſe her peaceful hours
Our ſteeds to forage, and refreſh our pow'rs.

℣. 621. *Ye valiant* Trojans, *&c.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Hector* here ſpeaks like a ſoldier: he bears a ſpear, not ſceptre in his hand; he harangues like a ſoldier, but like a victor; he ſeems to be too much pleaſed with himſelf, and in this vein of ſelf-flattery, he promiſes a compleat conqueſt over the *Greeks*.

Strait from the town be ſheep and oxen ſought,
And ſtrength'ning bread, and gen'rous wine be brought.
Wide o'er the field, high-blazing to the ſky,
Let num'rous fires the abſent ſun ſupply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raiſe,
'Till the bright morn her purple beam diſplays;
Leſt in the ſilence and the ſhades of night,
Greece on her ſable ſhips attempt her flight.
Not unmoleſted let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or ſafely cleave the main;
Some hoſtile wound let ev'ry dart beſtow,
Some laſting token of the *Phrygian* foe,
Wounds, that long hence may aſk their ſpouſes care,
And warn their children from a *Trojan* war.
Now thro' the circuit of our *Ilian* wall,
Let ſacred heralds ſound the ſolemn call;
To bid the Sires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardleſs youths, our battlements ſurround.

Firm be the guard, while diſtant lie our pow'rs,
And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:
Leſt under covert of the midnight ſhade,
Th' inſidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to-night, theſe orders to obey;
A nobler charge ſhall rouſe the dawning day.
The Gods, I truſt, ſhall give to *Hector*'s hand,
From theſe deteſted foes to free the land,
Who plow'd, with fates averſe, the wat'ry way;
For *Trojan* vultures a predeſtin'd prey.
Our common ſafety muſt be now the care;
But ſoon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage.
Then, then ſhall *Hector* and *Tydides* prove,
Whoſe fates are heavieſt in the ſcales of *Jove*.

ỳ. 648. *And let the matrons.*] I have been more obſervant of the decorum in this line than my Author himſelf. He calls the women Θηλύτεραι, an epithet of ſcandalous import, upon which *Porphyry* and the *Greek* Scholiaſt have ſaid but too much. I know no man that yet had the impudence to tranſlate that remark, in regard of which it is politeneſs to imitate the Barbarians, and ſay, *Græcum eſt, non legitur.* For my part, I leave it as a motive to ſome very curious perſons of both ſexes to ſtudy the *Greek* language.

To-morrow's light (oh haſte the glorious morn!)
Shall ſee his bloody ſpoils in triumph borne,
With this keen jav'lin ſhall his breaſt be gor'd,
And proſtrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death ſecure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like *Pallas* worſhipp'd, like the ſun renown'd!
As the next dawn, the laſt they ſhall enjoy,
Shall cruſh the *Greeks*, and end the woes of *Troy*.

The leader ſpoke. From all his hoſt around
Shouts of applauſe along the ſhores reſound.
Each from the yoke the ſmoking ſteeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headſtalls to his chariot-ſide.
Fat ſheep and oxen from the town are led,
With gen'rous wine, and all-ſuſtaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the ſhore;
The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore.

℣. 679. *Full hecatombs*, &c.] The ſix lines that follow being a tranſlation of four in the original, are added from the authority of *Plato* in Mr. *Barnes*'s edition: that author cites them in his ſecond *Alcibiades*. There is no doubt of their be-

Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!
Whoſe wrath hung heavy o'er the *Trojans* tow'rs;
Nor *Priam* nor his ſons obtain'd their grace;
Proud *Troy* they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting ſat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heav'n's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,

ing genuine, but the queſtion is only whether they are rightly placed here? I ſhall not pretend to decide upon a point which will doubtleſs be the ſpeculation of future criticks.

ỳ. 687. *As when the Moon*, &c.] This compariſon is inferiour to none in *Homer*. It is the moſt beautiful night-piece that can be found in poetry. He preſents you with a proſpect of the heavens, the ſeas, and the earth: the ſtars ſhine, the air is ſerene, the world enlightened, and the moon mounted in glory. *Euſtathius* remarks that φαεινὴ does not ſignify the moon at full, for then the light of the ſtars is diminiſhed or loſt in the greater brightneſs of the moon. And others correct the word φαεινὴν to φάει νῆν, for φάει νέην; but this criticiſm is forced, and I ſee no neceſſity why the moon may not be ſaid to be bright, though it is not in the full. A Poet is not obliged to ſpeak with the exactneſs of Philoſophy, but with the liberty of Poetry.

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.
So many flames before proud *Ilion* blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring *Xanthus* with their rays:
The long reflections of the diſtant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the ſpires.
A thouſand piles the duſky horrours gild,
And ſhoot a ſhady luſtre o'er the field.

ν. 703. *A thouſand piles.*] *Homer* in his catalogue of the *Grecian* ſhips, though he does not recount expreſsly the number of the *Greeks*, has given ſome hints from whence the ſum of their army may be collected. But in the ſame book where he gives an account of the *Trojan* army, and relates the names of the leaders and nations of the auxiliaries, he ſays nothing by which we may infer the number of the army of the beſieged. To ſupply therefore that omiſſion, he has taken occaſion by this piece of poetical arithmetick, to inform his reader, that the *Trojan* army amounted to fifty thouſand. That the aſſiſtant nations are to be included herein, appears from what *Dolon* ſays in *l.* x. that the auxiliaries were encamped that night with the *Trojans*.

This paſſage gives me occaſion to animadvert upon a miſtake of a modern writer, and another of my own. The *Abbé Teraſſon*, in a late treatiſe againſt *Homer*, is under a grievous

Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whoſe umber'd arms, by fits, thick flaſhes ſend,
Loud neigh the courſers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriours wait the riſing morn.

error, in ſaying that all the forces of *Troy* and the auxiliaries cannot be reaſonably ſuppoſed from *Homer* to be above ten thouſand men. He had entirely overlooked this place, which ſays there were a thouſand fires, and fifty men at each of them. See my obſervations on the ſecond book, where theſe fires by a ſlip of my memory are called funeral piles: I ſhould be glad it were the greateſt error I have committed in theſe notes.

ỳ. 707. *The courſers o'er their heaps of corn.*] I durſt not take the ſame liberty with M. *Dacier*, who has omitted this circumſtance, and does not mention the horſes at all. In the following line, the laſt of the book, *Homer* has given to the *Morning* the epithet *fair-ſphear'd* or *bright-thron'd*, ἐυθρονος ἠώς. I have already taken notice in the preface of the method of tranſlating the epithets of *Homer*, and muſt add here, that it is often only the uncertainty the moderns lie under, of the true genuine ſignification of an ancient word, which cauſes the many various conſtructions of it. So that it is probable the author's own words, at the time he uſed them, never meant half ſo many things as we tranſlate them into. Madam *Dacier* generally obſerves one practice as to theſe throughout her verſion: ſhe renders almoſt every ſuch epithet in *Greek* by two or three in *French*, from a fear of loſing the leaſt part of its ſignificance. This perhaps may be excuſable in proſe; though at beſt it makes the whole much more verboſe and tedious, and is rather like writing a dictionary than rendering an author: but in verſe, every reader knows ſuch a redoubling of epithets would not be tolerable. A Poet has therefore only to chuſe that, which moſt agrees with the tenour and main intent of the particular paſſage, or with the genius of poetry itſelf.

It is plain that too ſcrupulous an adherence to many of theſe, gives the tranſlation an exotick, pedantick, and whimſical air, which it is not to be imagined the original ever had. To call a hero the *great artificer of flight*, the *ſwift of foot*, or the *horſe-tamer*, theſe give us ideas of little peculiarities, when in the author's time they were epithets uſed only in general to ſignify alacrity, agility, and vigour. A common reader would imagine from theſe ſervile verſions, that *Diomed* and *Achilles* were foot-racers, and *Hector* a horſe-courſer, rather than that any of them were heroes. A man ſhall be called a faithful tranſlator for rendering πόδας ὠκὺς in *Engliſh*, *ſwift-footed*; but laughed at if he ſhould tranſlate our *Engliſh* word *dext'rous* into any other language, *right-handed*.

THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Embaſſy to *Achilles.*

AGAMEMNON, *after the laſt day's defeat, propoſes to the* Greeks *to quit the ſiege, and return to their country.* Diomed *oppoſes this, and* Neſtor *ſeconds him, praiſing his wiſdom and reſolution. He orders the guard to be ſtrengthened, and a council ſummoned to deliberate what meaſures are to be followed in this emergency.* Agamemnon *purſues this advice, and* Neſtor *farther prevails upon him to ſend ambaſſadors to* Achilles, *in order to move him to a reconciliation.* Ulyſſes *and* Ajax *are made choice of, who are accompanied by old* Phœnix. *They make, each of them, very moving and preſſing ſpeeches, but are rejected with roughneſs by* Achilles, *who notwithſtanding retains* Phœnix *in his tent. The ambaſſadors return unſucceſsfully to the camp, and the troops betake themſelves to ſleep.*

This book, and the next following, take up the ſpace of one night, *which is the twenty-ſeventh from the beginning of the poem. The* ſcene *lies on the ſea-ſhore, the ſtation of the* Grecian *ſhips.*

THE

* NINTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS joyful *Troy* maintain'd the watch of night;
While Fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n-bred horrour, on the *Grecian* part,
Sat on each face, and ſadden'd every heart.

* We have here a new ſcene of action opened; the Poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only: the two following books relate the adventures of the night.

It may be thought that *Homer* has crouded a great many actions into a very ſhort time. In the ninth book a council is convened, an embaſſy ſent, a conſiderable time paſſes in the

As from its cloudy dungeon iſſuing forth,
A double tempeſt of the weſt and north
Swells o'er the ſea, from *Thracia*'s frozen ſhore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' *Ægean* roar;

ſpeeches and replies of the embaſſadors and *Achilles:* in the tenth book a ſecond council is called; after this a debate is held, *Dolon* is intercepted, *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* enter into the enemy's camp, kill *Rheſus*, and bring away his Horſes: and all this is done in the narrow compaſs of one night.

It muſt therefore be remembered, that the ninth book takes up the firſt part of the night only; that after the firſt council was diſſolved, there paſſed ſome time before the ſecond was ſummoned, as appears by the leaders being awakened by *Menelaus*. So that it was almoſt morning before *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* ſet out upon their deſign, which is very evident from the words of *Ulyſſes*, Book x. ϒ. 251.

Ἀλλ' ἴομεν· μάλα γὰρ νὺξ ἄνεται, ἐγγύθι δ' ἠώς.

So that although a great many incidents are introduced, yet every thing might eaſily have been performed in the allotted time.

ϒ. 7. *From* Thracia's *ſhore.*] *Homer* has been ſuppoſed by *Eratoſthenes* and others, to have been guilty of an errour, in ſaying that *Zephyrus*, or the weſt wind, blows from *Thrace*, whereas in truth it blows toward it. But the poet ſpeaks ſo either becauſe it is fabled to be the rendezvous of all the winds; or with reſpect to the particular ſituation of *Troy* and the *Ægean* ſea. Either of theſe replies are ſufficient to ſolve that objection.

The particular parts of this compariſon agree admirably with the deſign of *Homer*, to expreſs the diſtraction of the *Greeks:* the two winds repreſenting the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclined to return, the other to ſtay. *Euſtathius.*

This way and that, the boiling deeps are toſt;
Such various paſſions urg'd the troubled hoſt.
Great *Agamemnon* griev'd above the reſt;
Superiour ſorrows ſwell'd his royal breaſt;
Himſelf his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the *Grecian* Peers,
But bid in whiſpers: theſe ſurround their Chief,
In ſolemn ſadneſs, and majeſtick grief.
The King amidſt the mournful circle roſe;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So ſilent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In ſable ſtreams ſoft-trickling waters ſhed.
With more than vulgar grief he ſtood oppreſt;
Words, mixt with ſighs, thus burſting from his breaſt.

Ye ſons of *Greece!* partake your Leader's care;
Fellows in arms and Princes of the war!

℣. 15. *But bid in whiſpers.*] The reaſon why *Agamemnon* commands his heralds to ſummon the leaders in ſilence, is for fear the enemy ſhould diſcover their conſternation, by reaſon of their nearneſs, or perceive what their deſigns were in this extremity. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 23. Agamemnon's *ſpeech.*] The criticks are divided in their opinion, whether this ſpeech, which is word for word the ſame with that he makes in *lib.* ii. be only a feint to try

Of partial *Jove* too juſtly we complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.

the army as it is there, or the real ſentiments of the General. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* explains it as the former, with whom Madam *Dacier* concurs; ſhe thinks they muſt be both counterfeit, becauſe they are both the ſame, and believes *Homer* would have varied them, had the deſign been different. She takes no notice that *Euſtathius* is of the contrary opinion; as is alſo Monſieur *de la Motte*, who argues as if he had read him. "*Agamemnon* (ſays he) in the *Iliad*, thought himſelf "aſſured of victory from the dream which *Jupiter* had ſent "to him, and in that confidence was deſirous to bring the "*Greeks* to a battle; but in the ninth book his circumſtances "are changed, he is in the utmoſt diſtreſs and deſpair upon "his defeat, and therefore his propoſal to raiſe the ſiege is in "all probability ſincere. If *Homer* had intended we ſhould "think otherwiſe, he would have told us ſo, as he did on "the former occaſion: and ſome of the officers would have "ſuſpected a feint, the rather becauſe they had been impoſed "upon by the ſame ſpeech before. But none of them ſuſpect "him at all. *Diomed* thinks him ſo much in earneſt as to "reproach his cowardice, *Neſtor* applauds *Diomed*'s liberty, "and *Agamemnon* makes not the leaſt defence for himſelf."

Dacier anſwers, that *Homer* had no occaſion to tell us this was counterfeit, becauſe the officers could not but remember it to have been ſo before; and as for the anſwers of *Diomed* and *Neſtor*, they only carry on the ſame feint, as *Dionyſius* has proved, whoſe reaſons may be ſeen in the following note.

I do not pretend to decide upon this point; but which way ſoever it be, I think *Agamemnon*'s deſign was equally anſwered by repeating the ſame ſpeech: ſo that the repetition at leaſt is not to be blamed in *Homer*. What obliged *Agamemnon* to that feint, in the ſecond book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army, by being the cauſe of *Achilles*'s departure; this made it but a neceſſary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battle, whether the *Greeks* were diſpoſed to it:

A ſafe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conqueſt honour'd, and enrich'd with ſpoils:
Now ſhameful flight alone can ſave the hoſt;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory loſt.
So *Jove* decrees, Almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whoſe nod whole empires riſe or fall,
Who ſhakes the feeble props of human truſt,
And tow'rs and armies humbles to the duſt.
Haſte then, for ever quit theſe fatal fields,
Haſte to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

He ſaid; deep ſilence held the *Grecian* band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire diſmay they ſtand,
A penſive ſcene! 'till *Tydeus*' warlike ſon
Roll'd on the King his eyes, and thus begun.

and it was equally neceſſary, in caſe the event ſhould prove unſucceſsful, to free himſelf from the odium of being the occaſion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the ſame words, was the readieſt way to put them in mind that he had propoſed the ſame advice to them before the battle; and to make it appear unjuſt that their ill fortune ſhould be charged upon him. See notes, ver. 93 and 138 of the ſecond *Iliad*.

When Kings adviſe us to renounce our fame,
Firſt let him ſpeak, who firſt has ſuffer'd ſhame.

℣. 43. *The ſpeech of* Diomed.] I ſhall here tranſlate the criticiſm of *Dionyſius* on this paſſage. He aſks, "What can "be the drift of *Diomed*, when he inſults *Agamemnon* in his "griefs and diſtreſſes? For what *Diomed* here ſays, ſeems not "only very ill timed, but inconſiſtent with his own opinion, "and with the reſpect he had ſhewn in the beginning of this "very ſpeech:

"If I upbraid thee, Prince, thy wrath with-hold,
"The Laws of council bid my tongue be bold.

"This is the introduction of a man in temper, who is will-"ing to ſoften and excuſe the liberty of what is to follow, "and what neceſſity only obliges him to utter. But he ſub-"joins a reſentment of the reproach the King had formerly "thrown upon him, and tells him that *Jupiter* had given "him power and dominion without courage and virtue. "Theſe are things which agree but ill together, that *Diomed* "ſhould upbraid *Agamemnon* in his adverſity, with paſt injur-"ries, after he had endured his reproaches with ſo much "moderation, and had reproved *Sthenelus* ſo warmly for the "contrary practice in the fourth book. If any one anſwer, "that *Diomed* was warranted in this freedom by the bravery "of his warlike behaviour ſince that reproach, he ſuppoſes "this Hero very ignorant how to demean himſelf in pro-"ſperity. The truth is, this whole accuſation of *Diomed*'s "is only a feint to ſerve the deſigns of *Agamemnon*. For be-"ing deſirous to perſuade the *Greeks* againſt their departure, "he effects that deſign by this counterfeited anger, and li-"cence of ſpeech: and ſeeming to reſent, that *Agamemnon* "ſhould be capable of imagining the army would return to "*Greece*, he artfully makes uſe of theſe reproaches to cover his "argument. This is farther confirmed by what follows, "when he bids *Agamemnon* return, if he pleaſes, and affirms "that the *Grecians* will ſtay without him. Nay, he carries

If I oppoſe thee, Prince! thy wrath with-hold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou firſt, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durſt brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The *Greeks* ſtood witneſs, all our army heard.
The Gods, O Chief! from whom our honours ſpring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a King:
They gave thee ſcepters, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the ſeas and land;
The nobleſt pow'r that might the world controul
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous ſoul.
Is this a Gen'ral's voice, that would ſuggeſt
Fears like his own to ev'ry *Grecian* breaſt?

" the matter ſo far, as to boaſt, that if all the reſt ſhould de-
" part, himſelf and *Sthenelus* alone would continue the war,
" which would be extremely childiſh and abſurd in any other
" view than this."

℣. 53. *They gave thee ſcepters*, &c.] This is the language of a brave man, to affirm and ſay boldly, that courage is above ſcepters and crowns. Scepters and crowns were indeed in former times not hereditary, but the recompence of valour. With what art and haughtineſs *Diomed* ſets himſelf indirectly above *Agamemnon*! *Euſtathius*.

Confiding in our want of worth, he ſtands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our King commands.
Go thou inglorious! from th' embattl'd plain;
Ships thou haſt ſtore, and neareſt to the main;
A nobler care the *Grecians* ſhall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate *Troy*.
Here *Greece* ſhall ſtay; or if all *Greece* retire,
My ſelf will ſtay, 'till *Troy* or I expire;
My ſelf, and *Sthenelus*, will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.
He ceas'd; the *Greeks* loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds *Tydides'* praiſe.

ỳ. 62. *And neareſt to the main.*] There is a ſecret ſtroke of ſatyr in theſe words; *Diomed* tells the King that his ſquadron lies next the ſea, inſinuating that they were the moſt diſtant from the battle, and readieſt for flight. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 68. *God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.*] This is literal from the *Greek*, and therein may be ſeen the ſtyle of holy ſcripture, where it is ſaid that they *come with God*, or that they are not come *without God*, meaning that they did not come without his order: *Numquid ſine Domino aſcendi in terram iſtam?* ſays *Rabſhekah* to *Hezekiah*, in *Iſaiah* xxxvi. ỳ. 8. This paſſage ſeems to me very beautiful. *Homer* adds it to ſhew that the valour of *Diomed*, which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when all the *Greeks* were gone, is not a raſh and mad boldneſs, but a reaſonable one, and founded on the promiſes of God himſelf, who cannot lye. *Dacier.*

Wiſe *Neſtor* then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He ſpoke: the hoſt in ſtill attention heard.
O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such ſtrength of body with ſuch force of mind;

℣. 73, *The ſpeech of* Neſtor,] *Dionyſius* gives us the deſign of this ſpeech in the place above cited. "*Neſtor* (ſays he) "ſeconds the oration of *Diomed:* we ſhall perceive the ar- "tifice of his diſcourſe, if we reflect to how little purpoſe "it would be without this deſign. He praiſes *Diomed* for "what he has ſaid, but does it not without declaring, that "he had not ſpoken fully to the purpoſe, but fallen ſhort in "ſome points, which he aſcribes to his youth, and promiſes "to ſupply them. Then after a long preamble, when he "has turned himſelf ſeveral ways, as if he was ſporting in "a new and uncommon vein of oratory, he concludes by "ordering the watch to their ſtations, and adviſing *Agamem-* "*non* to invite the elders of the army to a ſupper, there, out "of many counſels, to chuſe the beſt. All this at firſt ſight "appears abſurd; but we muſt know that *Neſtor* too ſpeaks "in figure. *Diomed* ſeems to quarrel with *Agamemnon* purely "to gratify him; but *Neſtor* praiſes his liberty of ſpeech, as "it were to vindicate a real quarrel with the King. The "end of all this is only to move *Agamemnon* to ſupplicate "*Achilles*; and to that end he ſo much commends the young "man's freedom. In propoſing to call a council only of "the eldeſt, he conſults the dignity of *Agamemnon*, that he "might not be expoſed to make this condeſcenſion before "the younger officers. And he concludes by an artful in- "ference of the abſolute neceſſity of applying to *Achilles* "from the preſent poſture of their affairs.

"See what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
"How near our fleets approach the *Trojan* fires!

"This is all *Neſtor* ſays at this time before the general aſſem- "bly of the *Greeks*; but in his next ſpeech when the elders

In conduct, as in courage you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well.
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
Applauding *Greece* with common voice approves.
Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n Kings with praise, because with truth.
And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee *Nestor*'s youngest son,
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind;

" only are present, he explains the whole matter at large, " and openly declares that they must have recourse to *Achilles*." *Dion. Hal.* περὶ ἰσχημαλισμένων, *p.* 2.

Plutarch de Laud. Poetis, takes notice of this piece of decorum in *Nestor*, who when he intended to move for a mediation with *Achilles*, chose not to do it in publick, but proposed a private meeting of the Chiefs to that end. If what these two great authors have said, be considered, there will be no room for the trivial objection some moderns have made to this proposal of *Nestor*'s, as if in the present distress he did no more than impertinently advise them to go to supper.

ver. 73. *O truly great!*] *Nestor* could do no less than commend *Diomed*'s valour, he had lately been a witness of it when he was preserved from falling into the enemy's hands till he was rescued by *Diomed*. *Eustath.*

Age bids me ſpeak; nor ſhall th' advice I bring
Diſtaſte the people, or offend the King:
Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for publick rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monſter, who delights in war:
Whoſe luſt is murder, and whoſe horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind deſtroy!

℣. 87. *Curs'd is the man.*] *Neſtor*, ſays the ſame author, very artfully brings in theſe words as a general maxim, in order to diſpoſe *Agamemnon* to a reconciliation with *Achilles:* he delivers it in general terms, and leaves the King to make the application. This paſſage is tranſlated with liberty, for the original compriſes a great deal in a very few words, ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιστος, ἀνέστιος. It will be proper to give a particular explication of each of theſe: Ἀφρήτωρ, ſays *Euſtathius*, ſignifies one who is a vagabond or foreigner. The *Athenians* kept a regiſter, in which all that were born were enrolled, whence it eaſily appeared who were citizens, or not; ἀφρήτωρ therefore ſignifies one who is deprived of the privilege of a citizen. Ἀθέμιστος is one who had forfeited all title to be protected by the laws of his country. Ἀνέστιος, one that has no habitation, or rather, one that was not permitted to partake of any family ſacrifice. For Ἑστία is a family Goddeſs; and *Jupiter* ſometimes is called Ζεὺς ἑστιοῦχος.

There is a ſort of gradation in theſe words. Ἀθέμιστος ſignifies a man that has loſt the privileges of his country; ἀφρήτωρ thoſe of his own tribe, and ἀνέστιος thoſe of his own family.

This night, refreſh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O King, to council call the old:
Great is thy ſway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands muſt ſpirit all our wars.
With *Thracian* wines recruit thy honour'd gueſts,
For happy counſels flow from ſober feaſts.
Wiſe, weighty counſels aid a ſtate diſtreſt,
And ſuch a Monarch as can chuſe the beſt.
See! what a blaze from hoſtile tents aſpires,
How near our fleet approach the *Trojan* fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
What eye beholds 'em, and can cloſe to night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, *Troy* muſt flame, or *Greece* muſt fall.

℣. 94. *Between the trench and wall.*] It is almoſt impoſſible to make ſuch particularities as theſe appear with any tolerable elegance in poetry: and as they cannot be raiſed, ſo neither muſt they be omitted. This particular ſpace here mentioned between the trench and wall, is what we muſt carry in our mind through this and the following book: otherwiſe we ſhall be at a loſs to know the exact ſcene of the actions and counſels that follow.

Thus ſpoke the hoary ſage: the reſt obey;
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
His ſon was firſt to paſs the lofty mound,
The gen'rous *Thraſymed*, in arms renown'd:
Next him, *Aſcalaphus*, *Ialmen*, ſtood,
The double offspring of the Warriour-God.
Deïpyrus, *Aphareus*, *Merion* join,
And *Lycomed*, of *Creon*'s noble line.
Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold Chief a hundred ſpears commands.
The fires they light, to ſhort repaſts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The King of men, on publick counſels bent,
Conven'd the Princes in his ample tent;
Each ſeiz'd a portion of the kingly feaſt,
But ſtaid his hand when thirſt and hunger ceaſt.

ỳ. 119. *The fires they light.*] They lighted up theſe fires that they might not ſeem to be under any conſternation, but to be upon their guard againſt any alarm. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 124. *When thirſt and hunger ceaſt.*] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long deſcription of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and paſſes on to the conſultation. *Euſtathius.*

Then *Neſtor* ſpoke, for wiſdom long approv'd,
And ſlowly riſing, thus the council mov'd.
Monarch of nations! whoſe ſuperiour ſway
Aſſembled ſtates, and Lords of earth obey,
The laws and ſcepters to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
O King! the counſels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee muſt end;
Thee, Prince! it fits alike to ſpeak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To ſee no wholſome motion be withſtood
And ratify the beſt for publick good.
Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wiſdom thine.

ỳ. 138. *And make the wiſdom thine.*] *Euſtathius* thought that *Homer* ſaid this, becauſe in council, as in the army, all is attributed to the Princes, and the whole honour aſcribed to them: but this is by no means *Homer*'s thought. What he here ſays, is a maxim drawn from the profoundeſt philoſophy. That which often does men the moſt harm, is envy, and the ſhame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatneſs and capacity in following good advice, than in propoſing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we raviſh even the property of it from its author; and *Euſtathius* ſeems to incline to this thought, when he afterwards ſays, *Homer* makes him that follows good advice, equal

Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haſte,
At once my preſent judgment, and my paſt.
When from *Pelides'* tent you forc'd the maid,
I firſt oppos'd, and faithful, durſt diſſuade;
But bold of ſoul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:
Now ſeek ſome means his fatal wrath to end,
With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.
To whom the King. With juſtice haſt thou ſhown
A Prince's faults, and I with reaſon own.
That happy man, whom *Jove* ſtill honours moſt,
Is more than armies, and himſelf an hoſt.
Bleſt in his love, this wond'rous hero ſtands;
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.

to him that gives it; but he has not fully expreſſed himſelf. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 140. *At once my preſent judgment and my paſt.*] *Neſtor* here by the word πάλαι, means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel, in the firſt book: he ſays, as it was his opinion then, that *Agamemnon* ought not to diſgrace *Achilles*, ſo after the matureſt deliberation, he finds no reaſon to alter it. *Neſtor* here launches out into the praiſes of *Achilles*, which is a ſecret argument to induce *Agamemnon* to regain his friendſhip, by ſhewing the importance of it. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 151. *This wond'rous hero.*] It is remarkable that *Agamemnon* here never uſes the name of *Achilles*: though he is re-

Fain wou'd my heart, which err'd thro' frantick rage,
The wrathful Chief and angry Gods aſſuage.
If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow,
Hear, all ye *Greeks*, and witneſs what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;

ſolved to court his friendſhip, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impreſſion which the diſſenſion made, is not yet worn off, though he expatiates in commendation of his valour. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 155. *If gifts immenſe his mighty ſoul can bow.*] The Poet, ſays *Euſtathius*, makes a wiſe choice of the gifts that are to be proffered to *Achilles*. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his reſentment. If he had been addicted to the fair ſex, there was a King's daughter, and ſeven fair captives to win his favour: or if he had been ambitious of greatneſs, there were ſeven wealthy cities, and a kingly power to court him to a reconciliation: but he takes this way to ſhew us that his anger was ſtronger than all his other paſſions. It is farther obſervable, that *Agamemnon* promiſes theſe preſents at three different times; firſt, at this inſtant; ſecondly, on the taking of *Troy*; and laſtly, after their return to *Greece*. This diviſion in ſome degree multiplies them. *Dacier.*

℣. 157. *Ten weighty talents.*] The ancient criticks have blamed one of the verſes in the enumeration of theſe preſents, as not ſufficiently flowing and harmonious, the pauſe is ill placed, and one word does not fall eaſily into the other. This will appear very plain, if we compare it with a more numerous verſe.

Ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.
Ἀιθωνας δὲ λέβητας ἑϊκοσι, δώδεκα δ' ἵππους.

Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe:

The ear immediately perceives the muſick of the former line; every ſyllable glides ſmoothly away, without offending the ear with any ſuch roughneſs, as is found in the ſecond. The firſt runs as ſwiftly as the courſers it deſcribes; but the latter is a broken, interrupted, uneven verſe. But it is certainly pardonable in this place, where the muſick of poetry is not neceſſary; the mind is entirely taken up in learning what preſents *Agamemnon* intended to make *Achilles:* and is not at leiſure to regard the ornaments of verſification; and even thoſe pauſes are not without their beauties, as they would of neceſſity cauſe a ſtop in the delivery, and ſo give time for each particular to ſink into the mind of *Achilles*. *Euſtathius.*

ϒ. 159. *Sev'n ſacred tripods.*] There were two kinds of tripods; in the one they uſed to boil water, the other was entirely for ſhew; to mix wine and water in, ſays *Athenæus:* the firſt were called λέβητας, or cauldrons, for common uſe, and made to bear the fire; the other were ἄπυροι, and made chiefly for ornament. It may be aſked why this could be a proper preſent for *Achilles*, who was a martial Man, and regarded nothing but arms? It may be anſwered, that theſe preſents very well ſuited to the perſon to whom they were ſent, as tripods in ancient days were the uſual prizes in games, and they were given by *Achilles* himſelf in thoſe which he exhibited in honour of *Patroclus:* the ſame may be ſaid of the female captives, which were alſo among the prizes in the games of *Patroclus*. *Euſtathius.*

ϒ. 161. *Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd.*] From hence it is evident that games uſed to be celebrated in the *Grecian* army during

(Rich were the man whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)
Sev'n lovely captives of the *Leſbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame I choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When *Leſbos* ſunk beneath the hero's arms:
All theſe, to buy his friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long-conteſted maid;
With all her charms, *Briſeïs* I reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were never mine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltleſs of my loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be his; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhall he ſtore (when *Greece* the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs his loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race
With copious love ſhall crown his warm embrace;

the time of war; perhaps in honour of the deceaſed heroes. For had *Agamemnon* given *Achilles* horſes that had been victorious before the beginning of the *Trojan* war, they would by this time have been too old to be of any value. *Euſtathius.*

Such as himſelf will chooſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on *Argos*' fruitful ſhore,
There ſhall he live my ſon, our honours ſhare,
And with *Oreſtes*' ſelf divide my care.
Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chryſothemis* with golden hair;
Her let him chooſe, whom moſt his eyes approve,
I aſk no preſents, no reward for love:

℣. 189. Laodice *and* Iphigenia, *&c.*] Theſe are the names of *Agamemnon*'s daughters, among which we do not find *Electra*. But ſome affirm, ſays *Euſtathius*, that *Laodice* and *Electra* are the ſame, (as *Iphianaſſa* is the ſame with *Iphigenia*) and ſhe was called ſo either by way of ſur-name, or by reaſon of her complexion, which was, ἠλεκτρώδης, *flava*; or by way of deriſion ἠλέκτρα *quaſi* ἄλεκτρον, becauſe ſhe was an old maid, as appears from *Euripides*, who ſays that ſhe remained long a virgin.

Παρθένια, μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος ἠλέκτρα χρόνου.

And in *Sophocles*, ſhe ſays of herſelf, Ἀνύμφευτος αἰῶν οἰχνῶ, *I wander a diſconſolate unmarry'd virgin*, which ſhews that it was ever looked upon as a diſgrace to continue long ſo.

℣. 192. *I aſk no preſents — Myſelf will give the dow'r.*] For in *Greece* the bridegroom, before he married, was obliged to make two preſents, one to his betrothed wife, and the

Myſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs his ſway,
Him *Enope*, and *Pheræ* him obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred *Pedaſus* for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the Paſtures *Hira* yields,
And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to *Pylos*' ſandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.

other to his father-in-law. This cuſtom is very ancient; it was practiſed by the *Hebrews* in the time of the patriarchs. *Abraham*'s ſervant gave necklaces and ear-rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Iſaac*, *Geneſis* xxiv. 22. *Shechem* ſon of *Hamor* ſays to *Jacob* and his ſons, whoſe ſiſter he was deſirous to eſpouſe, "Aſk me never ſo much dowry and gifts," *Geneſis* xxxiv. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter. This preſent ſerved for her dowry, and the other preſents were for the father. In the firſt book of *Samuel* xviii. 25. *Saul* makes them ſay to *David*, who by reaſon of his poverty ſaid he could not be ſon-in-law to the King: "The King "deſireth not any dowry." And in the two laſt paſſages, we ſee the preſents were commonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no mention in *Homer* of any preſent made to the father, but only of that which was given to the married daughter, which was called ἔεδνα. The dowry which the father gave to his daughter was called μείλια· wherefore *Agamemnon* ſays here, ἐπιμείλια δώσω. *Dacier*.

There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil;
There ſhall he reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
And ſure all this may move his mighty ſoul.
Pluto, the griſly God, who never ſpares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worſt of Gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my ſway.
The monarch thus: the rev'rend *Neſtor* then:
Great *Agamemnon!* glorious King of Men!

ỳ. 209. Pluto, *the griſly God, who never ſpares.*] The meaning of this may be gathered from *Æſchylus*, cited here by *Euſtathius*.

Μόνος θεῶν θάνατος ὐ δώρων ἐρᾷ,
Οὐδ' ἄν τι θύων ὐδ' ἐπισπένδων λάβοις,
Οὐδ' ἔςι βωμὸς, ὐδὲ παιωνίζεται.

"Death is the only God who is not moved by offerings, "whom you cannot conquer by ſacrifices and oblations, and "therefore he is the only God to whom no altar is erected, "and no hymns are ſung."

Such are thy offers as a Prince may take,
And ſuch as fits a gen'rous King to make.
Let choſen delegates this hour be ſent,
(Myſelf will name them) to *Pelides'* tent:
Let *Phœnix* lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great *Ajax* next, and *Ithacus* the ſage.

℣. 221, *Let* Phœnix *lead.*] How comes it to paſs that *Phœnix* is in the *Grecian* camp: when undoubtedly he retired with his pupil *Achilles*? *Euſtathius* ſays, the ancients conjectured that he came to the camp to ſee the firſt battle: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that *Achilles* would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himſelf abſent from the fight: and as his revenge and glory were to be ſatisfied by the ill ſucceſs of the *Grecians*, it is highly probable that he ſent *Phœnix* to enquire after it. *Euſtathius* farther obſerves, *Phœnix* was not an embaſſador, but only the conductor of the embaſſy. This is evident from the words themſelves, which are all along delivered in the dual number; and farther, from *Achilles*'s requiring *Phœnix* to ſtay with him when the other two departed.

℣. 222. *Great* Ajax *next, and* Ithacus *the ſage.*] The choice of theſe perſons is made with a great deal of judgment. *Achilles* could not but reverence the venerable *Phœnix* his guardian and tutor. *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* had been diſgraced in the firſt book, line 187, as well as he, and were therefore proper perſons to perſuade him to forgive as they had forgiven: beſides, it was the greateſt honour that could be done to *Achilles*, to ſend the moſt worthy perſonages in the army to him. *Ulyſſes* was inferiour to none in eloquence but to *Neſtor*. *Ajax* was ſecond to none in valour but to *Achilles*.

Ajax might have an influence over him as a relation, by deſcent from *Æacus*; *Ulyſſes* as an orator: to theſe are joined

Yet more to ſanctify the word you ſend,
Let *Hodius* and *Eurybates* attend.
Now pray to *Jove* to grant what *Greece* demands;
Pray, in deep ſilence, and with pureſt hands.
He ſaid, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleanſing water from the living ſpring.
The youth with wine the ſacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the ſands around.
The rite perform'd, the Chiefs their thirſt allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wiſe *Neſtor* turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, inſtructs them to apply:
Much he advis'd them all, *Ulyſſes* moſt,
To deprecate the Chief, and ſave the hoſt.

Hodius and *Eurybates*, two heralds, which though it were not cuſtomary, yet was neceſſary in this place, both to certify *Achilles* that this embaſſage was the act of *Agamemnon* himſelf, and alſo to make theſe perſons who had been witneſſes before God and man of the wrong done to *Achilles* in reſpect to *Briſeïs*, witneſſes alſo of the ſatisfaction given him. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 235. *Much he advis'd them all*, Ulyſſes *moſt.*] There is a great propriety in repreſenting *Neſtor* as ſo particularly applying himſelf on this occaſion to *Ulyſſes*. Though he of all men had the leaſt need of his inſtructions; yet it is highly natural for one wiſe man to talk moſt to another.

'Thro' the ſtill night they march, and hear the roar
Of murm'ring billows on the ſounding ſhore.
To *Neptune*, ruler of the ſeas profound,
Whoſe liquid arms the mighty globe ſurround,
They pour forth vows, their embaſſy to bleſs,
And calm the rage of ſtern *Æacides*.
And now, arriv'd, where, on the ſandy bay
The *Myrmidonian* tents and veſſels lay;
Amus'd at eaſe, the god-like man they found,
Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.

ỳ. 246. *Pleas'd with the ſolemn harp's harmonious ſound.*] "*Homer* (ſays *Plutarch*) to prove what an excellent uſe may "be made of muſick, feigned *Achilles* to compoſe by this "means the wrath he had conceived againſt *Agamemnon*. He "ſung to his harp the noble actions of the valiant, and the "achievements of Heroes and Demigods, a ſubject worthy "of *Achilles*. *Homer* moreover teaches us in this fiction the "proper ſeaſon for muſick, when a man is at leiſure and "unemployed in greater affairs. For *Achilles*, ſo valorous as "he was, had retired from action through his diſpleaſure to "*Agamemnon*. And nothing was better ſuited to the mar-"tial diſpoſition of this hero, than theſe heroick ſongs, that "prepared him for the deeds and toils he afterwards under-"took, by the celebration of the like in thoſe who had "gone before him. Such was the ancient muſick, and to "ſuch purpoſes it was applied." *Plut. of muſick.* The ſame author relates in the life of *Alexander*, that when the lyre of *Paris* was offered to that Prince, he made anſwer, "He had "little value for it, but much deſired that of *Achilles*, on "which he ſung the actions of heroes in former times."

(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd *Thebæ* came,
Of poliſh'd ſilver was its coſtly frame;)
With this he ſoothes his angry ſoul, and ſings
Th' immortal deeds of Heroes and of Kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty ſtrain:
Full oppoſite he ſat, and liſten'd long,
In ſilence waiting 'till he ceas'd the ſong.
Unſeen the *Grecian* embaſſy proceeds
To his high tent; the great *Ulyſſes* leads.
Achilles ſtarting, as the Chiefs he ſpy'd,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and laid the harp aſide.
With like ſurpriſe aroſe *Menœtius'* ſon:
Pelides graſp'd their hands, and thus begun.
Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or ſtrong neceſſity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' *Greeks!* for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.

℣. 261. *Princes, all hail!*] This ſhort ſpeech is wonderfully proper to the occaſion, and to the temper of the ſpeaker. One is under a great expectation of what *Achilles* will ſay at the ſight of theſe heroes, and I know nothing in nature that could ſatisfy it but the very thing he here accoſts them with.

With that, the Chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in ſeats with purple carpets ſpread. 266
Then thus — *Patroclus*, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry ſoul.
Of all the warriours yonder hoſt can ſend,
Thy friend moſt honours theſe, and theſe thy friend.
He ſaid; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire, 271
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three chines entire:

ϒ. 268. *Mix purer wine.*] The meaning of this word ζωρότερον is very dubious; ſome ſay it ſignifies warm wine, from ζέω, *ferveo*: according to *Ariſtotle* it is an adverb, and implies to mix wine *quickly*. And others think it ſignifies pure wine. In this laſt ſenſe *Herodotus* uſes it. Ἐπὰν ζωρότερον βούλωνται οἱ Σπαρτιήται πιεῖν, ἐπισκίθισον λέγουσιν, ὡς ἀπὸ τῶν Σκυθέων, οἵ, φασὶν, ἐς Σπάρτην ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ἐδίδαξαν τὸν Κλεομένεα ἀκρατοπόλιν. Which in *Engliſh* is thus: "When the *Spartans* have an inclination "to drink their wine pure and not diluted, they propoſe to "drink after the manner of the *Scythians*; ſome of whom "coming embaſſadors to *Sparta*, taught *Cleomenes* to drink "his wine unmixed." I think this ſenſe of the word moſt natural, and *Achilles* might give this particular order not to dilute the wine ſo much as uſually, becauſe the embaſſadors, who were brave men, might be ſuppoſed to be much fatigued in the late battle, and to want a more than uſual refreſhment. *Euſtathius.* See *Plutarch. Symp. l.* iv. *c.* 5.

ϒ. 271. Patroclus *o'er the blazing fire*, &c.] The reader muſt not expect to find much beauty in ſuch deſcriptions as theſe: they give us an exact account of the ſimplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of *Homer*'s deſign; there being, no doubt, a conſiderable change of cuſtoms in *Greece*, from the time of the *Trojan* war to thoſe

The brazen vaſe *Automedon* ſuſtains,
Which fleſh of porket, ſheep and goat contains:

wherein our author lived; and it ſeemed demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the *Greeks* an idea of the manners of their predeceſſors. But however that matter ſtood, it ſhould, methinks, be a pleaſure to a modern reader, to ſee how ſuch mighty men, whoſe actions have ſurvived their perſons three thouſand years, lived in the earlieſt ages of the world. The embaſſadors found this hero, ſays *Euſtathius*, without any attendants; he had no uſhers or waiters to introduce them, no ſervile paraſites about him: the latter ages degenerated into theſe pieces of ſtate and pageantry.

The ſupper alſo is deſcribed with an equal ſimplicity: three Princes are buſied in preparing it, and they who made the greateſt figure in the field of battle, thought it no diſparagement to prepare their own repaſt. The objections ſome have made, that *Homer*'s Gods and Heroes do every thing for themſelves, as if ſeveral of thoſe offices were unworthy of them, proceed from the corrupt idea of modern luxury and grandeur: whereas in truth it is rather a weakneſs and imperfection to ſtand in need of the aſſiſtance and miniſtry of others. But however it be, methinks thoſe of the niceſt taſte might reliſh this entertainment of *Homer*'s, when they conſider theſe great men as ſoldiers in a camp, in whom the leaſt appearance of luxury would have been a crime.

Ver. 271. Patroclus *o'er the blazing fire.*] Madam *Dacier*'s general note on this paſſage deſerves to be tranſcribed. "*Homer*, ſays ſhe, is in the right not to avoid theſe deſcriptions, becauſe nothing can properly be called vulgar which "is drawn from the manner and uſages of perſons of the firſt "dignity; and alſo becauſe in his tongue even the terms "of cookery are ſo noble, and of ſo agreeable a ſound, and "he likewiſe knows how to place them ſo well, as to extract "a perfect harmony from them: ſo that he may be ſaid to "be as excellent a poet when he deſcribes theſe ſmall matters, as when he treats of the greateſt ſubjects. It is not

Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts transfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Meanwhile *Patroclus* ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brighten'd with the riſing blaze:
Then, when the languid flame at length ſubſide,
He ſtrows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the ſmoking fragments turns,
And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt from lifted urns;

" ſo either with our manners, or our language. Cookery is " left to ſervants, and all its terms ſo low and diſagreeable, " even in the ſound, that nothing can be made of them, that " has not ſome taint of their meanneſs. This great diſad- " vantage made me at firſt think of abridging this prepara- " tion of the repaſt; but when I had well conſidered it, I " was reſolved to preſerve and give *Homer* as he is, without " retrenching any thing from the ſimplicity of the heroick " manners. I do not write to enter the liſts againſt *Homer*, " I will diſpute nothing with him; my deſign is only to give " an idea of him, and to make him underſtood: the reader " will therefore forgive me if this deſcription has none of its " original grace."

℣. 272. *In a brazen vaſe.*] The word κρεῶν ſignifies the veſſel, and not the meat itſelf, as *Euphorion* conjectured, giving it as a reaſon that *Homer* makes no mention of boiled meat: but this does not hinder but that the meat might be parboiled in the veſſel to make it roaſt the ſooner. This, with ſome other notes on the particulars of this paſſage, belong to *Euſtathius*, and Madam *Dacier* ought not to have taken to herſelf the merit of his explanations.

℣. 282. *And ſprinkles ſacred ſalt.*] Many reaſons are given why ſalt is called ſacred or divine, but the beſt is becauſe it

With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board *Menætius'* ſon beſtow'd;
Himſelf, oppos'd t' *Ulyſſes* full in ſight,
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The firſt fat off'rings, to th' Immortals due,
Amidſt the greedy flames *Patroclus* threw;
Then each, indulging in the ſocial feaſt,
His thirſt and hunger ſoberly repreſt.
That done, to *Phœnix Ajax* gave the ſign;
Not unperceiv'd; *Ulyſſes* crown'd with wine

preſerves things incorrupt, and keeps them from diſſolution. "So thunder (ſays *Plutarch Sympoſ. l.* v. *qu.* 10.) is called "divine, becauſe bodies ſtruck with thunder will not putrify; "beſides generation is divine, becauſe God is the principle "of all things, and ſalt is moſt operative in generation. *Ly-* "*cophron* calls it ἀγνίστην τὸν ἅλα: for this reaſon *Venus* was "feigned by the poets to ſpring from the ſea."

ℽ. 291. *To* Phœnix Ajax *gave the ſign.*] *Ajax*, who was a rough ſoldier and no orator, is impatient to have the buſineſs over: he makes a ſign to *Phœnix* to begin, but *Ulyſſes* prevents him. Perhaps *Ulyſſes* might flatter himſelf that his oratory would prevail upon *Achilles*, and ſo obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himſelf: or if he were repulſed, there yet remained a ſecond and third reſource in *Ajax* and *Phœnix*, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to ſhake his reſolution: there would ſtill be ſome hopes of ſucceſs, as one of theſe was his guardian, the other his relation. One may farther add to theſe reaſons of *Euſtathius*, that it would have been improper for *Phœnix* to have ſpoken firſt, ſince he was not an embaſſador; and therefore *Ulyſſes* was the

The foaming bowl, and inſtant thus began,
His ſpeech addreſſing to the God-like man.

Health to *Achilles!* happy are thy gueſts! 295
Not thoſe more honour'd whom *Atrides* feaſts:
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That *Agamemnon's* regal tent affords;

ſitter perſon, as being empowered by that function to make an offer of the preſents, in the name of the King.

ỳ. 295. *Health to* Achilles!] There are no diſcourſes in the *Iliad* better placed, better timed, or that give a greater idea of *Homer's* genius, than theſe of the embaſſadors to *Achilles*. Theſe ſpeeches are not only neceſſarily demanded by the occaſion, but diſpoſed with art, and in ſuch an order, as raiſes more and more the pleaſure of the reader. *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks the firſt, the character of whoſe diſcourſe is a well-addreſſed eloquence; ſo the mind is agreeably engaged by the choice of his reaſons and applications: *Achilles* replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the ſentiments of the hero: *Phœnix* diſcourſes in a manner touching and pathetick, whereby the heart is moved; and *Ajax* concludes with a generous diſdain that leaves the ſoul of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleaſes, by the arrangement of his matter; and I believe it is not poſſible to propoſe a better model for the happy diſpoſition of a ſubject. Theſe words are Monſieur *de la Motte's*, and no teſtimony can be more glorious to *Homer* than this, which comes from the mouth of an enemy.

ỳ. 296. *Not thoſe more honour'd whom* Atrides *feaſts.*] I muſt juſt mention *Dacier's* obſervation: with what cunning *Ulyſſes* here ſlides in the odious name of *Agamemnon*, as he praiſes *Achilles*, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiariſed to that name.

But greater cares ſit heavy on our ſouls,
Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What ſcenes of ſlaughter in yon' fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful ſtands,
And owns no help but from thy ſaving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threat'ning tents already ſhade our wall:
Hear how with ſhouts their conqueſt they proclaim,
And point at ev'ry ſhip their vengeful flame!
For them the Father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of *Jove*, avenging *Hector* riſe!
See! Heav'n and earth the raging Chief defies;
What fury in his breaſt, what light'ning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame
The ſhips, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name.

†. 314. *He waits but for the morn, to ſink in flame, The ſhips, the* Greeks, *&c.*] There is a circumſtance in the original, which I have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preſerves a piece of antiquity, I muſt not forget it here. He ſays that *Hector* will not only fire the fleet, but bear off the *ſtatues of*

Heav'ns! how my country's woes diſtract my mind,
Leſt fate accompliſh all his rage deſign'd.
And muſt we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In *Trojan* duſt, and this the fatal day?
Return, *Achilles!* oh return, tho' late,
To ſave thy *Grecks*, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, riſe!
The day may come, when all our warriours ſlain,
That heart ſhall melt, that courage riſe in vain.
Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Thoſe wholeſome counſels which thy father gave.
When *Peleus* in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting ſon, theſe accents were his laſt.
My child! with ſtrength, with glory and ſucceſs,
Thy arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bleſs!
Truſt that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy paſſions, and ſubdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And ſhun contention, the ſure ſource of woe;

the Gods, which were carved on the prows of the veſſels. Theſe were hung up in the temples, as a monument of victory, according to the cuſtom of thoſe times.

That young and old may in thy praiſe combine,
The virtues of Humanity be thine —
This, now deſpis'd advice, thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides'* pray'rs,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not — but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd preſents, an exhauſtleſs ſtore.
Ten weighty talents of the pureſt gold,
And twice ten vaſes of refulgent mold;
Sev'n ſacred tripods, whoſe unſully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve ſteeds unmatch'd in fleetneſs and in force,
And ſtill victorious in the duſty courſe!

ỳ. 342. *But hear me, while I number o'er The proffer'd preſents.*] Monſieur *de la Motte* finds fault with *Homer* for making *Ulyſſes* in this place repeat all the offers of *Agamemnon* to *Achilles*. Not to anſwer that it was but neceſſary to make known to *Achilles* all the propoſals, or that this diſtinct enumeration ſerved the more to move him, I think one may appeal to any perſon of common taſte, whether the ſolemn recital of theſe circumſtances does not pleaſe him more than the ſimple narration could have done, which Monſieur *de la Motte* would have put in its ſtead. Ulyſſes *made all the offers* Agamemnon *had commiſſioned him.*

(Rich were the man, whoſe ample ſtores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged ſpeed)
Sev'n lovely captives of the *Leſbian* line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The ſame he choſe for more than vulgar charms,
When *Leſbos* ſunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.
All theſe, to buy thy friendſhip, ſhall be paid,
And join'd with theſe the long conteſted maid;
With all her charms, *Briſëis* he'll reſign,
And ſolemn ſwear thoſe charms were only thine;
Untouch'd ſhe ſtay'd, uninjur'd ſhe removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
Theſe inſtant ſhall be thine; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud *Ilion*'s hoſtile tow'rs,
Then ſhalt thou ſtore (when *Greece* the ſpoil divides)
With gold and braſs thy loaded navy's ſides.
Beſides, full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race
With copious love ſhall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyſelf ſhall chuſe; who yield to none,
Or yield to *Helen*'s heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If ſafe we land on *Argos*' fruitful ſhore,

There ſhalt thou live his ſon, his honours
ſhare,
And with *Oreſtes'* ſelf divide his care.
Yet more — three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and *Iphigenia* fair,
And bright *Chryſothemis* with golden hair;
Her ſhalt thou wed whom moſt thy eyes ap-
prove;
He aſks no preſents, no reward for love:
Himſelf will give the dow'r; ſo vaſt a ſtore,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee *Enope*, and *Pheræ* thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And ſacred *Pedaſus*, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the paſtures *Hira* yields,
And rich *Antheia* with her flow'ry fields:
The whole extent to *Pylos'* ſandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the ſoil.

There ſhalt thou reign with pow'r and juſtice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a ſuppliant King.
But if all this relentleſs thou diſdain,
If honour, and if int'reſt plead in vain;
Yet ſome redreſs to ſuppliant *Greece* afford,
And be, amongſt her guardian Gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy ſuff'ring country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For now that chief, whoſe unreſiſted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hoſts retire,
Proud *Hector*, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deſerve thy hands.
Then thus the Goddeſs-born. *Ulyſſes* hear
A faithful ſpeech, that knows nor art, nor fear;

℣. 406. Achilles's *ſpeech.*] Nothing is more remarkable than the conduct of *Homer* in this ſpeech of *Achilles*. He begins with ſome degree of coolneſs, as in reſpect to the embaſſadors, whoſe perſons he eſteemed; yet even there his temper juſt ſhews itſelf in the inſinuation that *Ulyſſes* had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods riſes into an open deteſtation of all artifice. He then falls into a ſullen de-

What in my ſecret ſoul is underſtood,
My tongue ſhall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let *Greece* then know, my purpoſe I retain:
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Then thus in ſhort my fixt reſolves attend,
Which nor *Atrides*, nor his *Greeks* can bend;
Long toils, long perils in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the ſame;
Alike regretted in the duſt he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?

claration of his reſolves, and a more ſedate repreſentation of his paſt ſervices; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies out into extravagance. His rage, awakened by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind that ſinks and riſes by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for thoſe intermiſſions.

As the bold bird her helpleſs young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In ſearch of prey ſhe wings the ſpacious air,
And with th' untaſted food ſupplies her care:
For thankleſs *Greece* ſuch hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants by my labours ſav'd;
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.
I ſack'd twelve ample Cities on the Main,
And twelve lay ſmoking on the *Trojan* Plain;

℣. 424. *As the bold bird*, &c.] This ſimile (ſays *la Motte*) muſt be allowed to be juſt, but was not fit to be ſpoken in a paſſion. One may anſwer, that the tenderneſs of the compariſon renders it no way the leſs proper to a man in a paſſion: it being natural enough, the more one is diſguſted at preſent, the more to recollect the kindneſs we have formerly ſhewn to thoſe who are ungrateful. *Euſtathius* obſerves, that ſo ſoft as the ſimile ſeems, it has nevertheleſs its *fierté*; for *Achilles* herein expreſſes his contempt for the *Greeks*, as a weak defenceleſs people, who muſt have periſhed, if he had not preſerved them. And indeed, if we conſider what is ſaid in the preceding note, it will appear that the paſſion of *Achilles* ought not as yet to be at the height.

℣. 432. *I ſack'd twelve ample Cities.*] *Euſtathius* ſays, that the anger of *Achilles* not only throws him into tautology, but alſo into ambiguity: for, ſays he, theſe words may either ſignify that he deſtroyed twelve cities with his ſhips, or barely cities with twelve ſhips. But *Euſtathius* in this place is like many other Commentators, who can ſee a meaning in a ſentence, that never entered into the thoughts of an author. It is

Then at *Atrides'* haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the ſpoils I made.
Your mighty Monarch theſe in peace poſſeſt;
Some few my Soldiers had, himſelf the reſt.
Some preſent too to ev'ry Prince was paid;
And ev'ry Prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only muſt refund, of all his train;
See what preheminence our merits gain!
My ſpoil alone his greedy ſoul delights;
My ſpouſe alone muſt bleſs his luſtful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of *Greece* to *Troy?*
What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cauſe?
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but thoſe of *Atreus'* race?
The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve,
Sure ev'ry wiſe and worthy man will love.

not eaſy to conceive how *Achilles* could have expreſſed himſelf more clearly. There is no doubt but δώδεκα agrees with the ſame word that ἴνδεκα does, in the following line, which is certainly πόλις; and there is a manifeſt enumeration of the places he had conquered by ſea, and by land.

℣. 450. *The wife whom choice and paſſion both approve, Sure ev'ry wife and worthy man will love.*] The argument of *Achilles*

Nor did my fair-one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love all proffers I diſdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I truſt not Kings again.
Ye have my anſwer — what remains to do,
Your King, *Ulyſſes*, may conſult with you.

in this place is very a-propos with reference to the caſe of *Agamemnon*. If I tranſlated it *verbatim*, I muſt ſay in plain *Engliſh*, *Every honeſt man loves his wife*. Thus *Homer* has made this raſh, this fiery ſoldier governed by his paſſions, and in the rage of youth, bear teſtimony to his own reſpect for the ladies. But it ſeems *Poltis* King of *Thrace* was of another opinion, who would have parted with two wives, out of pure good-nature to two mere ſtrangers; as I have met with the ſtory ſomewhere in *Plutarch*. When the *Greeks* were raiſing forces againſt *Troy*, they ſent embaſſadors to this *Poltis* to deſire his aſſiſtance. He enquired the cauſe of the war, and was told it was the injury *Paris* had done *Menelaus* in taking his wife from him. "If that be all, ſaid the good "King, let me accommodate the difference: indeed it is not "juſt the *Greek* Prince ſhould loſe a wife, and on the other "ſide it is pity the *Trojan* ſhould want one. Now I have "two wives, and to prevent all this miſchief, I'll ſend one "of them to *Menelaus*, and the other to *Paris*." It is a ſhame this ſtory is ſo little known, and that poor *Poltis* yet remains uncelebrated: I cannot but recommend him to the modern Poets.

ỳ. 457. *Your King*, Ulyſſes, *may conſult with you.*] *Achilles* ſtill remembers what *Agamemnon* ſaid to him when they quarrelled, *Other brave warriours will be left behind to follow me in battle*, as we have ſeen in the firſt book. He anſwers here without either ſparing *Ajax* or *Ulyſſes*; as much his friends as they are, they have their ſhare in this ſtroke of raillery, *Euſtathius*.

What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can ſhake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not theſe (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of *Priam*'s ſingle ſon?
There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought)
When *Hector*'s proweſs no ſuch wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the *Scæan* gate;
He try'd it once, and ſcarce was ſav'd by Fate.
But now thoſe ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore,
Then ſhall you ſee our parting veſſels crown'd,
And hear with oars the *Helleſpont* reſound.

ỳ. 459. *Has he not walls?*] This is a bitter ſatire (ſays *Euſtathius*) againſt *Agamemnon*, as if his only deeds were the making of this Wall, this Ditch, theſe Palliſades, to defend himſelf againſt thoſe whom he came to beſiege: there was no need of theſe retrenchments, whilſt *Achilles* fought. But (as *Dacier* obſerves) this Satire does not affect *Agamemnon* only, but *Neſtor* too, who had adviſed the making of theſe retrenchments, and who had ſaid in the ſecond Book, *If there are a few who ſeparate themſelves from the reſt of the Army, let them ſtay and periſh*, ỳ. 346. Probably this had been reported to *Achilles*, and that Hero revenges himſelf here by mocking theſe retrenchments.

The third day hence, ſhall *Pthia* greet our ſails,
If mighty *Neptune* ſend propitious gales;
Pthia to her *Achilles* ſhall reſtore
The wealth he left for this deteſted ſhore:
Thither the ſpoils of this long war ſhall paſs,
The ruddy gold, the ſteel, and ſhining braſs;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that reſts of my unraviſh'd prey.
One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
And that reſum'd; the fair *Lyrneſſian* ſlave.

℣. 473. *The third day hence ſhall* Pthia, *&c.*] Monſieur *de la Motte* thinks the mention of theſe minute circumſtances not to agree with the paſſionate character of the ſpeaker; that *he ſhall arrive at* Pthia *in three days*, that *he ſhall find there all the riches he left when he came to the ſiege*, and that *he ſhall carry other treaſures home*. *Dacier* anſwers, that we need only conſider the preſent ſituation of *Achilles*, and his cauſe of complaint againſt *Agamemnon*, and we ſhall be ſatisfied here is nothing but what is exactly agreeable to the occaſion. To convince the embaſſadors that he will return home, he inſtances the eaſineſs of doing it in the ſpace of three days. *Agamemnon* had injured him in the point of booty, he therefore declares he had ſufficient treaſures at home, and that he will carry off ſpoils enough, and women enough, to make amends for thoſe that Prince had raviſhed from him. Every one of theſe particulars marks his paſſion and reſentment.

℣. 481. *One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave.*] The injury which *Agamemnon* offered to *Achilles* is ſtill uppermoſt in his thoughts; he has but juſt diſmiſſed it, and now returns to it again. Theſe repetitions are far from being faults in *Achilles*'s

Then tell him; loud, that all the *Greeks* may hear,
And learn to ſcorn the wretch they baſely fear;
(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his ſlaves;
Tho' ſhameleſs as he is, to face theſe eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor ſhare his council, nor his battle join;
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the ſtupid Prince, whom *Jove* deprives
Of ſenſe and juſtice, run where frenſy drives;
His gifts are hateful: Kings of ſuch a kind
Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.

wrath, whoſe anger is perpetually breaking out upon the ſame injury.

ϒ. 494. *Kings of ſuch a kind Stand but as ſlaves before a noble mind.*] The words in the *Greek* are, *I deſpiſe him as a* Carian. The *Carians* were people of *Bœotia*, the firſt that ſold their valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their pay. This was looked upon as the vileſt of actions in thoſe heroical ages. I think there is at preſent but one nation in the world diſtinguiſhed for this practice, who are ready to proſtitute their hands to kill for the higheſt bidder.

Euſtathius endeavours to give many other ſolutions of this place, as that ἐν καρὸς may be miſtaken for ἴγκαρσ· from ἴγκας, *pediculus*; but this is too mean and trivial to be *Homer*'s ſentiment. There is more probability that it comes from κῆς,

Not tho' he proffer'd all himſelf poſſeſt,
And all his rapine could from others wreſt;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled *Orchomenian* town;
Not all proud *Thebes'* unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great Empreſs on th' *Ægyptian* plain,

πηρὸς, and ſo κακὸς by the change of the *Eta* into *Alpha*; and then the meaning will be, that *Achilles* hates him as much as hell or death, agreeable to what he had ſaid a little before:

Ἐχθρός μοὶ κεῖνος ὁμῶς ἀΐδαο πύλῃσι.

℣. 500. *Not all proud* Thebes', &c.] Theſe ſeveral circumſtances concerning *Thebes* are thought by ſome not to ſuit with that emotion with which *Achilles* here is ſuppoſed to ſpeak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more uſual for perſons tranſported with anger, than to inſiſt, and return to ſuch particulars as moſt touch them; and that exaggeration is a figure extremely natural in paſſion. *Achilles* therefore, by ſhewing the greatneſs of *Thebes*, its wealth, and extent, does in effect but ſhew the greatneſs of his own ſoul, and of that inſuperable reſentment which renders all theſe riches (though the greateſt in the world) contemptible in his ſight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has received.

℣. 500. *Proud* Thebes' *unrivall'd walls*, &c.] "The city "which the *Greeks* call *Thebes*, the *Ægyptians Dioſpolis* (ſays "*Diodorus*, *lib.* i. *par.* 2.) was in circuit a hundred and forty "*ſtadia*, adorned with ſtately buildings, magnificent temples, "and rich donations. It was not only the moſt beautiful "and noble city of *Ægypt*, but of the whole world. The "fame of its wealth and grandeur was ſo celebrated in all "parts, that the poet took notice of it in theſe words;

(That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,

— — — — — — ἓδ' ὅσα Θήβας
Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,
Αἳθ' ἑκατόμπυλοί εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἀν' ἑκάστην
Ἄνδρες ἐξοχέουσι σὺν ἵπποισι καὶ ὄχεσφιν. ν. 381.

" Though others affirm it had not a hundred gates, but ſe-
" veral vaſt porches to the temples; from whence the city
" was called the *Hundred-gated*, only as having many gates.
" Yet it is certain it furniſhed twenty thouſand chariots of
" war; for there were a hundred ſtables along the River,
" from *Memphis* to *Thebes* towards *Libyia*, each of which con-
" tained two hundred horſes, the ruins whereof are ſhewn at
" this day. The Princes from time to time made it their
" care to beautify and enlarge this city, to which none un-
" der the ſun was equal in the many and magnificent trea-
" ſures of gold, ſilver, and ivory; with innumerable *Coloſſuſes*,
" and obeliſques of one entire ſtone. There were four
" temples admirable in beauty and greatneſs, the moſt an-
" cient of which was in circuit thirteen *ſtadia*, and five and
" forty cubits in height, with a wall of four and twenty feet
" broad. The ornaments and offerings within were agree-
" able to this magnificence, both in value and workmanſhip.
" The fabrick is yet remaining, but the gold, ſilver, ivory,
" and precious ſtones were ranſacked by the *Perſians*, when
" *Cambyſes* burned the temples of *Ægypt*. There were found
" in the rubbiſh above three hundred talents of gold, and no
" leſs than two thouſand three hundred of ſilver." The ſame author proceeds to give many inſtances of the magnificence of this great city. The deſcription of the ſepulchres of their Kings, and particularly that of *Oſymanduas*, is perfectly aſtoniſhing, to which I refer the Reader.

Strabo farther informs us, that the Kings of *Thebes* extended their conqueſts as far as *Scythia*, *Bactria*, and *India*.

Two hundred horſemen, and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars)
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than duſt in fields, or ſands along the ſhore;
Should all theſe offers for my friendſhip call;
'Tis he that offers, and I ſcorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never ſhall be led
(An ill-match'd conſort) to *Achilles'* bed;
Like golden *Venus* tho' ſhe charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with *Pallas* in the works of art.
Some greater *Greek* let thoſe high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If heav'n reſtore me to my realms with life,
The rev'rend *Peleus* ſhall elect my wife;
Theſſalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And Kings that ſue to mix their blood with mine.
Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away,
Content with juſt hereditary ſway;
There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of Life.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all *Apollo*'s *Pythian* treaſures hold,
Or *Troy* once held, in peace and pride of ſway,
Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!
Loſt herds and treaſures, we by arms regain,
And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:
But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.
My fates long ſince by *Thetis* were diſclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;

℣. 525. *Not all* Apollo's Pythian *treaſures.*] The temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos* was the richeſt temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts; there were ſtatues of maſſy gold of a human ſize, figures of animals in gold, and ſeveral other treaſures. A great ſign of its wealth is, that the *Phocians* pillaged it in the time of *Philip* the ſon of *Amyntas*, which gave occaſion to the holy war. It is ſaid to have been pillaged before, and that the great riches of which *Homer* ſpeaks, had been carried away. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 530. *The vital ſpirit fled, Returns no more.*] Nothing ſure could be better imagined, or more ſtrongly paint *Achilles*'s reſentment, than this commendation which *Homer* puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That hero, whoſe very ſoul was poſſeſſed with love of glory, and who preferred it to life itſelf, lets his anger prevail over this his darling paſſion: he deſpiſes even glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his revenge at the ſame time; and rather than lay this aſide, becomes the very reverſe of himſelf.

℣. 532. *My fates long ſince by* Thetis *were diſclos'd.*] It was very neceſſary for *Homer* to put the reader more than once in

Here, if I ſtay, before the *Trojan* town,
Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown: 535

mind of this piece of *Achilles*'s ſtory: there is a remark of Monſieur *de la Motte*, which deſerves to be tranſcribed entire on this occaſion.

" The generality of people, who do not know *Achilles* by " the *Iliad*, and who upon a moſt noted fable conceive him " invulnerable all but in the heel, find it ridiculous that he " ſhould be placed at the head of heroes; ſo true it is, that " the idea of valour implies it always in danger.

" Should a giant, well armed, fight againſt a legion of " children, whatever ſlaughter he ſhould make, the pity any " one would have for them, would not turn at all to any ad- " miration of him; and the more he ſhould applaud his own " courage, the more one would be offended at his pride.

" *Achilles* had been in this caſe, if *Homer*, beſides all the " ſuperiourity of ſtrength he has given him, had not found " the art of putting likewiſe his greatneſs of ſoul out of all " ſuſpicion.

" He has perfectly well ſucceeded in feigning that *Achilles* " before his ſetting out to the *Trojan* war, was ſure of meet- " ing his death. The deſtinies had propoſed to him by the " mouth of *Thetis*, the alternative of a long and happy, but " obſcure life, if he ſtaid in his own ſtate; or of a ſhort, " but glorious one, if he embraced the vengeance of the " *Greek*. He wiſhes for glory in contempt of death; and " thus all his actions, all his motions are ſo many proofs of " his courage; he runs, in haſtening his exploits, to a death " which he knows infallibly attends him; what does it avail " him, that he routs every thing almoſt without reſiſtance? " It is ſtill true, that he every moment encounters and faces " the ſentence of his deſtiny, and that he devotes himſelf " generouſly for glory. *Homer* was ſo ſenſible that this idea " muſt force a concern for his hero, that he ſcatters it " throughout his poem, to the end that the reader having it " always in view, may eſteem *Achilles* even for what he per- " forms without the leaſt danger."

If I return, I quit immortal praiſe
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond miſtake,
And warn the *Greeks* the wiſer choice to make:
To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.
Jove's arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;
Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.
Go then, to *Greece* report our fix'd deſign;
Bid all your counſels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,
To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One Stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, *Achilles* is unconquer'd ſtill.
Go then — digeſt my meſſage as ye may —
But here this night let rev'rend *Phœnix* ſtay:
His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in *Pthia*'s friendly land.
But whether he remain, or ſail with me,
His age be ſacred, and his will be free.

The ſon of *Peleus* ceas'd: the chiefs around
In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,

Attend the ſtern reply. Then *Phœnix* roſe;
(Down his white beard a ſtream of ſorrow flows)
And while the fate of ſuff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd,
With accent weak theſe tender words return'd.
Divine *Achilles!* wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hoſts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath ſo dreadful fill thy ruthleſs mind,
How ſhall thy friend, thy *Phœnix*, ſtay behind?

ỳ. 565. *How ſhall thy friend, thy* Phœnix, *ſtay behind?*] This is a ſtrong argument to perſuade *Achilles* to ſtay, but dreſſed up in the utmoſt tenderneſs: the venerable old man riſes with tears in his eyes, and ſpeaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, though the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and reſtore him to his youth: but in the midſt of ſo much fondneſs, he couches a powerful argument to perſuade him not to return home, by adding that his father ſent him to be his guide and guardian; *Phœnix* ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of *Achilles*, but *Achilles* the directions of *Phœnix*. *Euſtathius.*

"The art of this ſpeech of *Phœnix* (ſays *Dionyſius*, περὶ "ἐσχηματισμένων, lib. i.) conſiſts in his ſeeming to agree with "all that *Achilles* has ſaid: *Achilles*, he ſees, will depart, and "he muſt go along with him; but in aſſigning the reaſons "why he muſt go with him, he proves that *Achilles* ought "not to depart. And thus while he ſeems only to ſhew his "love to his pupil in his inability to ſtay behind him, he in"deed challenges the other's gratitude for the benefits he had "conferred upon him in his infancy and education. At the "ſame time that he moves *Achilles*, he gratifies *Agamemnon*; "and that this was the real deſign which he diſguiſed in

The royal *Peleus*, when from *Pthia*'s coaſt
He ſent thee early to th' *Achaian* hoſt;
Thy youth as then in ſage debates unſkill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To ſhine in councils, and in camps to dare.

" that manner, we are informed by *Achilles* himſelf in the " reply he makes: for *Homer*, and all the authors that treat " of this figure, generally contrived it ſo, that the anſwers " made to theſe kind of ſpeeches, diſcover all the art and " ſtructure of them. *Achilles* therefore aſks him,

" Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow?
" For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?

" You ſee the ſcholar reveals the art and diſſimulation of his " maſter; and as *Phœnix* had recounted the benefits done " him, he takes off that expoſtulation by promiſing to di- " vide his empire with him, as may be ſeen in the ſame " anſwer."

ver. 567. *He ſent thee early to th' Achian hoſt.*] *Achilles* (ſays *Euſtathius*) according to ſome of the ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the wars of *Troy*; (ἑπτὰ ἐτῶν) and it may be gathered from what the Poet here relates of the education of *Achilles* under *Phœnix*, that the fable of his being tutored by *Chiron* was the invention of later ages, and unknown to *Homer*.

Mr. *Bayle*, in his article of *Achilles*, has very well proved this. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learned muſick and phyſick of *Chiron*, without having him formally as his tutor; for it is plain from this ſpeech, that he was put under the direction of *Phœnix* as his governour in morality, when his father ſent him along with him to the ſiege of *Troy*.

Never, ah never let me leave thy ſide!
No time ſhall part us, and no fate divide.
Not tho' the God, that breath'd my life, reſtore
The bloom I boaſted, and the port I bore,
When *Greece* of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful *Greece*, the land of lovely dames.)
My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a ſtranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her deſire)
To win the damſel, and prevent my fire.

℣. 578. *My father, faithleſs to my mother's arms*, &c.] *Homer* has been blamed for introducing two long ſtories into this ſpeech of *Phœnix*; this concerning himſelf is ſaid not to be in the proper place, and what *Achilles* muſt needs have heard over and over: it alſo gives (ſay they) a very ill impreſſion of *Phœnix* himſelf, and makes him appear a very unfit perſon to be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is anſwered, that though *Achilles* might have known the ſtory before in general, it is probable *Phœnix* had not till now ſo preſſing an occaſion to make him diſcover the exceſs his fury had tranſported him to, in attempting the life of his own father: the whole ſtory tends to repreſent the dreadful effects of paſſion: and I cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience.

℣. 581. *To win the damſel.*] The counſel that this mother gives to her ſon *Phœnix* is the ſame that *Achitophel* gave to *Abſalom*, to hinder him from ever being reconciled to *David*. *Et ait* Achitophel *ad* Abſalom: *ingredere ad concubinas patris tui, quas dimiſit ad cuſtodiendam domum, ut cùm audierit omnis* Iſrael *quòd fœdaveris patrem tuum, roborentur tecum manus eorum.* 2 Sam. xiv. 20. *Dacier.*

My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, " Ye furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal *Jove*, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthleſs *Proſerpine*, confirm'd his vow.
Deſpair and grief diſtract my lab'ring mind!
Gods! what a crime my impious heart deſign'd?

℣. 581. *Prevent my ſire.*] This decency of *Homer* is worthy obſervation, who to remove all the diſagreeable ideas, which mght proceed from this intrigue of *Phœnix* with his father's miſtreſs, took care to give us to underſtand in one ſingle word, that *Amyntor* had no ſhare in her affections, which makes the action of *Phœnix* the more excuſable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her huſband: beſides, his father had yet no commerce with this miſtreſs to whoſe love he pretended. Had it been otherwiſe, and had *Phœnix* committed this ſort of inceſt, *Homer* would neither have preſented this image to his reader, nor *Peleus* choſen *Phœnix* to be governour to *Achilles*. *Dacier.*

℣. 584. *Infernal* Jove.] The *Greek* is ζεὺς τε καλαχθόνιος. The ancients gave the name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of heaven, but likewiſe to the God of hell, as is ſeen here; and to the God of the ſea, as appears from *Æſchylus*. They thereby meant to ſhew that one ſole deity governed the world; and it was to teach the ſame truth, that the ancient ſtatuaries made ſtatues of *Jupiter*, which had three eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that manner in the court of his palace, which was there in *Laomedon*'s time: after the taking of *Troy*, when the *Greeks* ſhared the booty, it fell to *Sthenelus*'s lot, who carried it into *Greece*. *Dacier.*

℣. 586. *Deſpair and grief diſtract*, &c.] I have taken the liberty to replace here four verſes which *Ariſtarchus* had cut out, becauſe of the horrour which the idea gave him of a ſon

I thought (but ſome kind God that thought ſuppreſt)
To plunge the poniard in my father's breaſt:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With pray'rs entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny ſwine,
They daily feaſt, with draughts of fragrant wine:

who is going to kill his father; but perhaps *Ariſtarchus*'s niceneſs was too great. Theſe verſes ſeem to me neceſſary, and have a very good effect; for *Phœnix*'s aim is to ſhew *Achilles*, that unleſs we overcome our wrath, we are expoſed to commit the greateſt crimes: he was going to kill his own father, *Achilles* in the ſame manner is going to let his father *Phœnix* and all the *Greeks* periſh, if he does not appeaſe his wrath. *Plutarch* relates theſe four verſes in his treatiſe of reading the poets; and adds, "*Ariſtarchus* frightened at this horrible "crime, cut out theſe verſes; but they do very well in this "place, and on this occaſion, *Phœnix* intending to ſhew "*Achilles* what wrath is, and to what abominable exceſſes it "hurries men, who do not obey reaſon, and who refuſe to "follow the counſels of thoſe that adviſe them." Theſe ſort of curtailings from *Homer*, often contrary to all reaſon, gave room to *Lucian* to feign that being in the *Fortunate Iſlands*, he aſked *Homer* a great many queſtions. "Among other "things (ſays he in his ſecond book of his *True Hiſtory*) I "aſked him whether he had made all the verſes which had "been rejected in his poem? He aſſured me they were all "his own, which made me laugh at the impertinent and "bold criticiſms of *Zenodorus* and *Ariſtarchus*, who had re-"trenched them."

Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with conſtant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unſeen of all;
And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' ſpacious *Greece* extend;
In *Pthia*'s court at laſt my labours end.
Your ſire receiv'd me, as his ſon careſs'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with poſſeſſions bleſs'd.
The ſtrong *Dolopians* thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coaſt that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wiſdom to thy ſoul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my leſſons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breaſt a like affection ſhow'd;
Still in my arms (an ever-pleaſing load)
Or at my knee, by *Phœnix* would'ſt thou ſtand;
No food was grateful but from *Phœnix*' hand.

I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And *Phœnix* felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues juſtify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my ſilver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, reſign'd;
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wiſe)
Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and ſacrifice;
Offending man their high compaſſion wins,
And daily pray'rs atone for daily ſins.
Pray'rs are *Jove*'s daughters, of celeſtial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;

℣. 612. *I paſs my watchings o'er thy helpleſs years.*] In the original of this place *Phœnix* tells *Achilles*, that as he placed him in his infancy on his lap, *he has often caſt up the wine he had drank upon his cloaths.* I wiſh I had any authority to ſay theſe verſes were foiſted into the text: for though the idea be indeed natural, it muſt be granted to be ſo very groſs, as to be utterly unworthy of *Homer*; nor do I ſee any colour to ſoften the meanneſs of it: ſuch images in any age or country, muſt have been too naufeous to be deſcribed.

℣. 624. Pray'rs *are* Jove's *daughters.*] Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddeſſes of *Homer*'s creation; he ſets before

With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
Conſtant they follow, where *Injuſtice* flies:
Injuſtice ſwift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While *Pray'rs*, to heal her wrongs, move ſlow behind.

us their pictures in lively colours, and gives theſe fancied beings all the features that reſemble mankind who having offered injuries have recourſe to prayers.

Prayers are ſaid to be the daughters of *Jove*, becauſe it is he who teaches man to pray. They are lame, becauſe the poſture of a ſupplicant is with his knee on the ground. They are wrinkled, becauſe thoſe that pray have a countenance of dejection and ſorrow. Their eyes are turned aſide, becauſe through an awful regard to heaven they dare not lift them thither. They follow *Ate* or *Injury*, becauſe nothing but prayers can atone for the wrongs that are offered by the injurious. *Ate* is ſaid to be ſtrong and ſwift of foot, *&c.* becauſe injurious men are ſwift to do miſchief. This is the explanation of *Euſtathius*, with whom *Dacier* agrees; but when ſhe allows the circumſtance of lameneſs to intimate the cuſtom of kneeling in prayer, ſhe forgets that this contradicts her own aſſertion in one of the remarks on *Iliad* vii. where ſhe affirms that no ſuch cuſtom was uſed by the *Greeks*. And indeed the contrary ſeems inferred in ſeveral places in *Homer*, particularly where *Achilles* ſays in the 608th verſe of the eleventh book in the original, *The* Greeks *ſhall ſtand round his knees ſupplicating to him.* The phraſes in that language that ſignify praying, are derived from the knee, only as it was uſual to lay hold on the knee of the perſon to whom they ſupplicated.

A modern author imagines *Ate* to ſignify *divine Juſtice*; a notion in which he is ſingle, and repugnant to all the Mythologiſts. Beſides, the whole context in this place, and

Who hears theſe daughters of almighty *Jove*,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble ſuit they make,
The fire revenges for the daughters ſake;
From *Jove* commiſſion'd, fierce *Injuſtice* then
Deſcends, to puniſh unrelenting men.
Oh let not headlong paſſion bear the ſway;
Theſe reconciling Goddeſſes obey:
Due honours to the ſeed of *Jove* belong;
Due honours calm the fierce and bend the ſtrong.
Were theſe not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage ſtill harbour'd in the haughty King;
Nor *Greece*, nor all her fortunes ſhould engage
Thy friend to plead againſt ſo juſt a rage.

the very application of the allegory to the preſent caſe of *Achilles*, whom he exhorts to be moved by prayers, notwithſtanding the injuſtice done him by *Agamemnon*, makes the contrary evident.

ỳ. 643. *Nor* Greece, *nor all her fortunes.*] *Plato* in the third book of his *Republick* condemns this paſſage, and thinks it very wrong, that *Phœnix* ſhould ſay to *Achilles*, that if they did not offer him great preſents, he would not adviſe him to be appeaſed: but I think there is ſome injuſtice in this cenſure, and that *Plato* has not rightly entered into the ſenſe of *Phœnix*, who does not look upon theſe preſents on the ſide of intereſt, but honour, as a mark of *Agamemnon*'s repentance, and of the ſatisfaction he is ready to make; wherefore he

But ſince what honour aſks, the Gen'ral ſends,
And ſends by thoſe whom moſt thy heart commends,
The beſt and nobleſt of the *Grecian* train;
Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!
Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;

ſays, that honour has a mighty power over great ſpirits. *Dacier.*

ỳ. 648. *Permit not theſe to ſue, and ſue in vain!*] In the original it is——τῶν μὴ σύ γε μῦθον ἐλέγξῃς Μηδὲ πόδας.——I am pretty confident there is not any manner of ſpeaking like this uſed throughout all *Homer*; nor two ſubſtantives ſo oddly coupled to a Verb, as μῦθον and πόδας in this place. We may indeed meet with ſuch little affectations in *Ovid*,——*Aurigam pariter animâque rotiſque, Expulit*——and the like; but the taſte of the ancients in general was too good for theſe fooleries. I muſt have leave to think the verſe Μηδὲ πόδας, &c. an interpolation; the ſenſe is compleat without it, and the latter part of the line, πρὶν δ' ἔτι νημερτὴς κεχολῶσθαι, ſeems but a tautology, after what is ſaid in the ſix verſes preceding.

ỳ. 649. *Let me (my ſon) an ancient fact unfold.*] *Phœnix*, ſays *Euſtathius*, lays down, as the foundation of his ſtory, that great men in former ages were always appeaſed by preſents and entreaties; and to confirm this poſition, he brings *Meleager* as an inſtance: but it may be objected that *Meleager* was an ill-choſen inſtance, being a perſon whom no entreaties could move. The ſuperſtructure of this ſtory ſeems not to agree with the foundation. *Euſtathius* ſolves the difficulty thus. *Homer* did not intend to give an inſtance of a hero's compliance with the entreaties of his friends, but to ſhew that they who did not comply, were ſufferers themſelves in

Hear what our fathers were, and what their praiſe,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where *Calydon* on rocky mountains ſtands,
Once fought th' *Ætolian* and *Curetian* bands;
To guard it thoſe, to conquer theſe advance; 655
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The ſilver *Cynthia* bade *Contention* riſe,
In vengeance of neglected ſacrifice;
On *Oeneus'* fields ſhe ſent a monſtrous boar,
That levell'd harveſts, and whole foreſts tore: 660
This beaſt, (when many a chief his tuſks had ſlain)
Great *Meleager* ſtretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his ſpoils, a new debate aroſe,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.

the end. So that the connection of the ſtory is thus; the heroes of former times were uſed always to be won by preſents and entreaties; *Meleager* only was obſtinate, and ſuffered becauſe he was ſo.

The length of this narration cannot be taxed as unſeaſonable; it was at full leiſure in the tent, and in the night, a time of no action. Yet I cannot anſwer but the tale may be tedious to a modern reader. I have tranſlated it therefore with all poſſible ſhortneſs, as will appear upon a compariſon. The piece itſelf is very valuable, as it preſerves to us a part of ancient hiſtory that had otherwiſe been entirely loſt, as *Quintilian* has remarked. The ſame great Critick commends *Homer*'s manner of relating it: *Narrare quis ſignificantiùs poteſt quàm qui Curetum Ætolorumque prælia exponit? lib.* x. *c.* 1.

Strong as they were, the bold *Curetes* fail'd,
While *Melager*'s thund'ring arm prevail'd:
'Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breaſt,
(For rage invades the wiſeſt and the beſt.)
Curs'd by *Althæa*, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
" (She from *Marpeſſa* ſprung, divinely fair,
" And matchleſs *Idas*, more than Man in war;
" The God of day ador'd the mother's charms;
" Againſt the God the father bent his arms:
" Th' afflicted pair, their ſorrows to proclaim,
" From *Cleopatra* chang'd this daughter's name,
" And call'd *Alcyone*; a name to ſhow
" The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.")
To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
But found no peace from fierce *Althæa*'s hate:

ỳ. 677. Alcyone; *a name to ſhow*, &c.] It appears (ſays Madam *Dacier*) by this paſſage, and by others already obſerved, that the *Greeks* often gave names, as did the *Hebrews*, not only with reſpect to the circumſtances, but likewiſe to the accidents which happened to the fathers and mothers of thoſe they named: thus *Cleopatra* is called *Alcyone*, from the lamentations of her mother. I cannot but think this digreſſion concerning *Idas* and *Marpeſſa* too long, and not very much to the purpoſe.

Althæa's hate th' unhappy warriour drew,
Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
In vain *Ætolia* her deliv'rer waits,
War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She ſent embaſſadors, a choſen band,
Prieſts of the Gods, and elders of the land;
Beſought the chief to ſave the ſinking ſtate:
Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richeſt ground,
Half paſture green, and half with vin'yards crown'd.)
His ſuppliant father, aged *Oeneus*, came;
His ſiſters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame,
Althæa ſues; his friends before him fall:
He ſtands relentleſs, and rejects 'em all.
Mean while the victor's ſhouts aſcend the ſkies;
The walls are ſcal'd; the rolling flames ariſe;

At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and ſupplicating tears;
She paints the horrours of a conquer'd town,
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd:
The warriour heard, he vanquiſh'd, and he ſav'd.
Th' *Ætolians*, long diſdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor ſtay, 'till yonder fleets aſcend in fire:
Accept the preſents; draw thy conqu'ring ſword;
And be amongſt our guardian Gods ador'd.

℣. 703. *She paints the horrours of a conquer'd town,*
The heroes ſlain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons raviſh'd, the whole race enſlav'd.]

It is remarkable with what art *Homer* here in a few words ſums up the miſeries of a city taken by aſſault.

It had been unpardonable for *Cleopatra* to have made a long repreſentation to *Meleager* of theſe miſeries, when every moment that kept him from the battle could not be ſpared. It is alſo to be obſerved how perfectly the features of *Meleager* reſemble *Achilles*; they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them deſcribed as giving victory to their ſeveral armies while they fought, and both of them implacable in their reſentment. *Euſtathius.*

Thus he: the ſtern *Achilles* thus reply'd.
My ſecond father, and my rev'rend guide:
Thy friend, believe me, no ſuch gifts demands,
And aſks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my deſigns;
His pleaſure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I ſtay, (if ſuch his high beheſt)
While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.

℣. 713. Achilles's *anſwer to* Phœnix.] The character of *Achilles* is excellently ſuſtained in all his ſpeeches: to *Ulyſſes* he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the *Trojan* ſhores in the morning: to *Phœnix* he gives a much gentler anſwer, and begins to mention *Agamemnon* with leſs diſreſpect Ἀτρεΐδῃ ἥρωϊ: after *Ajax* had ſpoken, he ſeems determined not to depart, but yet refuſes to bear arms, till it is to defend his own ſquadron. Thus *Achilles*'s character is every where of a piece: he begins to yield, and not to have done ſo, would not have ſpoke him a man; to have made him perfectly inexorable, had ſhewn him a monſter. Thus the Poet draws the heat of his paſſion cooling by ſlow degrees, which is very natural: to have done otherwiſe, had not been agreeable to *Achilles*'s temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom it would have been ſhocking to have ſeen him paſſing from the greateſt ſtorm of anger to a quiet calmneſs. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 720. *While life's warm ſpirit beats within my breaſt.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves here with a great deal of penetration, that theſe words of *Achilles* include a ſort of oracle, which he does not underſtand: for it ſometimes happens, that men full of their objects ſay things, which, beſides the ſenſe natural and plain to every body, include another ſupernatural, which they themſelves do not underſtand, and which is underſtood

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more moleſt me on *Atrides'* part:
Is it for him theſe tears are taught to flow,
For him theſe ſorrows? for my mortal foe?
A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our int'reſts, and our paſſions be;
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my *Phœnix*, 'tis a gen'rous part;
And ſhare my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let theſe return: our voyage, or our ſtay,
Reſt undetermin'd 'till the dawning day.
He ceas'd; then order'd for the ſage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets ſpread.
With that, ſtern *Ajax* his long ſilence broke,
And thus, impatient, to *Ulyſſes* ſpoke.

by thoſe only who have penetration enough to ſee through the obſcurity of it. Thus *Oedipus* often ſpeaks in *Sophocles*; and holy ſcripture furniſhes us with great examples of enthuſiaſtick ſpeeches, which have a double ſenſe. Here we manifeſtly ſee that *Achilles* in ſpeaking a very ſimple and common thing, foretells without thinking of it, that his abode on that fatal ſhore will equal the courſe of his life, and conſequently that he ſhall die there: and this double meaning gives a ſenſible pleaſure to the reader. *Dacier.*

Hence let us go—why waſte we time in vain?
See what effect our low ſubmiſſions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we muſt relate,
The *Greeks* expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains
Its ſtubborn purpoſe, and his friends diſdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement, we remit the deed;
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives:

℣. 737. *The ſpeech of* Ajax.] I have before ſpoken of this ſhort ſoldier-like ſpeech of *Ajax*; *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* ſays of it, "That the perſon who entreats moſt, and with "moſt liberty, who ſupplicates moſt, and preſſes moſt, is "*Ajax*." It is probable that *Ajax* riſes up when he ſpeaks the word, *Let us go*. He does not vouchſafe to addreſs himſelf to *Achilles*, but turns himſelf to *Ulyſſes*, and ſpeaks with a martial eloquence.

℣. 746. *The price of blood diſcharg'd.*] It was the cuſtom for the murderer to go into baniſhment one year; but if the relations of the perſon murdered were willing, the criminal by paying them a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. (It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that ποινη, *quaſi* φοινη, properly ſignifies a mulct paid for murder.) *Ajax* ſums up this argument with a great deal of ſtrength: We ſee, ſays he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his ſon: but *Achilles* will not forgive the injury offered him by taking away one captive woman. *Euſtathius.*

The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry ſoul but thine.
The Gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms: 751
Lo, ſev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, *Achilles!* be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind;
And know the men, of all the *Grecian* hoſt, 755
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour moſt.

Oh Soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To *Ajax* thus the firſt of *Greeks* reply'd)
Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame: 760

℣. 754. *Revere thy roof, and to thy gueſts be kind.*] *Euſtathius* ſays there is is ſome difficulty in the original of this place. Why ſhould *Ajax* draw an argument to influence *Achilles*, by putting him in mind to reverence his own habitation? The latter part of the verſe explains the former: we, ſays *Ajax*, are under your roof, and let that protect us from any ill uſage; ſend us not away from your houſe with contempt, who came hither as friends, as ſupplicants, as embaſſadors.

℣. 759. *Well haſt thou ſpoke; but at the tyrant's name My rage rekindles.*] We have here the true picture of an angry man, and nothing can be better imagined to heighten *Achilles*'s wrath; he owns that reaſon will induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to liſten to reaſon. He ſpeaks

'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave;
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the vileſt ſlave!
Return then heroes! and our anſwer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not 'till amidſt yon' ſinking navy ſlain,
The blood of *Greeks* ſhall dye the ſable main;
Not 'till the flames, by *Hector*'s fury thrown,
Conſume your veſſels, and approach my own;
Juſt there, th' impetuous homicide ſhall ſtand,
There ceaſe his battle, and there feel our hand.

This ſaid, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And caſt a large libation on the ground;
Then to their veſſels, thro' the gloomy ſhades,
The chiefs return; divine *Ulyſſes* leads.
Meantime *Achilles*' ſlaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and ſoft linen ſpread:
There, 'till the ſacred morn reſtor'd the day,
In ſlumbers ſweet the rev'rend *Phœnix* lay.

with reſpect to them, but upon mentioning *Agamemnon*, he flies into rage; anger is in nothing more like madneſs, than that madneſs will talk ſenſibly enough upon any indifferent matter; but upon the mention of the ſubject that cauſed their diſorder, they fly out into their uſual extravagance.

But in his inner tent, an ampler ſpace,
Achilles ſlept; and in his warm embrace
Fair *Diomede* of the *Leſbian* race.
Laſt, for *Patroclus* was the couch prepar'd,
Whoſe nightly joys the beauteous *Iphis* ſhar'd;
Achilles to his friend conſign'd her charms,
When *Scyros* fell before his conqu'ring arms.
And now th' elected chiefs whom *Greece* had ſent,
Paſs'd thro' the hoſts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then riſing all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers, and leaders of th' *Achaian* bands
Hail'd their return: *Atrides* firſt begun.
Say what ſucceſs? divine *Laertes'* ſon!
Achilles' high reſolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or muſt our navy fall?
Great King of nations! (*Ithacus* reply'd)
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He ſlights thy friendſhip, thy propoſals ſcorns,
And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
To ſave our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to *Greece* and thee.

Your eyes ſhall view, when morning paints the ſky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and ſails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected *Troy*;
For *Jove* o'erſhades her with his arm divine,
Inſpires her war, and bids her glory ſhine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
Theſe ſacred heralds and great *Ajax* heard.
But *Phœnix* in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to tranſport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is ſacred, and his choice is free.

ỳ. 806. *Such was his word.*] It may be aſked here why *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks only of the anſwer which *Achilles* made him at firſt, and ſays nothing of the diſpoſition to which the diſcourſes of *Phœnix* and *Ajax* had brought him. The queſtion is eaſily anſwered; it is becauſe *Achilles* is obſtinate in his reſentment; and that, if at length a little moved by *Phœnix*, and ſhaken by *Ajax*, he ſeemed diſpoſed to take arms, it is not out of regard to the *Greeks*, but only to ſave his own ſquadron, when *Hector*, after having putting the *Greeks* to the ſword, ſhall come to inſult it. Thus this inflexible man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent in *Ulyſſes* to make this report to *Agamemnon*, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flattered himſelf, he may concert with the leaders of the army the meaſures neceſſary to ſave his fleet and troops. *Euſtathius.*

Ulyſſes ceas'd: the great *Achaian* hoſt,
With ſorrow ſeiz'd, in conſternation loſt,
Attend the ſtern reply. *Tydides* broke
The gen'ral ſilence, and undaunted ſpoke.
Why ſhould we gifts to proud *Achilles* ſend?
Or ſtrive with pray'rs his haughty ſoul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burſt that ſwelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulſe of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or deſert, or aid;
Then let him arm when *Jove* or he think fit;
That, to his madneſs, or to heav'n commit:
What for ourſelves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repaſt refreſh our pow'rs;
(For ſtrength conſiſts in ſpirits and in blood,
And thoſe are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)

ỳ. 816. *Why ſhould we gifts*, &c.] This ſpeech is admirably adapted to the character of *Diomed*, every word is animated with a martial courage, and worthy to be delivered by a gallant ſoldier. He adviſed fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues ſtill in that opinion; and he is no more concerned at the ſpeech of *Achilles* now, than he was at that of *Agamemnon* before.

But when the roſy meſſenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ſhips, let all our ſquadrons ſhine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great *Atrides* ſtand,
The firſt in danger, as in high command.
Shouts of acclaim the liſt'ning heroes raiſe,
Then each to heav'n the due libations pays;
'Till ſleep deſcending o'er the tents, beſtows
The grateful bleſſings of deſir'd repoſe.

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The Night-Adventure of *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes*.

UPON the refuſal of Achilles *to return to the army, the diſtreſs of* Agamemnon *is deſcribed in the moſt lively manner. He takes no reſt that night, but paſſes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all poſſible methods for the publick ſafety.* Menelaus, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, *and* Diomed, *are employed in raiſing the reſt of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to ſend ſcouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their poſture, and diſcover their intentions.* Diomed *undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of* Ulyſſes *for his companion. In their paſſage they ſurpriſe* Dolon, *whom* Hector *had ſent on a like deſign to the camp of the* Grecians. *From him they are informed of the ſituation of the* Trojan *and auxiliary forces, and particularly of* Rheſus, *and the* Thracians *who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill* Rheſus, *with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that Prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.*

The ſame night continues; the Scene lies in the two camps.

THE

* TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ALL night the Chiefs before their veſſels lay,
And loſt in ſleep the labours of the day:
All but the King; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt.

* It is obſervable, ſays *Euſtathius*, that the Poet very artfully repairs the loſs of the laſt day by this nocturnal ſtratagem; and it is plain that ſuch a contrivance was neceſſary: the army was diſpirited, and *Achilles* inflexible; but by the ſucceſs of this adventure the ſcale is turned in favour of the *Grecians*.

℣. 3. *All but the King*, &c.] *Homer* here with a very ſmall alteration repeats the verſes which begin the ſecond book;

As when by light'nings *Jove*'s ætherial Pow'r
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty ſhow'r,
Or ſends ſoft ſnows to whiten all the ſhore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flaſh ſucceeds as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.
So burſting frequent from *Atrides*' breaſt,
Sighs following ſighs his inward fears confeſt.

he introduces *Agamemnon* with the ſame pomp, as he did *Jupiter*; he aſcribes to the one the ſame watchfulneſs over men, as the other exerciſed over the Gods, and *Jove* and *Agamemnon* are the only perſons awake, while heaven and earth are aſleep. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 7. *Or ſend ſoft ſnows.*] *Scaliger*'s criticiſm againſt this paſſage, that it never lightens and ſnows at the ſame time, is ſufficiently refuted by experience. See *Boſſu* of the Epic poem, *lib.* iii. *c.* 7. and *Barnes*'s note on this place.

℣. 8. *Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar.*] There is ſomething very noble and ſublime in this image: the *vaſt jaws of war* is an expreſſion that very poetically repreſents the voraciouſneſs of war, and gives us a lively idea of an inſatiate monſter. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 9. *By fits one flaſh ſucceeds*, &c.] It requires ſome ſkill in *Homer* to take the chief point of his ſimilitudes; he has often been miſunderſtood in that reſpect, and his compariſons have frequently been ſtrained to comply with the fancies of commentators. This compariſon which is brought to illuſtrate the frequency of *Agamemnon*'s ſighs, has been uſually thought to repreſent in general the groans of the King; whereas what *Homer* had in his view, was only the quick ſucceſſion of them.

Now o'er the fields, dejected, he ſurveys
From thouſand *Trojan* fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the paſſing wind their muſick blow,
And marks diſtinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coaſt,
Anxious he ſorrows for th' endanger'd hoſt.
He rends his hairs, in ſacrifice to *Jove*,
And ſues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and deſpair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thouſand cares his lab'ring breaſt revolves;
To ſeek ſage *Neſtor* now the Chief reſolves,

℣. 13. *Now o'er the fields*, &c.] *Ariſtotle* anſwers a criticiſm of ſome cenſurers of *Homer* on this place. They aſked how it was that *Agamemnon*, ſhut up in his tent in the night, could ſee the *Trojan* camp at one view, and the fleet at another, as the poet repreſents it? It is, (ſays *Ariſtotle*) only a metaphorical manner of ſpeech; *to caſt one's eye*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind:* and that employed *Agamemnon*'s thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

℣. 19. *He rends his hairs in ſacrifice to* Jove.] I know this action of *Agamemnon* has been taken only as a common expreſſion of grief, and ſo indeed it was rendered by *Accius*, as cited by *Tully*, *Tuſc. Quæſt. l.* iii. *Scindens dolore identidem intonſam comam.* But whoever reads the context will, I believe, be of opinion, that *Jupiter* is mentioned here on no other account than as he was applied to in the offering of theſe hairs, in an humble ſupplication to the offended deity, who had ſo lately manifeſted his anger.

With him, in wholeſome counſels, to debate
What yet remains to ſave th' afflicted ſtate.
He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round,
Next on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound;

℣. 27. *He roſe, and firſt he caſt his mantle round.*] I fancy it will be entertaining to the reader, to obſerve how well the poet at all times ſuits his deſcriptions to the circumſtances of the perſons; we muſt remember that this book continues the actions of one night; the whole army is now aſleep, and *Homer* takes this opportunity to give us a deſcription of ſeveral of his heroes ſuitable to their proper characters. *Agamemnon*, who is every where deſcribed as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preſervation. *Menelaus*, for whoſe ſake the *Greeks* had ſuffered ſo greatly, ſhares all their misfortunes, and is reſtleſs while they are in danger. *Neſtor*, a provident, wiſe, old man, ſacrifices his reſt even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. *Ulyſſes*, a perſon next to *Neſtor* in wiſdom, is ready at the firſt ſummons; he finds it hard, while the *Greeks* ſuffer, to compoſe himſelf to ſleep, but is eaſily awaked to march to their defence; but *Diomed*, who is every where deſcribed as a daring warriour, ſleeps unconcerned at the nearneſs of the enemy, and is not awaked without ſome violence: he is ſaid to be aſleep, but he ſleeps like a ſoldier in compleat arms.

I could not paſs over *one* circumſtance in this place in relation to *Neſtor*. It is a pleaſure to ſee what care the poet takes of his favourite counſellor: he deſcribes him lying in a ſoft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preſerve his age from the coldneſs of the night; but *Diomed*, a gallant, young hero, ſleeps upon the ground in open air; and indeed every warriour is dreſſed in arms peculiar to that ſeaſon: the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council. *Euſtathius.*

A lion's yellow ſpoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Meanwhile his brother, preſt with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of ſoft repoſe,
Laments for *Greece*; that in his cauſe before
So much had ſuffer'd, and muſt ſuffer more.
A leopard's ſpotted hide his ſhoulders ſpread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake *Atrides* in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, *Atrides* he deſcry'd,
His armour buckling at his veſſel's ſide.
Joyful they met; the *Spartan* thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he ſome ſpy, amidſt theſe ſilent hours,
To try yon' camp, and watch the *Trojan* pow'rs?
But ſay, what hero ſhall ſuſtain that taſk?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage aſk;

†. 43. *Sends he ſome ſpy*, &c.] *Menelaus* in this place ſtarts a deſign, which is afterwards propoſed by *Neſtor* in council; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of the one, than from the youth of the other; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a deſign, which ſo venerable a counſellor had formed. *Euſtathius*.

Guideleſs, alone, through night's dark ſhade to go,
And 'midſt a hoſtile camp explore the foe.
To whom the King. In ſuch diſtreſs we ſtand,
No vulgar counſels our affairs demand;
Greece to preſerve, is now no eaſy part,
But aſks high wiſdom, deep deſign, and art.
For *Jove* averſe our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to *Hector*'s ſacrifice.
What eye has witneſs'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm atchiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as *Hector*'s hand has done,
And we beheld, the laſt revolving ſun?

ỳ. 57. *Such wond'rous deeds as* Hector's *hand*, &c.] We hear *Agamemnon* in this place launching into the praiſes of a gallant enemy; but if any one think that he raiſes the actions of *Hector* too high, and ſets him above *Achilles* himſelf, this objection will vaniſh, if he conſiders that he commends him as the braveſt of mere men, but ſtill he is not equal to *Achilles*, who was deſcended from a goddeſs. *Agamemnon* undoubtedly had *Achilles* in his thoughts when he ſays,

Sprung from no God, &c.

But his anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praiſes.

Euſtathius proceeds to obſerve, that the poet aſcribes the gallant exploits of *Hector* to his piety; and had he not been favoured by *Jove*, he had not been thus victorious.

He alſo remarks that there is a double tautology in this ſpeech of *Agamemnon*, as δηθὰ and δολιχὸν, μέρμερα μητίσασθαι, and

What honours the belov'd of *Jove* adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddeſs born,
Yet ſuch his acts, as *Greeks* unborn ſhall tell,
And curſe the battle where their fathers fell.
Now ſpeed thy haſty courſe along the fleet,
There call great *Ajax*, and the Prince of *Crete*;
Ourſelf to hoary *Neſtor* will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For *Neſtor*'s influence beſt that quarter guides,
Whoſe ſon with *Merion*, o'er the watch preſides.)
To whom the *Spartan*: Theſe thy orders borne,
Say ſhall I ſtay, or with diſpatch return?
There ſhalt thou ſtay, (the King of men reply'd)
Elſe may we miſs to meet, without a guide,
The paths ſo many, and the camp ſo wide.
Still, with your voice, the ſlothful ſoldiers raiſe,
Urge by their father's fame, their future praiſe.

ἔρϝα ἔῤῥεξε. This proceeds from the wonder which the King endeavours to expreſs at the greatneſs of *Hector*'s actions: he labours to make his words anſwer the great idea he had conceived of them; and while his mind dwells upon the ſame object, he falls into the ſame manner of expreſſing it. This is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances, whoſe thoughts are as it were pent up, and ſtruggle for an utterance.

℣. 73. *The paths ſo many*, &c.] It is plain from this verſe, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in

Forget we now our ſtate and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, muſt prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when *Jove* gave us life, he gave us woe.
This ſaid, each parted to his ſev'ral cares;
The King to *Neſtor*'s ſable ſhip repairs;
The ſage protector of the *Greeks* he found
Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd ſcarf, the ſhield he rears,
The ſhining helmet, and the pointed ſpears:
The dreadful weapons of the warriour's rage,
That, old in arms, diſdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary Monarch rais'd his eyes, and ſaid,
What art thou, ſpeak, that on deſigns unknown,
While others ſleep, thus range the camp alone;
Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell,

ſome degree of perfection in *Homer*'s days: here are lines drawn, that traverſe the camp every way; the ſhips are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and ſally ports made at proper diſtances, that they might without difficulty either retire or iſſue out, as the occaſion ſhould require. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 92. *Seek'ſt thou ſome friend, or nightly centinel?*] It has been thought that *Neſtor* aſks this queſtion upon the account

O ſon of *Neleus* (thus the King rejoin'd)
Pride of the *Greeks*, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched *Agamemnon* ſtands,
Th' unhappy Gen'ral of the *Grecian* bands;
Whom *Jove* decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life ſhall end!
Scarce can my knees theſe trembling limbs ſuſtain,
And ſcarce my heart ſupport its load of pain.

of his ſon *Thraſymedes*, who commanded the guard that night. He ſeems to be under ſome apprehenſion leſt he ſhould have remitted the watch. And it may alſo be gathered from this paſſage, that in thoſe times the uſe of the watch-word was unknown; becauſe *Neſtor* is obliged to croud ſeveral queſtions together, before he can learn whether *Agamemnon* be a friend or an enemy. The ſhortneſs of the queſtions agrees admirably with the occaſion upon which they were made; it being neceſſary that *Neſtor* ſhould be immediately informed who he was, that paſſed along the camp: if a ſpy, that he might ſtand upon his guard; if a friend, that he might not cauſe an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying queſtions. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 96. *Lo here the wretched* Agamemnon *ſtands.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that *Agamemnon* here paints his diſtreſs in a very pathetical manner: while the meaneſt ſoldier is at reſt, the General wanders about diſconſolate, and is ſuperiour now in nothing ſo much as in ſorrow: but this ſorrow proceeds not from a baſe abject ſpirit, but from a generous diſpoſition; he is not anxious for the loſs of his own glory, but for the ſufferings of his people: it is a noble ſorrow, and ſprings from a commendable tenderneſs and humanity.

No taſte of ſleep theſe heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and ſad, I wander thus alone,
With fears diſtracted, with no fix'd deſign;
And all my people's miſeries are mine.
If ought of uſe thy waking thoughts ſuggeſt,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy ſoul of reſt)
Impart thy counſel, and aſſiſt thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench deſcend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Elſe may the ſudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy ſhade.

To him thus *Neſtor*. Truſt the Pow'rs above,
Nor think proud *Hector*'s hopes confirm'd by *Jove*:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wiſe counſels of th' eternal mind?
Audacious *Hector*, if the Gods ordain,
That great *Achilles* riſe and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?
Lo faithful *Neſtor* thy command obeys;
The care is next our other Chiefs to raiſe:

Ulyſſes, *Diomed* we chiefly need;
Meges for ſtrength, *Oïleus* fam'd for ſpeed.
Some other be diſpatch'd of nimbler feet,
To thoſe tall ſhips, remoteſt of the fleet,
Where lye great *Ajax*, and the King of *Crete*.
To rouſe the *Spartan* I myſelf decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet muſt I tax his ſloth, that claims no ſhare
With his great brother in his martial care:
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to ſue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
For ſtrong neceſſity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.
To whom the King: With rev'rence we allow
Thy juſt rebukes, yet learn to ſpare them now,
My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He ſeems remiſs, but bears a valiant mind;

ỳ. 138. *My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind.*] *Agamemnon* is every where repreſented as the greateſt example of brotherly affection; and he at all times defends *Menelaus*, but never with more addreſs than now: *Neſtor* had accuſed *Menelaus* of ſloth; the King is his advocate, but pleads his excuſe only in part: he does not entirely acquit him, becauſe he would not contradict ſo wiſe a man as *Neſtor*; nor does he condemn him, becauſe his brother at this time was not guilty; but he

Thro' too much def'rence to our ſov'reign ſway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills induſtrious to prevent,
Long e'er the reſt, he roſe, and ſought my tent.
The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall;
Aſſembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our choſen council waits.
Then none (ſaid *Neſtor*) ſhall his rule withſtand,
For great examples juſtify command.
With that, the venerable warriour roſe;
The ſhining greaves his manly legs incloſe;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the ſofteſt wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then ruſhing from his tent, he ſnatch'd in haſte
His ſteely lance, that lighten'd as he paſt.
The camp he travers'd thro' the ſleeping croud,
Stopp'd at *Ulyſſes'* tent, and call'd aloud.

very artfully turns the imputation of *Neſtor* to the praiſe of *Menelaus*; and affirms, that what might ſeem to be remiſſneſs in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his ſeeming inactivity was but an unwillingneſs to act without command. *Euſtathius.*

Ulyſſes, ſudden as the voice was ſent,
Awakes, ſtarts up, and iſſues from his tent.
What new diſtreſs, what ſudden cauſe of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring in the ſilent night?
O prudent chief! (the *Pylian* ſage reply'd)
Wiſe as thou art, be now thy wiſdom try'd:
Whatever means of ſafety can be ſought,
Whatever counſels can inſpire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!
He heard, return'd, and took his painted ſhield:
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold *Diomed* they found,
All ſheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each ſunk in ſleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his boſſy ſhield.
A wood of ſpears ſtood by, that fixt upright,
Shot from their flaſhing points a quiv'ring light.

†. 174. *A wood of ſpears ſtood by*, &c.] The picture here given us of *Diomed* ſleeping in his arms, with his ſoldiers about him, and the ſpears ſticking upright in the earth, has a near reſemblance to that in the firſt book of *Samuel*, ch. xxvi. †. 7. Saul *lay ſleeping within the trench, and his ſpear ſtuck in the ground at his bolſter; but* Abner *and the people lay round about him.*

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A ſplendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old *Neſtor* gently ſhakes
The ſlumb'ring chief, and in theſe words awakes.
Riſe, ſon of *Tydeus!* to the brave and ſtrong
Reſt ſeems inglorious, and the night too long.
But ſleep'ſt thou now? when from yon' hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and ſhades our walls below?
At this, ſoft ſlumber from his eyelids fled;
The warriour ſaw the hoary chief, and ſaid,
Wond'rous old man! whoſe ſoul no reſpite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee ſeek repoſe.
Let younger *Greeks* our ſleeping warriours wake;
Ill fits thy age theſe toils to undertake.

ỳ. 182. *From yon' hill the foe*, &c.] It is neceſſary, if we would form an exact idea of the battles of *Homer*, to carry in our minds the place where our action was fought. It will therefore be proper to enquire where that eminence ſtood, upon which the *Trojans* encamped this night. *Euſtathius* is inclinable to believe it was *Callicolone* (the ſituation of which you will find in the map of *Homer*'s battles) but it will appear from what *Dolon* ſays, ỳ. 487. (of *Hector*'s being encamped at the monument of *Ilus*) that this eminence muſt be the *Tumulus* on which that monument was ſituate, and ſo the old ſcholiaſt rightly explains it.

My friend, (he anſwer'd) gen'rous is thy care,
Theſe toils, my ſubjects and my ſons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conſpire
To eaſe a ſov'reign, and relieve a ſire.
But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt;
No hour muſt paſs, no moment muſt be loſt;
Each ſingle *Greek*, in this concluſive ſtrife,
Stands on the ſharpeſt edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to theſe my cares, and rouſe the reſt;
He ſerves me moſt, who ſerves his country beſt.

℣. 194. *But now the laſt deſpair ſurrounds our hoſt.*] The different behaviour of *Neſtor* upon the ſame occaſion, to different perſons, is worthy obſervation: *Agamemnon* was under a concern and dejection of ſpirit from the danger of his army: to raiſe his courage, *Neſtor* gave him hopes of ſucceſs, and repreſented the ſtate of affairs in the moſt favourable view. But he applies himſelf to *Diomed*, who is at all times enterpriſing and incapable of deſpair, in a far different manner; he turns the darkeſt ſide to him, and gives the worſt proſpect of their condition. This conduct (ſays *Euſtathius*) ſhews a great deal of prudence; it is the province of wiſdom to encourage the diſheartened with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears; that the valour of the one may not ſink through deſpair, nor that of the other fly out into raſhneſs.

This ſaid, the hero o'er his ſhoulders flung
A lion's ſpoils, that to his ankles hung;
Then ſeiz'd his pond'rous lance, and ſtrode along.
Meges the bold, with *Ajax* fam'd for ſpeed,
The warriour rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful ſquadron, each in arms prepar'd:
Th' unweary'd watch their liſt'ning leaders keep,
And couching cloſe, repel invading ſleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;

ỳ. 207. *And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard.*] It is uſual in poetry to paſs over little circumſtances, and carry on the greater. *Menelaus* in this book was ſent to call ſome of the leaders; the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing his meſſage, but lets us know by the ſequel that he had performed it. It would have clogged the poetical narration to have told us how *Menelaus* waked the heroes to whom he was diſpatched, and had been but a repetition of what the poet had fully deſcribed before: he therefore (ſays the ſame author) drops theſe particularities, and leaves them to be ſupplied by the imagination of the reader. It is ſo in Painting, the Painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder.

ỳ. 211. *So faithful dogs*, &c.] This ſimile is in all its parts juſt to the deſcription it is meant to illuſtrate. The dogs repreſent the watch, the flock the *Greeks*, the fold their camp, and the wild beaſt that invades them, *Hector*. The

When the gaunt lioneſs, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Thro'breaking woods her ruſt'ling courſe they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours ſtrike their ear
Of hounds and men; they ſtart, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry ſide, and turn to ev'ry ſound.
Thus watch'd the *Grecians*, cautious of ſurpriſe,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each ſtep of paſſing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hoſtile *Troy* was ever full in ſight.
Neſtor with joy the wakeful band ſurvey'd,
And thus accoſted thro' the gloomy ſhade.
'Tis well, my ſons! your nightly cares employ;
Elſe muſt our hoſt become the ſcorn of *Troy*.

place, poſture, and circumſtance, are painted with the utmoſt life and nature.

Euſtathius takes notice of one particular in this deſcription, which ſhews the manner in which their centinels kept the guard. The poet tells us that they *ſat down with their arms in their hands*. I think that this was not ſo prudent a method as is now uſed; it being almoſt impoſſible for a man that ſtands, to drop aſleep, whereas one that is ſeated, may eaſily be overpowered, by the fatigue of a long watch.

Watch thus, and *Greece* ſhall live—The hero ſaid;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftans led.
His ſon, and god-like *Merion* march'd behind,
(For theſe the Princes to their council join'd)
The trenches paſt, th' aſſembl'd Kings around
In ſilent ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The ſpot where *Hector* ſtop'd his rage before;
When night deſcending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relicks of the *Grecian* band:
(The plain beſide with mangled corpſe was ſpread,
And all his progreſs mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There ſat the mournful Kings: when *Neleus'* ſon
The council opening, in theſe words begun.

ỳ. 228. *Then o'er the trench the following chieftans led.*] The reaſon why *Neſtor* did not open the council within the trenches, was with a deſign to encourage the guards, and thoſe whom he intended to ſend to enter the *Trojan* camp. It would have appeared unreaſonable to ſend others over the entrenchments upon a hazardous enterpriſe, and not to have dared himſelf to ſet a foot beyond them. This alſo could not fail of inflaming the courage of the *Grecian* ſpies, who would know themſelves not to be far from aſſiſtance, while ſo many of the princes were paſſed over the ditch as well as they. *Euſtathius.*

Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country ſave?
Lives there a man, who ſingly dares to go
To yonder camp, or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?
Or favour'd by the night approach ſo near,
Their ſpeech, their counſels, and deſigns to hear?

ỳ. 241. *Is there (ſaid he) a chief ſo greatly brave?*] *Neſtor* propoſes his deſign of ſending ſpies into the *Trojan* army with a great deal of addreſs: he begins with a general ſentence, and will not chooſe any one hero, for fear of diſguſting the reſt: had *Neſtor* named the perſon, he would have paid him a compliment that was ſure to be attended with the hazard of his life; and that perſon might have believed that *Neſtor* expoſed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline; while the reſt might have reſented ſuch a partiality, which would have ſeemed to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was wiſdom in *Neſtor* to propoſe the deſign in general terms, whereby all the gallant men that offered themſelves ſatisfied their honour, by being willing to ſhare the danger with *Diomed*; and it was no diſgrace to be left behind, after they had offered to hazard their lives for their country. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 244. *Or ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe?*] It is worthy obſervation with how much caution *Neſtor* opens this deſign, and with how much courage *Diomed* accepts it. *Neſtor* forms it with coolneſs, but *Diomed* embraces it with warmth and reſolution. *Neſtor* only propoſes that ſome man would approach the enemy and intercept ſome ſtraggling *Trojan*, but *Diomed* offers to penetrate the very camp. *Neſtor* was afraid leſt no one ſhould undertake it; *Diomed* overlooks the danger, and preſents himſelf, as willing to march againſt the whole army of *Troy*. *Euſtathius.*

If to beſiege our Navies they prepare,
Or *Troy* once more muſt be the ſeat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
And paſs unharm'd the dangers of the night;
What fame were his thro' all ſucceeding days,
While *Phœbus* ſhines, or men have tongues to praiſe?
What gifts his grateful country would beſtow?
What muſt not *Greece* to her deliv'rer owe?
A ſable ewe each leader ſhould provide,
With each a ſable lambkin by her ſide;
At ev'ry rite his ſhare ſhould be increas'd,
And his the foremoſt honours of the feaſt.
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides ſpoke—The man you ſeek, is here.
Thro' yon' black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let ſome other choſen warriour join,
To raiſe my hopes, and ſecond my deſign.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great diſcov'ries made;
The wiſe new prudence from the wiſe acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word aroſe:
Each gen'rous breaſt with emulation glows:
So brave a taſk each *Ajax* ſtrove to ſhare,
Bold *Merion* ſtrove, and *Neſtor*'s valiant heir;
The *Spartan* wiſh'd the ſecond place to gain,
And great *Ulyſſes* wiſh'd, nor wiſh'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the conteſt ends:
Thou firſt of warriours, and thou beſt of Friends,
Undaunted *Diomed!* what chief to join
In this great enterpriſe, is only thine.
Juſt be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid;
Let worth determine here. The Monarch ſpake,
And inly trembled for his brother's ſake.

℣. 280. *To birth, or office, no reſpect be paid.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that *Agamemnon* artfully ſteals away his brother from danger; the fondneſs he bears to him makes him think him unequal to ſo bold an enterpriſe, and prefer his ſafety to his glory. He farther adds, that the Poet intended to condemn that faulty modeſty which makes one ſometimes prefer a nobleman before a perſon of real worth. To be greatly born is an happineſs, but no merit; whereas perſonal virtues ſhew a man worthy of that greatneſs to which he is not born.

It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon theſe parties by night, or undertake thoſe offices which are now only the taſk of common ſoldiers. *Gideon* in the book of *Judges* (as *Dacier* obſerves) goes as a ſpy into the camp of *Midian*, though he was at that time General of the *Iſraelites*.

Then thus (the God-like *Diomed* rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulſe of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great *Ulyſſes* ſtands
To lend his counſels, and aſſiſt our hands?
A chief, whoſe ſafety is *Minerva*'s care;
So fam'd, ſo dreadful, in the works of war:
Bleſt in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wiſdom like his might paſs thro' flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before theſe chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the ſage) to praiſe me, or to blame:

℣. 289. *Bleſt in his conduct.*] There required ſome addreſs in *Diomed* to make his choice without offending the *Grecian* Princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refuſed ſuch a place of honour. *Diomed* therefore chooſes *Ulyſſes* not becauſe he is braver than the reſt, but becauſe he is wiſer. This part of his character was allowed by all the leaders of the army; and none of them thought it a diſparagement to themſelves as they were men of valour, to ſee the firſt place given to *Ulyſſes* in point of wiſdom. No doubt but the Poet, by cauſing *Diomed* to make his choice, intended to inſinuate that valour ought always to be tempered with wiſdom; to the end that what is deſigned with prudence may be executed with reſolution. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 291. *It fits thee not, to praiſe me or to blame.*] The modeſty of *Ulyſſes* in this paſſage is very remarkable; though undoubtedly he deſerved to be praiſed, yet he interrupts *Diomed* rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What *Diomed* ſpoke in praiſe of *Ulyſſes*, was uttered to juſtify his choice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwiſe the praiſe he had given him, would have been no better than flattery. *Euſtathius.*

Praiſe from a friend, or cenſure from a foe,
Are loſt on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haſte—Night rolls the hours away,
The red'ning Orient ſhews the coming day,
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.

ỳ. 295. — — — — *Night rolls the hours away,*
The ſtars ſhine fainter on th' ætherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.]

It has been objected that *Ulyſſes* is guilty of a threefold tautology, when every word he uttered ſhews the neceſſity of being conciſe: if the night was nigh ſpent, there was the leſs time to loſe in tautologies. But this is ſo far from being a fault, that it is a beauty: *Ulyſſes* dwells upon the ſhortneſs of the time before the day appears, in order to urge *Diomed* to the greater ſpeed in proſecuting the deſign. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 298. *But a third remains.*] One ought to take notice with how much exactneſs *Homer* proportions his incidents to the time of action: theſe two books take up no more than the compaſs of one night; and his deſign could not have been executed in any other part of it. The Poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightened by the fires of *Troy*, and conſequently no ſpy could paſs over to their camp, till they were almoſt ſunk and extinguiſhed, which could not be till near the morning.

It is obſervable that the Poet divides the night into three parts, from whence we may gather, that the *Grecians* had three watches during the night: the firſt and ſecond of which were over, when *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* ſet out to enter the enemy's camp. *Euſtathius.*

Thus having ſpoke, with gen'rous ardour preſt,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dreſt.
A two-edg'd falchion *Thraſymed* the brave,
And ample buckler, to *Tydides* gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its creſt, and with no plume o'erſpread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;
No ſpoils enrich it, and no ſtuds adorn.)

ỳ. 301. *A two-edg'd falchion* Thraſymed *the brave*, &c.] It is a very impertinent remark of *Scaliger*, that *Diomed* ſhould not have gone from his tent without a ſword. The expedition he now goes upon could not be foreſeen by him at the time he roſe: he was awaked of a ſudden, and ſent in haſte to call ſome of the Princes: beſides, he went but to council; and even then carried his ſpear with him, as *Homer* had already informed us. I think if one were to ſtudy the art of cavilling, there would be more occaſion to blame *Virgil* for what *Scaliger* praiſes him, giving a ſword to *Euryalus*, when he had one before, *Æn.* ix. *ỳ.* 303.

ỳ. 303. *Then in a leathern helm.*] It may not be improper to obſerve how conformably to the deſign the Poet arms theſe two heroes: *Ulyſſes* has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at a diſtance, and ſo retard his flight till he could overtake him; and for fear of a diſcovery, *Diomed* is armed with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him. *Euſtathius.*

There is ſome reſemblance in this whole ſtory to that of *Niſus* and *Euryalus* in *Virgil*: and as the heroes are here ſucceſsful, and in *Virgil* unfortunate, it was perhaps as great an inſtance of *Virgil*'s judgment to deſcribe the unhappy youth in a glittering helmet, which occaſioned his diſcovery, as it was in *Homer* to arm his ſucceſsful one in the contrary manner.

Next him *Ulyſſes* took a ſhining ſword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows ſtor'd:
A well-prov'd caſque, with leather braces bound
(Thy gift, *Meriones*) his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within; without, in order ſpread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from *Amyntor*, rich *Ormenus'* ſon,
Autolychus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave *Amphidamas*; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of ſocial ties;

℣. 309. *A well-prov'd caſque.*] Mr. *Barnes* has a pretty remark on this place, that it was probably from this deſcription, πῖλος ἀμῦρν, that the ancient Painters and tragick Poets conſtantly repreſented *Ulyſſes* with the *Pileus* on his head; but this particularity could not be preſerved with any grace in the tranſlation.

℣. 313. *This from* Amyntor, *&c.*] The ſucceſſion of this helmet deſcending from one hero to another, is imitated by *Virgil* in the ſtory of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*.

" Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis, & aurea bullis
" Cingula; Tiburti Remulo ditiſſimus olim
" Quæ mittit dona, hoſpitio cùm jungeret abſens
" Cædicus; ille ſuo moriens dat habere nepoti:
" Poſt mortem bello Rutuli pugnâque potiti."

It was anciently a cuſtom to make theſe military preſents to brave adventurers. So *Jonathan* in the firſt book of *Samuel*, *ſtript himſelf of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to* David; *and his garments, even to his ſword, and his bow, and his girdle.* Ch. xviii. ℣. 4.

The helmet next by *Merion* was poſſeſs'd,
And now *Ulyſſes*' thoughtful temples preſs'd.
Thus ſheath'd in arms, the council they forſake,
And dark thro' paths oblique their progreſs take.
Juſt then, in ſign ſhe favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great *Minerva* ſent:
This, tho' ſurrounding ſhades obſcur'd their view,
By the ſhrill clang and whiſtling wings, they knew.
As from the right ſhe ſoar'd, *Ulyſſes* pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and addreſs'd the maid.

O daughter of that God, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
O thou! for ever preſent in my way,
Who, all my motions, all my toils ſurvey!

℣. 326. Ulyſſes — *Hail'd the glad omen.*] This paſſage ſufficiently juſtifies *Diomed* for his choice of *Ulyſſes*: *Diomed*, who was moſt renowned for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and ſo have been diſcouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For though it really ſignified, that as the bird was not ſeen, but only heard by the ſound of its wings, ſo they ſhould not be diſcovered by the *Trojans*, but perform actions which all *Troy* ſhould hear with ſorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they diſcovered the bird by the noiſe of its wings, ſo they ſhould be betrayed by the noiſe they ſhould make in the *Trojan* army. The reaſon why *Pallas* does not ſend the bird that is ſacred to herſelf, but the heron, is becauſe it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they ſhould ſpoil the *Trojans*. *Euſtathius*.

Safe may we paſs beneath the gloomy ſhade,
Safe by thy ſuccour to our ſhips convey'd;
And let ſome deed this ſignal night adorn,
To claim the tears of *Trojans* yet unborn.
Then god-like *Diomed* preferr'd his pray'r:
Daughter of *Jove*, unconquer'd *Pallas!* hear.
Great Queen of arms, whoſe favour *Tydeus* won,
As thou defend'ſt the ſire, defend the ſon.
When on *Æſopus'* banks the banded pow'rs
Of *Greece* he left, and ſought the *Theban* tow'rs,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful ſhow,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy ſhield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be preſent, Oh celeſtial maid!
So ſtill continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful ſteer ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with ſpreading horns,
Whoſe taper tops refulgent gold adorns.
The Heroes pray'd, and *Pallas* from the ſkies,
Accords their vow, ſucceeds their enterpriſe.

Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrours of th' enſanguin'd plain,
Thro' duſt, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of ſlain,
Nor leſs bold *Hector*, and the ſons of *Troy*,
On high deſigns the wakeful hours employ;

℣. 356. *Thro' duſt, thro' blood*, &c.] *Xenophon* (ſays *Euſtathius*) has imitated this paſſage; but what the poet gives us in one line, the hiſtorian protracts into ſeveral ſentences. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἔληξεν ἡ μάχη, ταφὴν ἰδεῖν, τὴν μὲν γῆν αἵματι πεφυρμένην, &c. "When the battle was over, one might behold through the "whole extent of the field, the ground dyed red with blood, "the bodies of friends and enemies ſtretched over each other, "the ſhields pierced, the ſpears broken, and the drawn "ſwords, ſome ſcattered on the earth, ſome plunged in the "bodies of the ſlain, and ſome yet graſped in the hands of "the ſoldiers."

℣. 357. *Nor leſs bold* Hector, &c.] It is the remark of *Euſtathius*, that *Homer* ſends out the *Trojan* ſpy in this place in a very different manner from the *Grecian* ones before. Having been very particular in deſcribing the council of the *Greeks*, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumſtances, and paſſes it in general terms. In the firſt, a wiſe old man propoſes the adventure with an air of deference; in the ſecond, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promiſes a ſmall gift, but very honourable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain, and leſs honourable, becauſe it is given as a reward. So that *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* are inſpired with the love of glory. *Dolon* is poſſeſſed with a thirſt of gain: they proceed with a ſage and circumſpect valour, he with raſhneſs and vanity; they go in conjunction,

Th' aſſembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd;
Who thus the counſels of his breaſt propos'd.
What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold diſcov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what reſolves they take?
If now ſubdu'd they meditate their flight,
And ſpent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that ſhall pleaſe him moſt,
Of all the plunder of the vanquiſh'd hoſt;
His the fair ſteeds that all the reſt excel,
And his the glory to have ſerv'd ſo well.
A youth there was among the tribes of *Troy*,
Dolon his name, *Eumedes'* only Boy.

he alone; they croſs the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contraſt that is admirable, and a moral that ſtrikes every reader at firſt ſight.

ỳ. 372. Dolon *his name.*] It is ſcarce to be conceived with what conciſeneſs the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the ſhape, the ſwiftneſs of *Dolon*. He ſeems to have been eminent for nothing ſo much as for his wealth, though undoubtedly he was by place one of the firſt rank in *Troy*: *Hector* ſummons him to this aſſembly amongſt the chiefs of *Troy*; nor was he unknown to the *Greeks*, for *Diomed* immediately after he had ſeized him,

(Five girls beſide the rev'rend herald told)
Rich was the ſon in braſs, and rich in gold;
Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face,
But ſwift of foot, and matchleſs in the race.
Hector! (he ſaid) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet:
But firſt exalt thy ſcepter to the ſkies,
And ſwear to grant me the demanded prize;

calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had frequently paſſed between the armies in the execution of his office.

The ancients obſerved upon this place, that it was the office of *Dolon* which made him offer himſelf to *Hector*. The ſacred character gave him hopes that they would not violate his perſon, ſhould he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were ſufficient to purchaſe his liberty; beſides all which advantages, he had hopes from his ſwiftneſs to eſcape any purſuers. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 375. *Not bleſt by nature with the charms of face.*] The original is,

Ὃς δή τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης.

Which ſome ancient criticks thought to include a contradiction, becauſe the man who is ill-ſhaped can hardly be ſwift in running; taking the word εἶδος as applied in general to the air of the whole perſon. But *Ariſtotle* acquaints us that word was as proper in regard to the face only, and that it was uſual with the *Cretans* to call a man with a handſome face, εὐειδής. So that *Dolon* might want a good face, and yet be well-ſhaped enough to make an excellent racer. *Poet. c.* 26.

ỳ. 380. *Swear to grant me*, &c.] It is evident from this whole narration, that *Dolon* was a man of no worth or cou-

Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear *Pelides* thro' the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus no idle ſcout I go,
Fulfil thy wiſh, their whole intention know,

rage; his covetouſneſs ſeems to be the ſole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas *Diomed* neither deſired any reward, nor when promiſed required any aſſurance of it; *Dolon* demands an oath, and will not truſt the promiſe of *Hector*; he every where diſcovers a baſe ſpirit, and by the ſequel it will appear, that this vain boaſter inſtead of diſcovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traitor to his own. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 381. *Th' immortal courſers, and the glitt'ring car.*] *Hector* in the foregoing ſpeech promiſes the beſt horſes in the *Grecian* army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he propoſed. *Dolon* immediately demands thoſe of *Achilles*, and confines the general promiſe of *Hector* to the particular horſes of that brave hero.

There is ſomething very extraordinary in *Hector*'s taking a ſolemn oath, that he will give the chariots and ſteeds of *Achilles* to *Dolon*. The ancients, ſays *Euſtathius*, knew not whoſe vanity moſt to wonder at, that of *Dolon* or *Hector*; the one for demanding this, or the other for promiſing it. Though we may take notice, that *Virgil* liked this extravagance ſo well as to imitate it, where *Aſcanius* (without being aſked) promiſes the horſes and armour of *Turnus* to *Niſus*, on his undertaking a like enterpriſe:

" Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis,
" Aureus; ipſum illum, clypeum criſtaſque rubentes
" Excipiam ſorti, jam nunc tua præmia, Niſe."

Unleſs one ſhould think the raſhneſs of ſuch a promiſe better agreed with the ardour of this youthful prince, than with the character of an experienced warriour like *Hector*.

Ev'n to the royal tent purſue my way,
And all their counſels, all their aims betray.
The chief then heav'd the golden ſcepter high,
Atteſting thus the monarch of the ſky.
Be witneſs thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whoſe thunder ſhakes the dark aerial hall:
By none but *Dolon* ſhall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal ſteeds adorn.
Thus *Hector* ſwore: the Gods were call'd in vain,
But the raſh youth prepares to ſcour the plain:
A-croſs his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his ſhoulders hung,
A ferret's downy furr his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin ſhin'd.
Then (never to return) he ſought the ſhore,
And trod the path his feet muſt tread no more.
Scarce had he paſs'd the ſteeds and *Trojan* throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulyſſes mark'd, and thus to *Diomed*.

O Friend! I hear ſome ſtep of hoſtile feet,
Moving this way, or haſt'ning to the fleet;
Some ſpy perhaps, to lurk beſide the main;
Or nightly pillager that ſtrips the ſlain.
Yet let him paſs, and win a little ſpace;
Then ruſh behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too ſwift of foot he flies before,
Confine his courſe along the fleet and ſhore,
Betwixt the camp and him our ſpears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to *Troy*.
With that they ſtepp'd aſide, and ſtoop'd their head,
(As *Dolon* paſs'd) behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the ſpy unwary flew;
Soft, at juſt diſtance, both the chiefs purſue.
So diſtant they, and ſuch the ſpace between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green,

℣. 419. — — — *Such the ſpace between, As when two teams of mules*, &c.] I wonder *Euſtathius* takes no notice of the manner of ploughing uſed by the ancients, which is deſcribed in theſe verſes, and of which we have the beſt account from *Dacier*. She is not ſatisfied with the explanation given by *Didymus*, that *Homer* meant the ſpace which mules by their ſwiftneſs gain upon oxen, that plough in the ſame field. "The *Grecians* (ſays ſhe) did not plough in the manner now

(To whom the hind like ſhares of land allows)
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.

" in uſe. They firſt broke up the ground with oxen, and " then ploughed it more lightly with mules. When they " employed two ploughs in a field, they meaſured the ſpace " they could plough in a day, and ſet their ploughs at the " two ends of that ſpace, and thoſe ploughs proceeded to- " ward each other. This intermediate ſpace was conſtantly " fixed, but leſs in proportion for two ploughs of oxen than " for two of mules; becauſe oxen are ſlower, and toil more " in a field that has not been yet turned up, whereas mules " are naturally ſwifter, and make greater ſpeed in a ground " that has already had the firſt ploughing. I therefore be- " lieve that what *Homer* calls ἰτυὸς, is the ſpace left by the " huſbandmen between two ploughs of mules which till the " ſame field: and as this ſpace was ſo much the greater in a " field already ploughed by oxen, he adds what he ſays of " mules, that they are ſwifter and fitter to give the ſecond " ploughing than oxen, and therefore diſtinguiſhes the field " ſo ploughed by the epithet of *deep*, νειὸν βαθύν· for that was " a certain ſpace of ſo many acres or perches, and always " larger than in a field as yet untilled, which being heavier " and more difficult, required the interval to be ſo much the " leſs between two ploughs of oxen, becauſe they could not " diſpatch ſo much work. *Homer* could not have ſerved " himſelf of a juſter compariſon for a thing that paſſed in the " fields; at the ſame time he ſhews his experience in the art " of agriculture, and gives his verſes a moſt agreeable orna- " ment, as indeed all the images drawn from this art are " peculiarly entertaining."

This manner of meaſuring a ſpace of ground by a compa- riſon from ploughing, ſeems to have been cuſtomary in thoſe times, from that paſſage in the firſt book of *Samuel*, ch. xiv. ℣. 14. *And the firſt ſlaughter which* Jonathan *and his ar-*

Now *Dolon* liſt'ning heard them as they paſt;
Hector (he thought) had ſent, and check'd his haſte,
'Till ſcarce at diſtance of a jav'lin's throw,
No voice ſucceeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two ſkilful hounds the lev'ret wind;
Or chaſe thro' woods obſcure the trembling hind;
Now loſt, now ſeen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd ſtill turn the flying prey:
So faſt, and with ſuch fears the *Trojan* flew;
So cloſe, ſo conſtant, the bold *Grecks* purſue.
Now almoſt on the fleet the daſtard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave *Tydides* ſtopp'd; a gen'rous thought
(Inſpir'd by *Pallas*) in his boſom wrought,
Leſt on the foe ſome forward *Greek* advance,
And ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: who'er thou art, remain;
This jav'lin elſe ſhall fix thee to the plain.
He ſaid, and high in air the weapon caſt,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his ſhoulder paſt;

mour-bearer made, was about twenty men, within as it were half a furrow of an acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might plough.

Then fix'd in earth. Againſt the trembling wood
The wretch ſtood propp'd, and quiver'd as he ſtood;
A ſudden palſy ſeiz'd his turning head;
His looſe teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriours ſeize him as he ſtands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O ſpare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father ſhall beſtow.
Vaſt heaps of braſs ſhall in your ſhips be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom *Ulyſſes* made this wiſe reply;
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.

℣. 444. *Quiver'd as he ſtood*, &c.] The Poet here gives us a very lively picture of a perſon in the utmoſt agonies of fear: *Dolon*'s ſwiftneſs forſakes him, and he ſtands ſhackled by his cowardice. The very words expreſs the thing he deſcribes by the broken turn of the *Greek* Verſes. And ſomething like it is aimed at in the *Engliſh*.

— — — — — ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἵστο, τάφησέν τε
Βαμβαίνων· ἄφαυρος δὲ διὰ τόμα γίνετ' ὀδόντων.
Κλωρὸς ὑπαὶ δείους. ——

℣. 454. *Be bold, nor fear to die.*] It is obſervable what caution the poet here uſes in reference to *Dolon*: *Ulyſſes* does not make him any promiſes of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: ſo that when *Diomed* kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promiſe, and the ſpy was deceived rather by the art and ſubtlety of *Ulyſſes*, than by his

What moves thee, ſay, when ſleep has clos'd the
ſight,
To roam the ſilent fields in dead of night?
Cam'ſt thou the ſecrets of our camp to find,
By *Hector* prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art ſome wretch by hopes of plunder led
Thro' heaps of carnage, to deſpoil the dead?
Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful look,
(Still, as he ſpoke, his limbs with horrour ſhook)
Hither I came, by *Hector*'s words deceiv'd;
Much did he promiſe, raſhly I believ'd:
No leſs a bribe than great *Achilles*' car,
And thoſe ſwift ſteeds that ſweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counſels, what reſolves you take:
If now ſubdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?

falſhood. *Dolon*'s underſtanding ſeems entirely to be diſturbed by his fears; he was ſo cautious as not to believe a friend juſt before without an oath, but here he truſts an enemy without ſo much as a promiſe. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 467. *Urg'd me unwilling.*] It is obſervable that the cowardice of *Dolon* here betrays him into a falſhood: though *Euſtathius* is of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment.*

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
(*Ulyſſes*, with a ſcornful ſmile, replies)
Far other rulers thoſe proud ſteeds demand,
And ſcorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great *Achilles* ſcarce their rage can tame,
Achilles ſprung from an immortal dame.
But ſay, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* chief to-night?
Where ſtand his courſers? in what quarter ſleep
Their other Princes? tell what watch they keep:
Say, ſince this conqueſt, what their counſels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to *Ilion*'s walls transfer the war.
Ulyſſes thus, and thus *Eumedes*' ſon:
What *Dolon* knows, his faithful tongue ſhall own.
Hector, the peers aſſembling in his tent,
A council holds at *Ilus*' monument.

ỳ. 478. *Where lies encamp'd.*] The night was now very far advanced, the morning approached, and the two heroes had their whole deſign ſtill to execute: *Ulyſſes* therefore complies with the neceſſity of the time, and makes his queſtions very ſhort, though at the ſame very full. In the like manner when *Ulyſſes* comes to ſhew *Diomed* the chariot of *Rheſus*, he uſes a ſudden tranſition without the uſual form of ſpeaking.

No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where-e'er yon' fires aſcend, the *Trojans* wake:
Anxious for *Troy*, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces ſleep,
Whoſe wives and infants, from the danger far,
Diſcharge their ſouls of half the fears of war.
Then ſleep thoſe aids among the *Trojan* train,
(Enquir'd the chief) or ſcatter'd o'er the plain?
To whom the ſpy: Their pow'rs they thus diſpoſe:
The *Pæons*, dreadful with their bended bows,

ỳ. 488. *No certain guards.*] *Homer* to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us underſtand that the *Trojan* camp might eaſily be entered without diſcovery, becauſe there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly through the ſecurity which their late ſucceſs had thrown them into, and partly through the fatigues of the former day. Beſides which, *Homer* gives us another very natural reaſon, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who being foreigners, had nothing to loſe by the fall of *Troy*.

ỳ. 489. *Where-e'er yon' fires aſcend.*] This is not to be underſtood of thoſe fires which *Hector* commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the houſhold fires of the *Trojans*, diſtinct from the auxiliars. The expreſſion in the original is ſomewhat remarkable; but implies thoſe people that were natives of *Troy*: ἱστία and ἰσχάρα πυρὸς ſignifying the ſame thing. So that ἱστίας ἔχειν and ἰσχάρας ἔχειν mean to have houſes or hearths in *Troy*. *Euſtathius*.

The *Carians*, *Caucons*, the *Pelaſgian* hoſt,
And *Leleges* encamp along the coaſt.
Not diſtant far, lie higher on the land
The *Lycian*, *Myſian*, and *Mæonian* band,
And *Phrygia*'s horſe, by *Thymbræs*' ancient wall;
The *Thracians* utmoſt, and a-part from all.
Theſe *Troy* but lately to her ſuccour won,
Led on by *Rheſus*, great *Eioneus*' ſon:
I ſaw his courſers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow:
Rich ſilver plates his ſhining car infold;
His ſolid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal ſhoulders ſuit the glorious load,
Celeſtial *Panoply*, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal,
The truth or falſhood of the news I tell.

To this *Tydides*, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be ſhown;
Shall we diſmiſs thee, in ſome future ſtrife
To riſk more bravely thy now forfeit life?

Or that again our camps thou may'ſt explore?
No — once a traitor, thou betray'ſt no more.
Sternly he ſpoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandiſhment to ſtroke his beard,
Like light'ning ſwift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One inſtant ſnatch'd his trembling ſoul to hell,
The head, yet ſpeaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and ſpear;
Theſe great *Ulyſſes* lifting to the ſkies,
To fav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the prize.
Great queen of arms! receive this hoſtile ſpoil,
And let the *Thracian* ſteeds reward our toil:
Thee firſt of all the heav'nly hoſt we praiſe;
O ſpeed our labours, and direct our ways!
This ſaid, the ſpoils with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a ſpreading tamariſk he plac'd;

℣. 525. *Divides the neck.*] It may ſeem a piece of barbarity in *Diomed* to kill *Dolon* thus, in the very act of ſupplicating for mercy. *Euſtathius* anſwers, that it was very neceſſary that it ſhould be ſo, for fear, if he had deferred his death, he might have cried out to the *Trojans*, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footſteps to the place again.
Thro' the ſtill night they croſs the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of ſhields,
Arriving where the *Thracian* ſquadrons lay,
And eas'd in ſleep the labours of the day.
Rang'd in three lines they view the proſtrate band:
The horſes yok'd beſide each warriour ſtand;
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Thro' the brown ſhade the fulgid weapons ſhin'd;
Amidſt lay *Rheſus*, ſtretch'd in ſleep profound,
And the white ſteeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome ſight *Ulyſſes* firſt deſcries,
And points to *Diomed* the tempting prize.
The man, the courſers, and the car behold!
Deſcrib'd by *Dolon*, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave *Tydides!* now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the ſteeds untie;
Or if thy ſoul aſpire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the ſlaughter, while I ſeize the ſteeds.

Pallas (this ſaid) her hero's boſom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and ſtrung his nervous arms;
Where e'er he paſs'd, a purple ſtream purſu'd;
His thirſty falchion, fat with hoſtile blood,
Bath'd all his footſteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the ſhore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On ſheep or goats, reſiſtleſs in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardleſs prey.
Nor ſtopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
'Till twelve lay breathleſs of the *Thracian* band.
Ulyſſes following, as his Part'ner flew,
Back by the foot each ſlaughter'd warriour drew;
The milk-white courſers ſtudious to convey
Safe to the ſhips, he wiſely clear'd the way;
Leſt the fierce ſteeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should ſtart, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve diſpatch'd, the monarch laſt they found;
Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.

Juſt then a deathful dream *Minerva* ſent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whoſe viſionary ſteel his boſom tore:
So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulyſſes now the ſnowy ſteeds detains,
And leads them, faſten'd by the ſilver reins;
Theſe, with his bow unbent, he laſh'd along;
(The ſcourge forgot, on *Rheſus'* chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the ſignal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire:
Doubtful he ſtood, or with his reeking blade
To ſend more heroes to th' infernal ſhade,
Drag off the car where *Rheſus'* armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unreſolv'd the ſon of *Tydeus* ſtands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

℣. 578. *Juſt then a deathful dream* Minerva *ſent.*] All the circumſtances of this action, the night, *Rheſus* buried in a profound ſleep, and *Diomed* with the ſword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, furniſhed *Homer* with the idea of this fiction, which repreſents *Rheſus* dying faſt-aſleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a ſword into his boſom. This image is very natural, for a man in this condition awakes no farther than to ſee confuſedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a viſion. *Euſtathius*, *Dacier*.

Enough, my ſon, from farther ſlaughter ceaſe,
Regard thy ſafety, and depart in peace;
Haſte to the ſhips, the gotten ſpoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hoſtile Gods of *Troy*.

The voice divine confeſs'd the martial maid;
In haſte he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courſers fly before *Ulyſſes'* bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-ſnow.

Not unobſerv'd they paſs'd: the God of light
Had watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd *Minerva's* flight,
Saw *Tydeus'* ſon with heav'nly ſuccour bleſt,
And vengeful anger fill'd his ſacred breaſt.
Swift to the *Trojan* camp deſcends the pow'r,
And wakes *Hippocoön* in the morning-hour,
(On *Rheſus'* ſide accuſtom'd to attend,
A faithful kinſman, and inſtructive friend.)
He roſe, and ſaw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty ſpace where late the courſers ſtood,
The yet-warm *Thracians* panting on the coaſt;
For each he wept, but for his *Rheſus* moſt:

ỳ. 607. *And wakes* Hippocoön.] *Apollo's* waking the *Trojans* is only an allegory to imply that the light of the morning awakened them. *Euſtathius.*

Now while on *Rheſus'* name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult ſpreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the *Trojans* ruſh, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the ſlaughters of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the ſhade
Where late the ſpoils of *Hector*'s ſpy were laid,
Ulyſſes ſtopp'd; to him *Tydides* bore
The trophy, dropping yet with *Dolon*'s gore;
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courſers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old *Neſtor* firſt perceiv'd th' approaching ſound,
Beſpeaking thus the *Grecian* peers around.

ỳ. 624. *Old* Neſtor *firſt perceiv'd*, &c.] It may with an appearance of reaſon be aſked, whence it could be that *Neſtor*, whoſe ſenſe of hearing might be ſuppoſed to be impaired by his great age, ſhould be the firſt perſon among ſo many youthful warriours who hears the tread of the horſes feet at a diſtance? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that *Neſtor* had a particular concern for the ſafety of *Diomed* and *Ulyſſes* on this occaſion, as he was the perſon who, by propoſing the undertaking, had expoſed them to a very ſignal danger; and conſequently his extraordinary care for their preſervation, did more than ſupply the diſadvantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old man breaks out into a tranſport at the ſight of them, and in a wild ſort of joy aſks ſome queſtions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy ſurpriſe. *Euſtathius.*

Methinks the noiſe of tramp'ling ſteeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps ſome horſes of the *Trojan* breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes ſucceed)
The great *Tydides* and *Ulyſſes* bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
The chiefs out-number'd by the *Trojan* train;
Perhaps, ev'n now purſu'd, they ſeek the ſhore;
Or oh! perhaps thoſe heroes are no more.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And ſpring to earth; the *Greeks* diſmiſs their fear;
With words of friendſhip and extended hands
They greet the Kings; and *Neſtor* firſt demands:
Say thou, whoſe praiſes all our hoſt proclaim,
Thou living glory of the *Grecian* name!
Say whence theſe courſers? by what chance beſtow'd,
The ſpoil of foes, or preſent of a God?
Not thoſe fair ſteeds ſo radiant and ſo gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.

Old as I am, to age I ſcorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But ſure 'till now no courſers ſtruck my ſight
Like theſe, conſpicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bleſt as ye are, and fav'rites of the ſkies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whoſe fury bathes the world with gore.
Father! not ſo, (ſage *Ithacus* rejoin'd)
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind.
Of *Thracian* lineage are the ſteeds ye view,
Whoſe hoſtile King the brave *Tydides* ſlew;
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beſide lay gaſping on the ground.

* *Minerva.*

℣. 656. *Of* Thracian *lineage*, &c.] It is obſervable, ſays *Euſtathius*, that *Homer* in this place unravels the ſeries of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occaſioned by a neceſſity of *Neſtor*'s enquiries, and partly to relate the ſame thing in a different way, that he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before.

℣. 659. *And twelve beſide*, &c.] How comes it to paſs that the Poet ſhould here call *Dolon* the thirteenth that was ſlain, whereas he had already numbered up thirteen beſides him? *Euſtathius* anſwers, that he mentions *Rheſus* by himſelf, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the *Thracians*,

Theſe other ſpoils from conquer'd *Dolon* came,
A wretch, whoſe ſwiftneſs was his only fame,
By *Hector* ſent our forces to explore,
He now lies headleſs on the ſandy ſhore.
Then o'er the trench the bounding courſers flew;
The joyful *Greeks* with loud acclaim purſue.
Straight to *Tydides'* high pavilion borne,
The matchleſs ſteeds his ample ſtall adorn:
The neighing courſers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
But *Dolon's* armour, to his ſhips convey'd,
High on the painted ſtern *Ulyſſes* laid,
A trophy deſtin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.
Now from nocturnal ſweat, and ſanguine ſtain,
They cleanſe their bodies in the neighb'ring main:

he reckons twelve of them; ſo that taking *Rheſus* ſeparately, *Dolon* will make the thirteenth.

℣. 674. *They cleanſe their bodies in the main*, &c.] We have here a regimen very agreeable to the ſimplicity and auſterity of the old heroick times. Theſe warriours plunge into the

Then in the poliſh'd bath, refreſh'd from toil,
Their joints they ſupple with diſſolving oil,
In due repaſt indulge the genial hour,
And firſt to *Pallas* the libations pour:

ſea to waſh themſelves; for the ſalt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by ſoftening and moiſtening the fleſh prevents too great a diſſipation, and reſtores the natural ſtrength. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 677. *In due repaſt*, &c.] It appears from hence with what preciſeneſs *Homer* diſtinguiſhes the time of theſe actions. It is evident from this paſſage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light; that being the time of taking ſuch a repaſt as is here deſcribed.

I cannot conclude the notes to this book without obſerving, that what ſeems the principal beauty of it, and what diſtinguiſhes it among all the others, is the livelineſs of its Paintings: the reader ſees the moſt natural night ſcene in the world; he is led ſtep by ſtep with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations, and uncertainties. We ſee the very colour of the ſky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming, our imagination ſteals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the ſecret wiſhes of their hearts ſent up to *Minerva*. We are alarmed at the approach of *Dolon*, hear his very footſteps, aſſiſt the two chiefs in purſuing him, and ſtop juſt with the ſpear that arreſts him. We are perfectly acquainted with the ſituation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the diſpoſition of *Rheſus* and the *Thracians*, with the poſture of his chariot and horſes. The marſhy ſpot of ground where *Dolon* is killed, the tamariſk, or

They ſit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine. 680

aquatick Plants upon which they hang his ſpoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumſtances the moſt *pictureſque* imaginable. And though it muſt be owned, that the human figures in this piece are excellent, and diſpoſed in the propereſt actions; I cannot but confeſs my opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the proſpect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The third battle, and the acts of *Agamemnon*.

AGAMEMNON *having armed himſelf, leads the* Grecians *to battle:* Hector *prepares the* Trojans *to receive them; while* Jupiter, Juno, *and* Minerva *give the ſignals of war.* Agamemnon *bears all before him; and* Hector *is commanded by* Jupiter *(who ſends* Iris *for that purpoſe) to decline the engagement, till the King ſhall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great ſlaughter of the enemy;* Ulyſſes *and* Diomed *put a ſtop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by* Paris, *is obliged to deſert his companion, who is encompaſſed by the* Trojans, *wounded, and in the utmoſt danger, till* Menelaus *and* Ajax *reſcue him.* Hector *comes againſt* Ajax, *but that hero alone oppoſes multitudes, and rallies the* Greeks. *In the mean time* Machaon, *in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by* Paris, *and carried from the fight in* Neſtor's *chariot.* Achilles *(who overlooked the action from his ſhip) ſent* Patroclus *to enquire which of the* Greeks *was wounded in that manner?* Neſtor *entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of ſome former wars which he remembered, tending to put* Patroclus *upon perſuading* Achilles *to fight for his countrymen, or at leaſt to permit Him to do it, clad in* Achilles's *armour.* Patroclus *in his return meets* Eurypylus *alſo wounded, and aſſiſts him in that diſtreſs.*

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the ſame day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, ſixteenth, ſeventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The ſcene *lies in the field near the monument of* Ilus.

THE

*ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ſaffron morn, with early bluſhes ſpread,
Now roſe refulgent from *Tithonus'* bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light:

* As *Homer*'s invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diverſified, ſo his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintained. But this exactneſs muſt be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct through the whole: and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we ſhall find them

When baleful *Eris*, ſent by *Jove*'s command, 5
The torch of diſcord blazing in her hand,

all proceeding from the ſame temper and diſpoſition of the perſon. If this obſervation be neglected, the Poet's conduct will loſe much of its true beauty and harmony.

I fancy it will not be unpleaſant to the reader, to conſider the picture of *Agamemnon*, drawn by ſo maſterly an hand as that of *Homer*, in its full length, after having ſeen him in ſeveral views and lights ſince the beginning of the poem.

He is a maſter of policy and ſtratagem, and maintains a good underſtanding with his council; which was but neceſſary, conſidering how many different, independent nations and intereſts he had to manage: he ſeems fully conſcious of his own ſuperiour authority, and always knows the time when to exert it: he is perſonally very valiant, but not without ſome mixture of fierceneſs: highly reſentful of the injuries done his family, even more than *Menelaus* himſelf: warm both in his paſſions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In ſhort, he is (as *Homer* himſelf in another place deſcribes him) both a good King, and a great Warriour.

Ἀμφότερον, βασιλεύς τ' ἐὺς ἠμὲν κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

It is very obſervable how this hero riſes in the eſteem of the reader as the poem advances: it opens with many circumſtances very much to the diſadvantage of his character; he inſults the prieſt of *Apollo*, and outrages *Achilles*: but in the ſecond book he grows ſenſible of the effects of his raſhneſs, and takes the fault entirely upon himſelf: in the fourth he ſhews himſelf a ſkilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general: in the eighth he is deeply touched by the ſufferings of his army, and makes all the peoples calamities his own: in the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himſelf to *Achilles*, and condeſcends to be the petitioner, becauſe it is for the publick good: in the tenth finding thoſe endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all poſſible methods to

Thro' the red ſkies her bloody ſign extends,
And wrapt in tempeſts, o'er the fleet deſcends.
High on *Ulyſſes'* bark, her horrid ſtand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the ſeas and land.
Ev'n *Ajax* and *Achilles* heard the ſound,
Whoſe ſhips, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury thro' the *Grecian* throng
With horrour ſounds the loud *Orthian* ſong:

aſſiſt them: and now in the eleventh, as it were reſolving himſelf to ſupply the want of *Achilles*, he grows prodigiouſly in his valour, and performs wonders in his ſingle perſon.

Thus we ſee *Agamemnon* continually winning upon our eſteem, as we grow acquainted with him; ſo that he ſeems to be like that Goddeſs the Poet deſcribes, who was low at the firſt, but riſing by degrees, at laſt reaches the very heavens.

℣. 5. *When baleful* Eris, *&c.*] With what a wonderful ſublimity does the Poet begin this book? He awakens the reader's curioſity, and ſounds an alarm to the approaching battle. With what magnificence does he uſher in the deeds of *Agamemnon?* He ſeems for a while to have loſt all view of the main battle, and lets the whole action of the poem ſtand ſtill, to attend the motions of this ſingle hero. Inſtead of a herald, he brings down a Goddeſs to enflame the army; inſtead of a trumpet, or ſuch warlike muſick, *Juno* and *Minerva* thunder over the field of battle: *Jove* rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from ſuch a ſcene of horrours.

By the Goddeſs *Eris* is meant that ardour and impatience for the battle which now inſpired the *Grecian* army; they who juſt before were almoſt in deſpair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 14. Orthian *ſong.*] This is a kind of an *Odaic* ſong, invented and ſung on purpoſe to fire the ſoul to noble deeds in

The navy ſhakes, and at the dire alarms
Each boſom boils, each warriour ſtarts to arms.
No more they ſigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy hoſt inſpires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himſelf firſt roſe, himſelf before the reſt
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dreſt.
And firſt he cas'd his manly legs around
In ſhining greaves, with ſilver buckles bound:
The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt,
The ſame which once King *Cinyras* poſſeſt:
(The fame of *Greece* and her aſſembled hoſt
Had reach'd that monarch on the *Cyprian* coaſt;
'Twas then the friendſhip of the chief to gain,
This glorious gift he ſent, nor ſent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure ſteel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;

war. Such was that of *Timotheus* before *Alexander the Great*, which had ſuch an influence upon him, that he leaped from his ſeat, and laid hold on his arms. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 26. *King* Cinyras.] It is probable this paſſage of *Cinyras*, King of *Cyprus*, alludes to a true hiſtory; and what makes it the more ſo, is, that this iſland was famous for its mines of ſeveral metals. *Euſtathius.*

Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget riſe,
Whoſe imitated ſcales, againſt the ſkies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a ſhow'ry cloud.
(*Jove*'s wond'rous bow, of three celeſtial dyes,
Plac'd as a ſign to man amid the ſkies.)
A radiant baldrick o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
Suſtain'd the ſword that glitter'd at his ſide:
Gold was the hilt, a ſilver ſheath encas'd
The ſhining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
His buckler's mighty orb was next diſplay'd,
That round the warriour caſt a dreadful ſhade;
Ten zones of braſs its ample brim ſurround,
And twice ten boſſes the bright convex crown'd:
Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrours fill'd th' expreſſive ſhield:
Within its concave hung a ſilver thong,
On which a mimic ſerpent creeps along,

ỳ. 35. *Arching bow'd*, &c.] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that the Poet intended to repreſent the bending figure of theſe ſerpents as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. *Dacier* obſerves here how cloſe a parallel this paſſage of *Homer* bears to that in *Geneſis*, where God tells *Noah*, *I have ſet my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a ſign of the covenant between me and the earth.*

His azure length in eaſy waves extends,
'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monſter ends.
Laſt o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
With nodding horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
And in his hands two ſteely jav'lins wields,
That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.
That inſtant *Juno*, and the martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd *Greece* their aid;
High o'er the chief they claſh'd their arms in air,
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Cloſe to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery courſers to their chariots bound
The ſquires reſtrain'd: the foot, with thoſe who wield
The lighter arms, ruſh forward to the field,
To ſecond theſe, in cloſe array combin'd,
The ſquadrons ſpread their ſable wings behind.

ỳ. 63. *The foot, with thoſe who wield The lighter arms, ruſh forward.*] Here we ſee the order of battle is inverted, and oppoſite to that which *Neſtor* propoſed in the fourth book: for it is the cavalry which is there ſuſtained by the infantry; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver my opinion, I believe it was the nearneſs of the enemy that obliged *Agamemnon* to change the diſpoſition of the battle: he would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which ſhould fall upon the flyers. *Dacier.*

Now ſhouts and tumults wake the tardy ſun,
As with the light the warriours toils begun.
Ev'n *Jove*, whoſe thunder ſpoke his wrath, diſtill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to ſurvey,
And all the ſlaughters that muſt ſtain the day.
Near *Ilus'* tomb in order rang'd around,
The *Trojan* lines poſſeſs'd the riſing ground,
There wiſe *Polydamas* and *Hector* ſtood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold *Polybus*, *Agenor* the divine;
The brother warriours of *Antenor*'s line;
With youthful *Acamas*, whoſe beauteous face
And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race;
Great *Hector*, cover'd with his ſpacious ſhield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.

℣. 70. *Red drops of blood.*] Theſe prodigies, with which *Homer* embelliſhes his poetry, are the ſame with thoſe which hiſtory relates not as ornaments, but as Truths. Nothing is more common in hiſtory than ſhowers of blood, and philoſophy gives us the reaſon of them: the two battles which had been fought on the plains of *Troy*, had ſo drenched them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and carried into the air, and being there condenſed, fall down again in dews and drops of the ſame colour. *Euſtathius.* See Notes on *lib.* xvi. ℣. 560.

As the red ſtar now ſhows his ſanguine fires
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the God-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While ſtreamy ſparkles, reſtleſs as he flies,
Flaſh from his arms as light'ning from the ſkies.
As ſweating reapers in ſome wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,

℣. 83. *As the red ſtar.*] We have juſt ſeen at full length the picture of the General of the *Greeks*: here we ſee *Hector* beautifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from the great judgment of the Poet: it was neceſſary to ſpeak fully of *Agamemnon*, who was to be the chief hero of this battle, and briefly of *Hector*, who had ſo often been ſpoken of at large before. This is an inſtance that the Poet well knew when to be conciſe, and when to be copious. It is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be more happily imagined, than this ſimilitude: it is ſo lively, that we ſee *Hector* ſometimes ſhining in arms at the head of his troops; and then immediately loſe ſight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 89. *As ſweating reapers.*] It will be neceſſary for the underſtanding of this ſimilitude, to explain the method of mowing in *Homer*'s days: they mowed in the ſame manner as they ploughed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded till they met in the middle of it. By this means they raiſed an emulation between both parties, which ſhould finiſh their ſhare firſt. If we conſider this cuſtom, we ſhall find it a very happy compariſon to the two armies advancing againſt each other, together with an exact reſemblance in every circumſtance the Poet intended to illuſtrate.

Bear down the furrows, 'till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harveſts at their feet:
So *Greece* and *Troy* the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are ſtrow'd on ev'ry ſide.
None ſtoop'd a thought to baſe inglorious flight;
But horſe to horſe, and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce conteſt their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none reſign the day.
Diſcord with joy the ſcene of death deſcries,
And drinks large ſlaughter at her ſanguine eyes:
Diſcord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrours of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden manſions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on the *Olympian* hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of *Jove*.
Meanwhile apart, ſuperiour, and alone,
Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundleſs glory ſat;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the juſt decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-conſid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the ſpot where *Ilion*'s tow'rs ariſe;

The ſea with ſhips, the fields with armies ſpread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.
Thus while the morning-beams increaſing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure ſpread the growing light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverſe battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what-time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal,

ỳ. 119. *What time in ſome ſequeſter'd vale The weary woodman*, &c.] One may gather from hence, that in *Homer*'s time they did not meaſure the day by hours, but by the progreſſion of the ſun; and diſtinguiſhed the parts of it by the moſt noted employments; as in the xiith of the *Odyſſes*, ỳ. 439. from the riſing of the judges, and here from the dining of the labourer.

It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to ſee a general account of the menſuration of time among the ancients, which I ſhall take from *Spondanus*. At the beginning of the world it is certain there was no diſtinction of time but by the light and darkneſs, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. *Munſter* makes a pretty obſervation upon this cuſtom: 'our long-lived forefathers (ſays he) had not ſo much occaſion to be exact obſervers how the day paſſed, as their frailer ſons, whoſe ſhortneſs of life makes it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh every part of time, and ſuffer none of it to ſlip away without their obſervation.

It is not improbable but that the *Chaldæans*, many ages after the flood, were the firſt who divided the day into hours; they being the firſt who applied themſelves with any ſucceſs

When his tir'd arms refuſe the ax to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſilvan war;

to aſtrology. The moſt ancient ſun-dial we read of, is that of *Achaz*, mentioned in the ſecond book of *Kings*, ch. xx, about the time of the building of *Rome:* but as theſe were of no uſe in clouded days, and in the night, there was another invention of meaſuring the parts of time by water; but that not being ſufficiently exact, they laid it aſide for another by ſand.

It is certain the uſe of dials was earlier among the *Greeks* than the *Romans*; it was above three hundred years after the building of *Rome* before they knew any thing of them: but yet they had divided the day and night into twenty-four hours, as appears from *Varro* and *Macrobius*, though they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and diſtinguiſhed them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, the mid-day, *&c.* The firſt ſun-dial we read of among the *Romans* which divided the day into hours, is mentioned by *Pliny*, *lib.* i. *cap.* 20. fixed upon the temple of *Quirinus* by *L. Papyrius* the cenſor, about the twelfth year of the wars with *Pyrrhus*. But the firſt that was of any uſe to the publick, was ſet up near the *roſtra* in the *forum* by *Valerius Meſſala* the conſul, after the taking of *Catana* in *Sicily*; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the firſt had been ſet up by *Papyrius:* but this was ſtill an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly correſponding with the ſeveral hours. Yet they made uſe of it many years, till *Q. Marcius Philippus* placed another by it, greatly improved: but theſe had ſtill one common defect of being uſeleſs in the night, and when the ſkies were overcaſt. All theſe inventions being thus ineffectual, *Scipio Naſica*, ſome years after, meaſured the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

Yet near this time, it may be gathered that ſun-dials were very frequent in *Rome*, from a fragment preſerved by *Aulus*

But not 'till half the proſtrate foreſts lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)
Then, nor 'till then, the *Greeks* impulſive might
Pierc'd the black *Phalanx*, and let in the light.

Gellius, and aſcribed to *Plautus*: the lines are ſo beautiful, that I cannot deny the reader the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them. They are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by an hungry paraſite, upon a ſight of one of theſe dials.

" Ut illum Dii perdant, primus qui horas repperit,
" Quique adeo primus ſtatuit heic ſolarium:
" Qui mihi comminuit miſero, articulatim, diem!
" Nam me puero uterus hic erat ſolarium,
" Multo omnium iſtorum optimum & veriſſumum;
" Ubi iſte monebat eſſe, niſi cùm nihil erat.
" Nunc etiam quod eſt, non eſt, niſi Soli lubet;
" Itaque adeo jam oppletum eſt oppidum ſolariis,
" Major pars populi aridi reptant fame."

We find frequent mention of the hours in the courſe of this poem; but to prevent any miſtake, it may not be improper to take notice, that they muſt always be underſtood to mean the ſeaſons, and not the diviſion of the day by hours.

ỳ. 125. *The* Greeks *impulſive might.*] We had juſt before ſeen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battle; that *Jupiter* was reſolved, even againſt the inclinations of them all, to honour the *Trojans*. Yet we here ſee the *Greeks* breaking through them; the love the Poet bears to his countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour, and over-rule even the decrees of fate. To vary his battles, he ſuppoſes the Gods to be abſent this day; and they are no ſooner gone, but the courage of the *Greeks* prevails, even againſt the determination of *Jupiter*. *Euſtathius*.

Great *Agamemnon* then the ſlaughter led,
And ſlew *Bienor* at his people's head:
Whoſe Squire *Oïleus*, with a ſudden ſpring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his King,
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and ſtretch'd him on the ground.
Atrides ſpoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain:
Now ſoil'd with duſt, and naked to the ſky,
Their ſnowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two ſons of *Priam* next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love;
In the ſame car the brother warriours ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:

℣. 135. *Naked to the ſky.*] *Euſtathius* refines upon this place, and believes that *Homer* intended, by particularizing the whiteneſs of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of theſe unhappy youths. But as ſuch an interpretation may be thought below the majeſty of an Epic poem, and a kind of barbarity to inſult the unfortunate, I thought it better to give the paſſage an air of compaſſion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, I imagined the reader would be more pleaſed with the humanity of the one, than with the ſatyr of the other.

Far other taſk! than when they wont to keep,
On *Ida*'s tops, their father's fleecy ſheep.
Theſe on the mountains once *Achilles* found,
And captive led, with pliant oſiers bound;
Then to their ſire for ample ſums reſtor'd;
But now to periſh by *Atrides*' ſword:
Pierc'd in the breaſt the baſe-born *Iſus* bleeds:
Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate ſucceeds.

Swift to the ſpoil the haſty victor falls,
And ſtript, their features to his mind recalls.
The *Trojans* ſee the youths untimely die,
But helpleſs tremble for themſelves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on ſome graſſy lair, the couching fawns,

℣. 143. *Theſe on the mountains once* Achilles *found.*] *Homer*, ſays *Euſtathius*, never lets any opportunity paſs of mentioning the hero of his poem, *Achilles*: he gives here an inſtance of his former reſentment, and at once varies his own poetry, and exalts his hero's character. Nor does he mention him curſorily; he ſeems unwilling to leave him; and when he purſues the thread of the ſtory in a few lines, takes occaſion to ſpeak again of him. This is a very artful conduct; by mentioning him ſo frequently, he takes care that the reader ſhould not forget him, and ſhews the importance of that hero, whoſe anger is the ſubject of his poem.

Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring fleſh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not ſtay,
But ſwift thro' ruſtling thickets burſts her way;
All drown'd in ſweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.

Amidſt the tumult of the routed train,
The ſons of falſe *Antimachus* were ſlain;
He, who for bribes his faithleſs counſels ſold,
And voted *Helen*'s ſtay for *Paris*' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as theſe their ſafety ſought,
And ſlew the children for the father's fault;
Their headſtrong horſe unable to reſtrain,
They ſhook with fear, and dropp'd the ſilken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.

Oh ſpare our youth, and for the life we owe
Antimachus ſhall copious gifts beſtow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle ſlain,
The *Grecian* ſhips his captive ſons detain,

Large heaps of braſs in ranſom ſhall be told,
And ſteel well-temper'd, and perſuaſive gold.
Theſe words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this ſtern reply;
If from *Antimachus* ye ſpring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council ſtood
To ſhed *Ulyſſes'* and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and ſues his ſeed for grace!
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.
This ſaid, *Piſander* from the car he caſt,
And pierc'd his breaſt: ſupine he breath'd his laſt.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away;

ỳ. 181. Antimachus, *who once*, &c.] It is obſervable that *Homer* with a great deal of art interweaves the true hiſtory of the *Trojan* war in his poem; he here gives a circumſtance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to the very beginning of it. So that although the action of the poem takes up but a ſmall part of the laſt year of the war, yet by ſuch incidents as theſe we are taught a great many particulars that happened through the whole ſeries of it. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 188. *Lopp'd his hands away.*] I think one cannot but compaſſionate the fate of theſe brothers, who ſuffer for the

His ſever'd head was toſs'd among the throng,
And rolling, drew a bloody trail along.
Then, where the thickeſt fought, the victor flew;
The King's example all his *Greeks* purſue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were ſlain,
Horſe trod by horſe, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of duſt ariſe,
Shade the black hoſt, and intercept the ſkies.

ſins of their father, notwithſtanding the juſtice which the commentators find in this action of *Agamemnon*. And I can much leſs imagine that his cutting off their *hands* was meant for an expreſs example againſt bribery, in revenge for the gold which *Antimachus* had received from *Paris*. *Euſtathius* is very refining upon this point; but the grave *Spondanus* outdoes them all, who has found there was an excellent conceit in cutting off the hands and head of the ſon; the firſt, becauſe the father had been for *laying hands* on the *Grecian* embaſſadors; and the ſecond, becauſe it was from his *head* that the advice proceeded of detaining *Helena*.

℣. 193. *Now by the foot the flying foot*, &c.] After *Homer* with a poetical juſtice has puniſhed the ſons of *Antimachus* for the crimes of the father; he carries on the narration, and preſents all the terrours of the battle to our view: we ſee in the lively deſcription the men and chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the horſes feet. Thus the Poet very artfully, by ſuch ſudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remiſs by a plain and more cool narration.

The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still ſlaught'ring on, the King of men proceeds;
The diſtanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conſpire,
And o'er the foreſts roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all:
Before *Atrides'* rage, ſo ſinks the foe,
Whole ſquadrons vaniſh, and proud heads lie low.
The ſteeds fly trembling from his waving ſword;
And many a car, now lighted of its Lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideleſs fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and cruſhing out their ſouls;
While his keen falchion drinks the warriours lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

℣. 197. *The braſs-hoof'd ſteeds.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that the cuſtom of ſhoeing horſes was in uſe in *Homer*'s time, and calls the ſhoes σιλληναῖα, from the figure of an half-moon.

℣. 212. *More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!*] This is a reflection of the Poet, and ſuch an one as ariſes from a ſentiment of compaſſion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to ſee thoſe heroes, who were the love and delight of their ſpouſes, reduced ſuddenly to ſuch a con-

Perhaps great *Hector* then had found his fate;
But *Jove* and deſtiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he ſtood,
Amidſt alarms, and death, and duſt, and blood.

Now paſt the tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining ſummit crown,
That path they take, and ſpeed to reach the town.

dition of horrour, that thoſe very wives durſt not look upon them. I was very much ſurpriſed to find a remark of *Euſtathius* upon this, which ſeems very wrong and unjuſt: he would have it that there is in this place an *Elliphis*, which comprehends a ſevere raillery: "For, ſays he, *Homer* would imply, that thoſe dead warriours were now more agreeable to vultures, than they had ever been in all their days to their wives." This is very ridiculous; to ſuppoſe that theſe unhappy women did not love their huſbands, is to inſult them barbarouſly in their affliction; and every body can ſee that ſuch a thought in this place would have appeared mean, frigid, and out of ſeaſon. *Homer*, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compaſſion by the grief of the wives, whoſe huſbands are killed in the battle. *Dacier*.

℣. 217. *Now paſt the tomb where ancient* Ilus *lay.*] By the exactneſs of *Homer*'s deſcription we ſee as in a landſchape the very place where this battle was fought. *Agamemnon* drives the *Trojans* from the tomb of *Ilus*, where they encamped all the night; that tomb ſtood in the middle of the plain: from thence he purſues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very *Scæan* gate. Thus the ſcene of action is fixed, and we ſee the very rout through which the one retreats, and the other advances. *Euſtathius*.

As ſwift *Atrides* with loud ſhouts purſu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hoſtile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the *Scæan* gates,
The hero halts, and his aſſociates waits.
Meanwhile on ev'ry ſide, around the plain,
Diſpers'd, diſorder'd, fly the *Trojan* train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear diſmay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight ſhade;
On heaps they tumble with ſucceſsleſs haſte;
The ſavage ſeizes, draws, and rends the laſt:
Not with leſs fury ſtern *Atrides* flew,
Still preſs'd the rout, and ſtill the hindmoſt ſlew;
Hurl'd from their cars the braveſt chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now ſtorms the victor at the *Trojan* wall; 235
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
But *Jove* deſcending ſhook th' *Idæan* hills,
And down their ſummits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled light'ning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid beſpoke. 240

Iris, with haſte thy golden wings diſplay,
To god-like *Hector* this our word convey.
While *Agamemnon* waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands:
But when, or wounded by the ſpear, or dart,
That chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then *Jove* ſhall ſtring his arm, and fire his breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying *Greece* be preſs'd,
'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.

℣. 241. Iris, *with haſte thy golden wings diſplay.*] It is evident that ſome ſuch contrivance as this was neceſſary; the *Trojans*, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day; but if *Jupiter* had not now interpoſed, they had been driven even within the walls of *Troy*. By this means alſo the Poet conſults both for the honour of *Hector*, and that of *Agamemnon*. *Agamemnon* has time enough to ſhew the greatneſs of his valour, and it is no diſgrace to *Hector* not to encounter him when *Jupiter* interpoſes.

Euſtathius obſerves, that the Poet gives us here a ſketch of what is drawn out at large in the ſtory of this whole book: this he does to raiſe the curioſity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear thoſe great actions which muſt be performed before *Agamemnon* can retire, and *Hector* be victorious.

He ſpoke, and *Iris* at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds deſcends the various maid.
The chief ſhe found amidſt the ranks of war,
Cloſe to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The Goddeſs then: O ſon of *Priam* hear!
From *Jove* I come, and his high mandate bear.
While *Agamemnon* waſtes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abſtain from fight; yet iſſue forth commands,
And truſt the war to leſs important hands.
But when, or wounded by the ſpear or dart,
The chief ſhall mount his chariot, and depart;
Then *Jove* ſhall ſtring thy arm, and fire thy breaſt,
Then to her ſhips ſhall flying *Greece* be preſt,
'Till to the main the burning ſun deſcend,
And ſacred night her awful ſhade extend.

She ſaid, and vaniſh'd: *Hector*, with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he graſps in either hand
A pointed lance, and ſpeeds from band to band;

Revives their ardour, turns their ſteps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They ſtand to arms: the *Greeks* their onſet dare,
Condenſe their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new ſpirit to each breaſt returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The King leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.
Ye ſacred nine, celeſtial Muſes! tell,
Who fac'd him firſt, and by his proweſs fell?
The great *Iphidamas*, the bold and young:
From ſage *Antenor* and *Theano* ſprung;

℣. 281. *Ye ſacred nine.*] The Poet, to win the attention of the reader, and ſeeming himſelf to be ſtruck with the exploits of *Agamemnon* while he recites them (who when the battle was rekindled, ruſhes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one muſe, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate ſomething ſurpriſing, he invokes the whole nine; and then, as if he had received their inſpiration, goes on to deliver what they ſuggeſted to him. By means of this apoſtrophe, the imagination of the reader is ſo filled, that he ſeems not only preſent, but active in the ſcene to which the ſkill of the Poet has tranſported him. *Euſtathius.*

℣. 283. Iphidamas, *the bold and young.*] *Homer* here gives us the hiſtory of this *Iphidamas*, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumſtances of his private life. This he does to diverſify his poetry, and to ſoften with ſome ami-

Whom from his youth his grandſire *Ciſſeus* bred,
And nurs'd in *Thrace* where ſnowy flocks are fed:
Scarce did the down his roſy cheeks inveſt,
And early honour warm his gen'rous breaſt,
When the kind ſire conſign'd his daughter's charms
(*Theano*'s ſiſter) to his youthful arms.
But call'd by glory to the wars of *Troy*,
He leaves untaſted the firſt fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And ſwift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ſhips he reach'd *Percope*'s ſtrand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he ſprings,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the King of Kings.
Atrides firſt diſcharged the miſſive ſpear;
The *Trojan* ſtoop'd, the jav'lin paſs'd in air.

ble embelliſhments, the continual horrours that muſt of neceſſity ſtrike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and ſlaughter. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 290. Theano's *ſiſter.*] That the reader may not be ſhocked at the marriage of *Iphidamas* with his mother's ſiſter, it may not be amiſs to obſerve from *Euſtathius*, that conſanguinity was no impediment in *Greece* in the days of *Homer:* nor is *Iphidamas* ſingular in this kind of marriage, for *Diomed* was married to his own aunt as well as he.

Then near the corſelet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his ſtrength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of ſilver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, *Atrides* ſtands,
'Till graſp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,
At once his weighty ſword diſcharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the duſt th' unhappy warriour lies,
And ſleep eternal ſeals his ſwimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early ſlain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the youth ſhall join his conſort's ſide,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with preſents her embraces meet,
Or lay the ſpoils of conqueſt at her feet,
On whom his paſſion, laviſh of his ſtore,
Beſtow'd ſo much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.

Coön, *Antenor*'s eldeſt hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the ſight, came ſtarting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
Then with his ſpear, unſeen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the King, and near his elbow ſtrook.
The thrilling ſteel tranſpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm ſtood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On *Coön* ruſhes with his lifted ſpear:
His brother's corpſe the pious *Trojan* draws,
And calls his country to aſſert his cauſe,
Defends him breathleſs on the ſanguine field,
And o'er the body ſpreads his ample ſhield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warriour with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breaſt he lay,
The Monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:
The ſocial ſhades the ſame dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, diſtill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew ſtiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his ſtrong boſom rend,
Leſs keen thoſe darts the fierce *Ilythiæ* ſend,
(The pow'rs that cauſe the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the ſmart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his ſquire the rein;

ỳ. 348. *The fierce* Ilythiæ.] Theſe *Ilythiæ* are the Goddeſſes that *Homer* ſuppoſes to preſide over childbirth: he arms their hands with a kind of inſtrument, from which a pointed dart is ſhot into the diſtreſſed mother, as an arrow from a bow; ſo that as *Eris* has her torch, and *Jupiter* his thunder, theſe Goddeſſes have their darts which they ſhoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of *Juno*, becauſe ſhe preſides over the marriage-bed. *Euſtathius.* Here (ſays *Dacier*) we find the ſtyle of the holy ſcripture, which to expreſs a ſevere pain, uſually compares it to that of women in labour. Thus *David*, *Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail*; and *Iſaiah*, *They ſhall grieve as a woman in travail.* And all the Prophets are full of the like expreſſions.

Then with a voice which fury made more ſtrong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.
O friends! O *Greeks!* aſſert your honours won;
Proceed, and finiſh what this arm begun:
Lo! angry *Jove* forbids your chief to ſtay,
And envies half the glories of the day.
He ſaid; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horſes fly! the chariot ſmokes along.
Clouds from their noſtrils the fierce courſers blow,
And from their ſides the foam deſcends in ſnow;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's ſpace,
The wounded Monarch at his tent they place.
No ſooner *Hector* ſaw the King retir'd,
But thus his *Trojans* and his aids he fir'd;
Hear all ye *Dardan*, all ye *Lycian* race!
Fam'd in cloſe fight, and dreadful face to face.

℣. 357. *Lo! angry* Jove *forbids your chief to ſtay.*] *Euſtathius* remarks upon the behaviour of *Agamemnon* in his preſent diſtreſs: *Homer* deſcribes him as racked with almoſt intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguiſh he ſuffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the fight.

This indeed, as it proved his undaunted ſpirit, ſo did it likewiſe his wiſdom: had he ſhewed any unmanly dejection, it would have diſpirited the army; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound leſs dangerous, and renders them not ſo highly concerned for the abſence of their General.

Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own.
Behold, the Gen'ral flies! deſerts his pow'rs!
Lo *Jove* himſelf declares the conqueſt ours!
Now on yon' ranks impel your foaming ſteeds;
And, ſure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like theſe the fiery chief alarms
His fainting hoſt, and ev'ry boſom warms.
As the bold hunter chears his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tuſky bear;
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And ſprings the foremoſt with his lifted dart:
So god-like *Hector* prompts his troops to dare;
Nor prompts alone, but leads himſelf the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep boſom, ſwell'd with ſhow'rs,
A ſudden ſtorm the purple ocean ſweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and toſſes all the deeps.
Say Muſe! when *Jove* the *Trojan*'s glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?

℣. 387. *Say, Muſe! when* Jove *the* Trojan's *glory crown'd.*] The Poet juſt before has given us an invocation of the muſes, to make us attentive to the great exploits of *Agamemnon.*

Aſſæus, *Dolops*, and *Autonous* dy'd,
Opites next was added to their ſide,
Then brave *Hipponous* fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, *Orus*, ſunk to endleſs night;

Here we have one with regard to *Hector*, but this laſt may perhaps be more eaſily accounted for than the other. For in that, after ſo ſolemn an invocation, we might reaſonably have expected wonders from the hero: whereas in reality he kills but one man before he himſelf is wounded; and what he does afterwards ſeems to proceed from a frantick valour, ariſing from the ſmart of the wound: we do not find by the text that he kills one man, but overthrows ſeveral in his fury, and then retreats: ſo that one would imagine he invoked the muſes only to deſcribe his retreat.

But upon a nearer view, we ſhall find that *Homer* ſhews a commendable partiality to his own countryman and hero *Agamemnon*: he ſeems to detract from the greatneſs of *Hector*'s actions, by aſcribing them to *Jupiter*; whereas *Agamemnon* conquers by the dint of bravery: and that this is a juſt obſervation, will appear by what follows. Thoſe *Greeks* that fall by the ſword of *Hector*, he paſſes over as if they were all vulgar men: he ſays nothing of them but that they died; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavoured to conceal the overthrow of the *Greeks*. But when he ſpeaks of his favourite *Agamemnon*, he expatiates and dwells upon his actions; and ſhews us, that thoſe that fell by his hand were all men of diſtinction, ſuch as were the ſons of *Priam*, of *Antenor*, and *Antimachus*. It is true, *Hector* killed as many leaders of the *Greeks* as *Agamemnon* of the *Trojans*, and more of the common ſoldiers; but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of *Troy*, he ſets the deeds of *Agamemnon* in the ſtrongeſt point of light, and by his ſilence in reſpect to the leaders whom *Hector* ſlew, he caſts a ſhade over the greatneſs of the action, and conſequently it appears leſs conſpicuous.

Æſymnus, *Agelaus*; all chiefs of name;
The reſt were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame. 394
As when a weſtern whirlwind, charg'd with ſtorms,
Diſpels the gather'd clouds that *Notus* forms;
The guſt continu'd, violent, and ſtrong,
Rolls ſable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the ſkies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the ſurge, and wide the bottom bares:
Thus raging *Hector*, with reſiſtleſs hands, 401
O'erturns, confounds, and ſcatters all their bands.
Now the laſt ruin the whole hoſt appalls;
Now *Greece* had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wiſe *Ulyſſes* call'd *Tydides* forth, 405
His ſoul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.

ỳ. 405. *But wiſe* Ulyſſes *call'd* Tydides *forth.*] There is ſomething inſtructive in thoſe which ſeem the moſt common paſſages of *Homer*, who by making the wiſe *Ulyſſes* direct the brave *Diomed* in all the enterpriſes of the laſt book, and by maintaining the ſame conduct in this, intended to ſhew this moral, That valour ſhould always be under the guidance of wiſdom. Thus in the eighth book, when *Diomed* could ſcarce be reſtrained by the thunder of *Jupiter*, *Neſtor* is at hand to moderate his courage; and this hero ſeems to have made a very good uſe of thoſe inſtructions; his valour no longer runs out into raſhneſs: though he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wiſe to fight againſt *Jupiter*.

And ſtand we deedleſs, O eternal ſhame!
'Till *Hector*'s arm involve the ſhips in flame?
Haſte, let us join, and combat ſide by ſide.
The warriour thus, and thus the friend reply'd.
No martial toil I ſhun, no danger fear;
Let *Hector* come; I wait his fury here.
But *Jove* with conqueſt crowns the *Trojan* train;
And, *Jove* our foe, all human force is vain.
He ſigh'd; but ſighing, rais'd his vengeful ſteel,
And from his car the proud *Thymbræus* fell:
Molion, the charioteer, purſu'd his Lord,
His death ennobled by *Ulyſſes*' ſword.
There ſlain, they left them in eternal night,
Then plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of fight.
So two wild boars outſtrip the following hounds,
Then ſwift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern *Hector*'s conqueſts in the middle plain
Stood check'd a while, and *Greece* reſpir'd again.
The ſons of *Merops* ſhone amidſt the war;
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetick arts their father ſkill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the *Trojan* field;

Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They ruſh'd to fight, and periſh'd on the plain!
Their breaſts no more the vital ſpirit warms;
The ſtern *Tydides* ſtrips their ſhining arms.
Hypirochus by great *Ulyſſes* dies,
And rich *Hippodamus* becomes his prize.
Great *Jove* from *Ide* with ſlaughter fills his ſight,
And level hangs the doubtful ſcale of fight.
By *Tydeus'* lance *Agaſtrophus* was ſlain,
The far-fam'd hero of *Pæonian* ſtrain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he ſtrove to fly,
His ſteeds too diſtant, and the foe too nigh;
Thro' broken orders, ſwifter than the wind,
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This *Hector* ſees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverſe the files, and to the reſcue flies;
Shouts, as he paſt, the cryſtal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great *Diomed* himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.

℣. 447. *Great* Diomed *himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear.*] There ſeems to be ſome difficulty in theſe words: this brave warriour, who has frequently met *Hector* in the battle, and of-

Mark how this way yon' bending ſquadrons yield!
The ſtorm rolls on, and *Hector* rules the field:
Here ſtand his utmoſt force—The warriour ſaid;
Swift at the word, his pond'rous jav'lin fled;
Nor miſs'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the ſmooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of *Phœbus'* hands)
Without a wound the *Trojan* hero ſtands;
But yet ſo ſtunn'd, that ſtagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his ſinking bulk ſuſtain;
O'er his dim ſight the miſty vapours riſe,
And a ſhort darkneſs ſhades his ſwimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While *Hector* roſe, recover'd from the trance;

fered himſelf for the ſingle combat, is here ſaid to be ſeized with fear at the very ſight of him: this may be thought not to agree with his uſual behaviour, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity; but we muſt remember that *Diomed* himſelf has but juſt told us, that *Jupiter* fought againſt the *Grecians*; and that all the endeavours of himſelf and *Ulyſſes* would be vain: this fear therefore of *Diomed* is far from being diſhonourable; it is not *Hector*, but *Jupiter* of whom he is afraid. *Euſtathius.*

Remounts his car, and herds amidſt the croud:
The *Greek* purſues him, and exults aloud.
Once more thank *Phœbus* for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that ſwiftneſs which outſtrips the death.
Well by *Apollo* are thy pray'rs repaid,
And oft' that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
Thou ſhalt not long the death deſerv'd withſtand,
If any God aſſiſt *Tydides'* hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghoſts ſhall pay.
Him, while he triumph'd, *Paris* ey'd from far,
(The ſpouſe of *Helen*, the fair cauſe of war)
Around the fields his feather'd ſhafts he ſent,
From ancient *Ilus'* ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;

℣. 476. Ilus' *monument.*] I thought it neceſſary juſt to put the reader in mind, that the battle ſtill continues near the tomb of *Ilus:* by a juſt obſervation of that, we may with pleaſure ſee the various turns of the fight, and how every ſtep of ground is won or loſt, as the armies are repulſed or victorious.

Juſt as he ſtoop'd, *Agaſtrophus*'s creſt
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt,
The bow-ſtring twang'd; nor flew the ſhaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing *Trojan*, with a joyful ſpring
Leaps from his ambuſh and inſults the King.

ỳ. 479. *Juſt as he ſtoop'd*, Agaſtrophus's *creſt*
To ſeize, and drew the corſelet from his breaſt.]

One would think that the Poet at all times endeavoured to condemn the practice of ſtripping the dead, during the heat of action; he frequently deſcribes the victor wounded, while he is ſo employed about the bodies of the ſlain; thus in the preſent book we ſee *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, *Ulyſſes*, *Elphenor*, and *Eurypylus*, all ſuffer as they ſtrip the men they ſlew; and in the ſixth book he brings in the wife *Neſtor* directly forbidding it. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 482. *But pierc'd his foot.*] It cannot but be a ſatisfaction to the reader to ſee the Poet ſmitten with the love of his country, and at all times conſulting its glory; this day was to be glorious to *Troy*, but *Homer* takes care to remove with honour moſt of the braveſt *Greeks* from the field of battle, before the *Trojans* can conquer. Thus *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Ulyſſes* muſt bleed, before the Poet can allow his countrymen to retreat. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 483. *The laughing* Trojan.] *Euſtathius* is of opinion that *Homer* intended to ſatyrize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of *Paris:* ſuch an effeminate laugh and geſture is unbecoming a brave warriour, but agrees very well in the character of *Paris:* nor do I remember that in the whole *Iliad* any one perſon is deſcribed in ſuch an indecent tranſport, though upon a much more glorious or ſucceſsful action. He concludes his ludicrous inſult with a circumſtance very much to the honour of *Diomed*, and very much to the diſadvantage of

He bleeds! (he cries) ſome God has ſped my dart;
Would the ſame God had fixt it in his heart!
So *Troy* reliev'd from that wide-waſting hand,
Should breathe from ſlaughter and in combat ſtand;
Whoſe ſons now tremble at his darted ſpear,
As ſcatter'd lambs the ruſhing lion fear.
He dauntleſs thus: Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warriour with the curling hair;
Vain archer! truſting to the diſtant dart,
Unſkill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou haſt but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incenſe a man.
Nor boaſt the ſcratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not ſo this dart, which thou may'ſt one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the ſteel.

his own character; for he reveals to an enemy the fears of *Troy*, and compares the *Greeks* to lions, and the *Trojans* to ſheep. *Diomed* is the very reverſe of him; he deſpiſes and leſſens the wound he received, and in the midſt of his pain, would not gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it.

Where this but lights, ſome noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves ſuch objects, as diſtract the fair.
Ulyſſes haſtens with a trembling heart,
Before him ſteps, and bending draws the dart;
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang ſucceeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy ſpeeds.

Now on the field *Ulyſſes* ſtands alone,
The *Greeks* all fled, the *Trojans* pouring on:
But ſtands collected in himſelf and whole,
And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.

What farther ſubterfuge, what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?

†. 512. *And queſtions thus his own unconquer'd ſoul.*] This is a paſſage which very much ſtrikes me: we have a brave hero making a noble ſoliloquy, or rather calling a council within himſelf, when he was ſingly to encounter an army: it is impoſſible for the reader not to be in pain for ſo gallant a man in ſuch an imminent danger; he muſt be impatient for the event, and his whole curioſity muſt be awakened till he knows the fate of *Ulyſſes*, who ſcorned to fly though encompaſſed by an army.

Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breaſt,
Near, and more near, the ſhady cohorts preſt;
Theſe, in the warriour, their own fate incloſe:
And round him deep the ſteely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of ſhouting huntſmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tuſks; he foams with ire;
His ſanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By theſe, by thoſe, on ev'ry part is ply'd;
And the red ſlaughter ſpreads on ev'ry ſide.
Pierc'd thro' the ſhoulder, firſt *Deiopis* fell;
Next *Ennomus* and *Thoön* ſunk to hell;
Cherſidamas, beneath the navel thruſt,
Falls prone to earth, and graſps the bloody duſt.
Charops, the ſon of *Hippaſus*, was near;
Ulyſſes reach'd him with the fatal ſpear;
But to his aid his brother *Socus* flies,
Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wiſe:

Near as he drew, the warriour thus began.

O great *Ulyſſes*, much-enduring man!
Not deeper ſkill'd in ev'ry martial ſlight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers ſhall thy conqueſt grace,
And end at once the great *Hippaſian* race,
Or thou beneath this lance muſt preſs the field—
He ſaid, and forceful pierc'd his ſpacious ſhield:
Thro' the ſtrong braſs the ringing jav'lin thrown,
Plough'd half his ſide, and bar'd it to the bone.
By *Pallas'* care, the ſpear, tho' deep infix'd,
Stopp'd ſhort of life, nor with his entrails mix'd,

℣. 549. *By* Pallas' *care.*] It is a juſt obſervation, that there is no moral ſo evident, or ſo conſtantly carried on through the *Iliad*, as the neceſſity mankind at all times has of divine aſſiſtance. Nothing is performed with ſucceſs, without particular mention of this; *Hector* is not ſaved from a dart without *Apollo*, nor *Ulyſſes* without *Minerva*. *Homer* is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and aſcribing to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or puniſhments of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of his poem, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή, *The will of God was fulfilled*, runs through his whole work, and is with a moſt remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greateſt and wiſeſt perſons on every occaſion.

Homer generally makes ſome peculiar God attend on each hero: for the ancients believed that every man had his particular tutelary deity; theſe in ſucceeding times were called *Dæmons* or *Genii*, who (as they thought) were given to men

The wound not mortal wiſe *Ulyſſes* knew,
Then furious thus, (but firſt ſome ſteps withdrew.)
Unhappy man! whoſe death our hands ſhall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finiſh'd is thy race.
No longer check my conqueſts on the foe;
But pierc'd by this, to endleſs darkneſs go,
And add one ſpectre to the realms below!

He ſpoke, while *Socus* ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
Between his ſhoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its paſſage thro' the panting heart.
Wide in his breaſt appear'd the grizly wound;
He falls; his armour rings againſt the ground.
Then thus *Ulyſſes*, gazing on the ſlain:
Fam'd ſon of *Hippaſus!* there preſs the plain;

at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole courſe of their lives. See *Cebes's Tablet*. *Menander*, as he is cited by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, ſtyles them μυσαγωγοὶ βίου, *the inviſible guides of life.*

ỳ. 565. *Fam'd ſon of* Hippaſus!] *Homer* has been blamed by ſome late cenſurers for making his heroes addreſs diſcourſes to the dead. *Dacier* replies, that paſſion dictates theſe ſpeeches, and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead, that they are addreſſed. However, one may ſay, that they are often rather reflections, than inſults. Were it otherwiſe, *Homer* deſerves not to be cenſured for feigning what hiſtories have

There ends thy narrow ſpan aſſign'd by fate,
Heav'n owes *Ulyſſes* yet a longer date.
Ah wretch! no father ſhall thy corpſe compoſe,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother cloſe;
But hungry birds ſhall tear thoſe balls away,
And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.
Me *Greece* ſhall honour, when I meet my doom,
With ſolemn fun'rals and a laſting tomb.

reported as truth. We find in *Plutarch* that *Mark Antony* upon ſight of the dead body of *Brutus*, ſtopped and reproached him with the death of his brother *Caius*, whom *Brutus* had killed in *Macedonia* in revenge for the murder of *Cicero*. I muſt confeſs I am not altogether pleaſed with the railleries he ſometimes uſes to a vanquiſhed warriour: which inhumanities, if ſpoken to the dying, would I think be yet worſe than after they were dead.

℣. 571. *And hov'ring vultures ſcream around their prey.*] This is not literally tranſlated, what the Poet ſays gives us the moſt lively picture imaginable of the vultures in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: they beat the body with their wings as they rend it, which is a very natural circumſtance, but ſcarce poſſible to be copied by a tranſlator without loſing the beauty of it.

℣. 572. *Me* Greece *ſhall honour, when I meet my doom, With ſolemn fun'rals.*——] We may ſee from ſuch paſſages as theſe that honours paid to the aſhes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages: this poſthumous honour was paid as a publick acknowledgment that the perſon deceaſed had deſerved well of his country, and conſequently was an incitement to the living to imitate his actions: in this view there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are teſtimonies of titles or riches, but of diſtinguiſhed merit.

Then raging with intolerable ſmart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of ſpouting gore purſu'd,
And gladden'd *Troy* with ſight of hoſtile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice *Menelaüs* hears:
Alarm'd, to *Ajax Telamon* he cry'd,
Who ſhares his labours, and defends his ſide.
O friend! *Ulyſſes'* ſhouts invade my ear;
Diſtreſs'd he ſeems, and no aſſiſtance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppreſs'd by multitudes, the beſt may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, muſt bid her hoſt deſpair,
And feel a loſs, not ages can repair.
Then, where the cry directs, his courſe he bends;
Great *Ajax*, like the God of war, attends.

℣. 591. *Great* Ajax, *like the God of war attends.*] The ſilence of other heroes on many occaſions is very beautiful in *Homer*, but particularly ſo in *Ajax*, who is a gallant rough ſoldier, and readier to act than to ſpeak: the preſent neceſſity of *Ulyſſes* required ſuch a behaviour, for the leaſt delay might have been fatal to him: *Ajax* therefore complying both with

The prudent chief in ſore diſtreſs they found,
With bands of furious *Trojans* compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
From the blind thicket wounds a ſtately deer;
Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
Till life's warm vapour iſſuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beaſt ſurround;
Juſt as their jaws his proſtrate limbs invade,
The lion ruſhes thro' the woodland ſhade,
The wolves, tho' hungry, ſcour diſpers'd away;
The lordly ſavage vindicates his prey.
Ulyſſes thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A ſingle warriour, half an hoſt ſuſtains:
But ſoon as *Ajax* heaves his tow'r-like ſhield,
The ſcatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;

his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of *Ulyſſes*, makes no reply to *Menelaus*, but immediately haſtens to his relief. The reader will obſerve how juſtly the Poet maintains his character of *Ajax* throughout the whole *Iliad*, who is often ſilent when he has an opportunity to ſpeak, and when he ſpeaks, it is like a ſoldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity. *Euſtathius*.

Atrides' arm the ſinking hero ſtays,
And ſav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious *Ajax* plies the routed crew;
And firſt *Doryclus*, *Priam's* ſon, he ſlew,
On ſtrong *Pandocus* next inflicts a wound,
And lays *Lyſander* bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wint'ry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd Plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are borne:
Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But *Hector*, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs thro' the plain,
And deep *Scamander* ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There *Neſtor* and *Idomeneus* oppoſe
The warriour's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The ſpouſe of *Helen* dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a diſtant wound:

In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling *Greece* for her phyſician fear'd.
To *Neſtor* then *Idomeneus* begun;
Glory of *Greece*, old *Neleus'* valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great *Machaon* to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe Phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the publick weal.

ỳ. 636. *A wiſe Phyſician.*] The Poet paſſes a very ſignal commendation upon Phyſicians: the army had ſeen ſeveral of their braveſt heroes wounded, yet were not ſo much diſpirited for them all, as they were at the ſingle danger of *Machaon:* but the perſon whom he calls a Phyſician ſeems rather to be a Surgeon; the cutting out of arrows, and the applying of anodynes being the province of the latter: however (as *Euſtathius* ſays) we muſt conclude that *Machaon* was both a Phyſician and Surgeon, and that thoſe two profeſſions were practiſed by one perſon.

It is reaſonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profeſſion in thoſe days was chiefly chirurgical: *Celſus* ſays expreſsly that the *Diætetic* was long after invented; but that *Botany* was in great eſteem and practice, appears from the ſtories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention among the moſt ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; as of *Agamede* in this very book, ỳ. 875. who is ſaid (like *Solomon*) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth, and of *Polydamne* in the fourth book of the *Odyſſes*, ỳ. 227, &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of theſe arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, ſtanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and re-

Old *Neſtor* mounts the ſeat: beſide him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector*'s car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are ſlain;
Trojans on *Trojans* yonder load the plain.
Before great *Ajax* ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the ſev'n-fold ſhield.
Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy ſteeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.
Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;

medies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewiſe ſeveral paſſages in his works that ſhew his knowledge of the virtues of plants, even of thoſe qualities which are commonly (though perhaps erroneouſly) aſcribed to them, as of the *Moly* againſt enchantments, the willow which cauſes barrenneſs, the *nepenthe*, &c.

Stung by the ſtroke, the courſers ſcour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcaſſes, and hills of ſhields.
The horſes hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
And daſhing, purple all the car before;
The groaning axle ſable drops diſtills,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here *Hector* plunging thro' the thickeſt fight,
Broke the dark *Phalanx*, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the ſword, or pond'rous ſtone,
The ranks lie ſcatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he ſhuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm, whoſe force he felt ſo late.
But partial *Jove*, eſpouſing *Hector*'s part,
Shot heav'n-bred horrour thro' the *Grecian*'s heart;

ỳ. 668. *But partial* Jove, *&c.*] The addreſs of *Homer* in bringing off *Ajax* with decency, is admirable: he makes *Hector* afraid to approach him: he brings down *Jupiter* himſelf to terrify him: ſo that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God.

This whole paſſage is inimitably juſt and beautiful: we ſee *Ajax* drawn in the moſt bold and ſtrong colours; and, in a manner, alive in the deſcription. We ſee him ſlowly and ſullenly retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulſe the one, and protect the other: there is not one line but what reſembles *Ajax*; the character of a ſtubborn but undaunted warriour is perfectly maintained, and muſt ſtrike the reader at the firſt view. He compares him firſt to the Lion

Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector*'s preſence grown, 670
Amaz'd he ſtood, with terrours not his own.

for his undauntedneſs in fighting, and then to the Aſs for his ſtubborn ſlowneſs in retreating; though in the latter compariſon there are many other points of likeneſs, that enliven the image: the havock he makes in the field is repreſented by the tearing and trampling down the harveſts; and we ſee the bulk, ſtrength, and obſtinacy of the hero, when the *Trojans* in reſpect to him are compared but to troops of boys that impotently endeavour to drive him away.

Euſtathius is ſilent as to thoſe objections which have been raiſed againſt this laſt ſimile, for a pretended want of delicacy: this alone is conviction to me that they are all of a later date: for elſe he would not have failed to have vindicated his favourite Poet in a paſſage that had been applauded many hundreds of years, and ſtood the teſt of ages.

But Monſieur *Dacier* has done it very well in his remarks upon *Ariſtotle*. "In the time of *Homer* (ſays that author) an "Aſs was not in ſuch circumſtances of contempt as in ours: "the name of that animal was not then converted into a "term of reproach, but it was a beaſt upon which Kings and "Princes might be ſeen with dignity. And it will not be "very diſcreet to ridicule this compariſon, which the holy "ſcripture has put into the mouth of *Jacob*, who ſays in the "benediction of his children, Iſſachar *ſhall be as a ſtrong "Aſs*." Monſieur *de la Motte* allows this point, and excuſes *Homer* for his choice of this animal, but is unhappily diſguſted at the circumſtance of the *boys*, and the obſtinate *gluttony* of the Aſs, which he ſays are images too mean to repreſent the determined valour of *Ajax*, and the fury of his enemies. It is anſwered by Madam *Dacier*, that what *Homer* here images is not the gluttony, but the patience, the obſtinacy, and ſtrength of the Aſs (as *Euſtathius* had before obſerved.) To judge rightly of compariſons, we are not to examine if the ſubject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar; but we are principally to conſider if the image

O'er his broad back his moony ſhield he threw,
And glaring round, by tardy ſteps withdrew.

produced be clear and lively, if the Poet has the ſkill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to repreſent. A company of boys whipping a top is very far from a great and noble ſubject, yet *Virgil* has not ſcrupled to draw from it a ſimilitude which admirably expreſſes a Princeſs in the violence of her paſſion:

" Ceu quondam torto volitans ſub verbere turbo,
" Quem pueri magno in gyro vacua atria circum
" Intenti ludo exercent; ille actus habena
" Curvatis fertur ſpatiis: ſtupet inſcia ſupra
" Impubeſque manus, mirata volubile buxum:
" Dant animos plagæ —— &c." *Æn. lib.* vii.

However, upon the whole, a tranſlator owes ſo much to the taſte of the age in which he lives, as not to make too great a compliment to the former; and this induced me to omit the mention of the word *Aſs* in the tranſlation. I believe the reader will pardon me, if on this occaſion I tranſcribe a paſſage from Mr. *Boileau*'s notes on *Longinus*.

" There is nothing (ſays he) that more diſgraces a compo-
" ſition than the uſe of mean and vulgar words; inſomuch
" that (generally ſpeaking) a mean thought expreſſed in noble
" terms, is more tolerable, than a noble thought expreſſed
" in mean ones. The reaſon whereof is, that all the world
" are not capable to judge of the juſtneſs and force of a
" thought; but there is ſcarce any man who cannot, eſpe-
" cially in a living language, perceive the leaſt meanneſs of
" words. Nevertheleſs very few writers are free from this
" vice: *Longinus* accuſes *Herodotus*, the moſt polite of all
" the *Greek* Hiſtorians, of this defect; and *Livy*, *Salluſt*,
" *Virgil* have not eſcaped the ſame cenſure. Is it not then
" very ſurpriſing, that no reproach on this account has been
" ever caſt upon *Homer?* though he has compoſed two poems
" each more voluminous than the *Æneid*; and though no

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beſet with watchful dogs, and ſhouting ſwains;
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly ſtalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long ſtands the ſhow'ring darts, and miſſile fires;
Then ſow'rly ſlow th' indignant beaſt retires.

" author whatever, has deſcended more frequently than he " into a detail of little particularities; yet he never uſes " terms which are not noble, or if he uſes humble words or " phraſes, it is with ſo much art, that, as *Dionyſius* obſerves, " they become noble and harmonious. Undoubtedly, if " there had been any cauſe to charge him with this fault, " *Longinus* had ſpared him no more than *Herodotus*. We " may learn from hence the ignorance of thoſe modern cri- " ticks, who reſolving to judge of the *Greek* without the " knowledge of it, and never reading *Homer* but in low and " inelegant tranſlations, impute the meanneſſes of his tranſ- " lators to the Poet himſelf; and ridiculouſly blame a man " who ſpoke in one language, for ſpeaking what is not ele- " gant in another. They ought to know that the words of " different languages are not always exactly correſpondent; " that it may often happen that a word which is very noble " in *Greek*, cannot be rendered in another tongue, but by " one which is very mean. Thus the word *aſinus* in *Latin*, " and *aſs* in *Engliſh*, are the vileſt imaginable; but that which " ſignifies the ſame animal in *Greek* and *Hebrew*, is of dig- " nity enough to be employed on the moſt magnificent oc- " caſions. In like manner the terms of *hog-herd* and *cow-* " *keeper* in our language are inſufferable, but thoſe which " anſwer to them in *Greek*, Συβώτης and βοηλάτης, are graceful " and harmonious: and *Virgil*, who in his own tongue en- " titled his Eclogues *Bucolica*, would have been aſhamed to " have called them in ours, the *Dialogues of Cow-keepers*."

So turn'd ſtern *Ajax*, by whole hoſts repell'd, 680
While his ſwoln heart at ev'ry ſtep rebell'd.

As the ſlow beaſt with heavy ſtrength indu'd,
In ſome wide field by troops of boys purſu'd,
Tho' round his ſides a wooden tempeſt rain,
Crops the tall harveſt, and lays waſte the plain; 685
Thick on his hide the hollow blows reſound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And ſtirs but ſlowly when he ſtirs at laſt.
On *Ajax* thus a weight of *Trojans* hung, 690
The ſtrokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky ſtrength he ſtands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now ſtiff recedes, yet hardly ſeems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye. 695
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hiſſing darts deſcend in iron ſhow'rs:
In his broad buckler many a weapon ſtood,
Its ſurface briſtled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltleſs on the plain, 700
Marks the dry duſt, and thirſts for blood in vain.

But bold *Eurypylus* his aid imparts,
And dauntleſs ſprings beneath a cloud of darts;
Whoſe eager jav'lin lanch'd againſt the foe,
Great *Apiſaon* felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his ſlack knees deſert their dying load.
The victor ruſhing to deſpoil the dead,
From *Paris'* bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon ſtood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded *Greek* retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his aſſociates fir'd.

ỳ. 712. *Back to the lines the wounded* Greek *retir'd.*] We ſee here almoſt all the chiefs of the *Grecian* army withdrawn: *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes*, the two great counſellors; *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Eurypylus*, the braveſt warriours, all retreated: ſo that now in this neceſſity of the *Greeks*, there was occaſion for the Poet to open a new ſcene of action, or elſe the *Trojans* had been victorious, and the *Grecians* driven from the ſhores of *Troy*. To ſhew the diſtreſs of the *Greeks* at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, it will be convenient to caſt a view on the poſture of their affairs: all human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all aſſiſtance from the Gods forbid by *Jupiter*: whereas the *Trojans* ſee their General at their head, and *Jupiter* himſelf fights on their ſide. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the diſtreſs of the *Greeks* occaſions firſt the aſſiſtance of *Patroclus*, and then the death of that hero draws on the return of *A-*

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With bands of furious *Trojans* compaſs'd round.
As when ſome huntſman, with a flying ſpear,
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Down his cleft ſide while freſh the blood diſtills,
He bounds aloft, and ſcuds from hills to hills:
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As when a torrent, ſwell'd with wint'ry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd Plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the ſeas are borne:
Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, ſteeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But *Hector*, from this ſcene of ſlaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progreſs thro' the plain,
And deep *Scamander* ſwells with heaps of ſlain.
There *Neſtor* and *Idomeneus* oppoſe
The warriour's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His ſword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The ſpouſe of *Helen* dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a diſtant wound:

In his right ſhoulder the broad ſhaft appear'd,
And trembling *Greece* for her phyſician fear'd.
To *Neſtor* then *Idomeneus* begun;
Glory of *Greece*, old *Neleus'* valiant ſon!
Aſcend thy chariot, haſte with ſpeed away,
And great *Machaon* to the ſhips convey.
A wiſe Phyſician, ſkill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the publick weal.

ỳ. 636. *A wiſe Phyſician.*] The Poet paſſes a very ſignal commendation upon Phyſicians: the army had ſeen ſeveral of their braveſt heroes wounded, yet were not ſo much diſpirited for them all, as they were at the ſingle danger of *Machaon:* but the perſon whom he calls a Phyſician ſeems rather to be a Surgeon; the cutting out of arrows, and the applying of anodynes being the province of the latter: however (as *Euſtathius* ſays) we muſt conclude that *Machaon* was both a Phyſician and Surgeon, and that thoſe two profeſſions were practiſed by one perſon.

It is reaſonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profeſſion in thoſe days was chiefly chirurgical: *Celſus* ſays expreſsly that the *Diætetic* was long after invented; but that *Botany* was in great eſteem and practice, appears from the ſtories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention among the moſt ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; as of *Agamede* in this very book, ỳ. 875. who is ſaid (like *Solomon*) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth, and of *Polydamne* in the fourth book of the *Odyſſes*, ỳ. 227, &c.

Homer, I believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of theſe arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, ſtanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and re-

Old *Neſtor* mounts the ſeat: beſide him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the laſh; the ſteeds with ſounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector*'s car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are ſlain;
Trojans on *Trojans* yonder load the plain.
Before great *Ajax* ſee the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the ſev'n-fold ſhield.
Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy ſteeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
There horſe and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of ſlaughter mix with ſhouts of fight.
Thus having ſpoke, the driver's laſh reſounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;

medies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewiſe ſeveral paſſages in his works that ſhew his knowledge of the virtues of plants, even of thoſe qualities which are commonly (though perhaps erroneouſly) aſcribed to them, as of the *Moly* againſt enchantments, the willow which cauſes barrenneſs, the *nepenthe*, &c.

Honey new-preſs'd, the ſacred flow'r of wheat,
And wholſome garlick crown'd the ſav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet ſacred to the *Pylian* Kings
From eldeſt times: emboſs'd with ſtuds of gold,
Two feet ſupport it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In ſculptur'd gold, two turtles ſeem to drink:
A maſſy weight, yet heav'd with eaſe by him,
When the briſk Nectar overlook'd the brim.

℣. 773. *A goblet ſacred to the* Pylian *Kings.*] There are ſome who can find out a myſtery in the plaineſt things; they can ſee what the author never meant, and explain him into the greateſt obſcurities. *Euſtathius* here gives us a very extraordinary inſtance of this nature: the bowl by an allegory figures the World; the ſpherical form of it repreſents its roundneſs; the *Greek* word which ſignifies the *Doves*, being ſpelled almoſt like the *Pleiades*, is ſaid to mean that conſtellation; and becauſe the Poet tells us the bowl was ſtudded with gold, thoſe ſtuds muſt needs imply the ſtars.

℣. 778. *Yet heav'd with eaſe by him.*] There has ever been a great diſpute about this paſſage; nor is it apparent for what reaſon the Poet ſhould tell us that *Neſtor*, even in his old age, could more eaſily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of raillery upon the old man, as if he had learned to lift it by frequent uſe; an inſinuation that *Neſtor* was no enemy to wine. Others with more juſtice to his character, have put another conſtruction upon the words, which ſolves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word which is uſually ſuppoſed to ſignify

Temper'd in this, the Nymph of form divine 780
Pours a large potion of the *Pramnian* wine;

another man, is rendered *another old man*, meaning *Machaon*, whoſe wound made him incapable to lift it. This would have taken away the difficulty without any violence to the conſtruction. But *Euſtathius* tells us, the propriety of ſpeech would require the word to be, not ἄλλον but ἕτερον, when ſpoken but of two. But why then may it not ſignify any other *old man?*

ver. 781. *Pours a large potion.*] The potion which *Hecamede* here prepares for *Machaon*, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the caſe of a wounded perſon, and by ſome criticks held in the ſame degree of repute with the balſam of *Fierabras* in *Don Quixot*. But it is rightly obſerved by the commentators, that *Machaon* was not ſo dangerouſly hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might uſe at another time. *Homer* had juſt told us that he ſtaid on the ſea-ſide to refreſh himſelf, and he now enters into a long converſation with *Neſtor*; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: his loſs of blood and ſpirits might make him not ſo much in fear of a fever, as in want of a cordial; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this caſe, I cannot help fancying that *Homer* would not have failed to tell us of *Machaon*'s rejecting it. Yet after all, ſome anſwer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. *Hippocrates* allows wine in acute caſes, and even without water in caſes of indigeſtion. He ſays indeed in his book of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of wine: and yet the potion here preſcribed will not be allowed by phyſicians to be an inſtance that they were ſo; for wine might be proper for *Machaon*, not only as a cordial, but as an *opiate*. *Aſclepiades*, a phyſician, who flouriſhed at *Rome* in the time of *Pompey*, preſcribed wine in fevers, and even in phrenſies to cauſe ſleep. *Cœlius Aurelianus*, *lib.* iv. *c.* 14.

With goat's-milk cheeſe a flav'rous taſte beſtows,
And laſt with flour the ſmiling ſurface ſtrows.
This for the wounded Prince the dame prepares;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend *Neſtor* ſhares:
Salubrious draughts the warriours thirſt allay,
And pleaſing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime *Patroclus*, by *Achilles* ſent,
Unheard approach'd, and ſtood before the tent.
Old *Neſtor* riſing then, the hero led
To his high ſeat; the chief refus'd, and ſaid,

'Tis now no ſeaſon for theſe kind delays;
The great *Achilles* with impatience ſtays.
To great *Achilles* this reſpect I owe;
Who aſks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming ſteeds.
With grief I ſee the great *Machaon* bleeds.
This to report, my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou know'ſt the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the ſons of *Greeee* the (ſage rejoin'd)
Excite compaſſion in *Achilles'* mind?

℣. 800. *Can then the ſons of* Greece, *&c.*] It is cuſtomary with thoſe who tranſlate or comment on an author, to uſe him as they do their miſtreſs; they can ſee no faults, or con-

Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our woe.

vert his very faults into beauties; but I cannot be ſo partial to *Homer*, as to imagine that this ſpeech of *Neſtor*'s is not greatly blameable for being too long: he crouds incident upon incident, and when he ſpeaks of himſelf, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unreaſonably in the preſent juncture. When he comes to ſpeak of his killing the ſon of *Augias*, he is ſo pleaſed with himſelf, that he forgets the diſtreſs of the army, and cannot leave his favourite ſubject, till he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he aſſaulted him. Theſe and many other circumſtances, as they have no viſible alluſion to the deſign of the ſpeech, ſeem to be unfortunately introduced. In ſhort, I think they are not ſo valuable upon any other account, as becauſe they preſerve a piece of ancient hiſtory, which had otherwiſe been loſt.

What tends yet farther to make this ſtory ſeem abſurd, is what *Patroclus* ſaid at the beginning of the ſpeech, that he *had not leiſure even to ſit down*: ſo that *Neſtor* detains him in the tent ſtanding, during the whole narration.

They that are of the contrary opinion obſerve, that there is a great deal of art in ſome branches of the diſcourſe; that when *Neſtor* tells *Patroclus* how he had himſelf diſobeyed his father's commands for the ſake of his country; he ſays it to make *Achilles* reflect that he diſobeys his father by the contrary behaviour: that what he did himſelf was to retaliate a ſmall injury, but *Achilles* by fighting may ſave the *Grecian* army. He mentions the wound of *Agamemnon* at the very beginning, with an intent to give *Achilles* a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greateſt enemy has ſuffered by his abſence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpoſe to obſerve, that *Neſtor* might deſignedly protract the ſpeech, that *Patroclus* might himſelf behold the diſtreſs of the

Tell him, not great *Machaon* bleeds alone,
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan,
Ulyſſes, *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,
And ſtern *Eurypylus*, already bleed.
But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n 'till the flames conſume our fleet he ſtays,
And waits the riſing of the fatal blaze.
Chief after Chief the raging foe deſtroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the ſlow courſe of all-impairing time
Unſtrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I ſtill that ſtrengh my youth poſſeſs'd,
When this bold arm th' *Epeian* pow'rs oppreſs'd,

army: thus every moment he detained him, enforced his arguments by the growing misfortunes of the *Greeks*. Whether this was the intention or not, it muſt be allowed that the ſtay of *Patroclus* was very happy for the *Greeks*; for by this means he met *Eurypylus* wounded, who confirmed him into a certainty that their affairs were deſperate without *Achilles*'s aid.

As for *Neſtor*'s ſecond ſtory, it is much eaſier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in ſuch a manner as to affect both *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; the circumſtances are well adapted to the perſon to whom they are ſpoken, and by repeating their father's inſtructions, he as it were brings them in, ſeconding his admonitions.

The bulls of *Elis* in glad triumph led,
And ſtretch'd the great *Itymonæus* dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling ſwains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of ſwine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrivall'd ſteeds,
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
Theſe, as my firſt eſſay of arms, I won;
Old *Neleus* glory'd in his conqu'ring ſon.
Thus *Elis* forc'd, her long arrears reſtor'd,
And ſhares were parted to each *Pylian* Lord.
The ſtate of *Pyle* was ſunk to laſt deſpair,
When the proud *Elians* firſt commenc'd the war.
For *Neleus'* ſons *Alcides'* rage had ſlain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppreſs'd, we arm'd; and now this conqueſt gain'd,
My ſire three hundred choſen ſheep obtain'd.

℣. 818. *The bulls of* Elis *in glad triumph led.*] *Elis* is the whole ſouthern part of *Peloponneſus*, between *Achaia* and *Meſſenia*; it was originally divided into ſeveral diſtricts or principalities, afterwards it was reduced to two; the one of the *Elians*, who were the ſame with the *Epeians*; the other of *Neſtor*. This remark is neceſſary for the underſtanding what follows. In *Homer's* time the city *Elis* was not built. *Dacier.*

(That large repriſal he might juſtly claim,
For prize defrauded, and inſulted fame,
When *Elis'* Monarch at the publick courſe
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horſe.)
The reſt the people ſhar'd; myſelf ſurvey'd
The juſt partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were paſt, when *Elis* roſe to war,
With many a courſer, and with many a car;
The ſons of *Actor* at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful ſquadrons led.

ỳ. 838. *At the publick courſe detained his chariot.*] It is ſaid that theſe were particular games, which *Augias* had eſtabliſhed in his own ſtate, and that the *Olympick* games cannot be here underſtood, becauſe *Hercules* did not inſtitute them till he had killed this King, and delivered his kingdom to *Phyleus*, whom his father *Augias* had baniſhed. The prizes of theſe games of *Augias* were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, &c. whereas the prizes of the *Olympick* games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: beſides, it is probable *Homer* knew nothing of theſe chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands wore at feaſts; if he had, he would ſomewhere or other have mentioned them. *Euſtathius.*

ỳ. 844. *The ſons of* Actor.] Theſe are the ſame whom *Homer* calls the two *Molions*, namely, *Eurytus* and *Creatus*: *Thryoëſſa*, in the lines following, is the ſame town which he calls *Thryon* in the catalogue.

The river *Minyas* is the ſame with *Anygrus*, about half way between *Pylos* and *Thryoëſſa*, called *Minyas*, from the *Minyans*

High on a rock fair *Thryoëſſa* ſtands,
Our utmoſt frontier on the *Pylian* lands;
Not far the ſtreams of fam'd *Alphæus* flow;
The ſtream they paſs'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, deſcending in the ſhades of night,
Alarms the *Pylians* and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and ſwells with martial pride;
Myſelf the foremoſt; but my ſire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to ſtern alarms;
And ſtopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My ſire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidſt our chariots: for the Goddeſs led.
Along fair *Arene*'s delightful plain,
Soft *Minyas* rolls his waters to the main.
There, horſe and foot, the *Pylian* troops unite,
And ſheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, e'er the ſun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great *Alphæus*' ſacred ſource we came.

who lived on the banks of it. It appears from what the Poet ſays of the time of their march, that it is half a day's march between *Pylas* and *Thryoëſſa*. *Euſtathius*. *Strabo*, *lib.* viii.

There firſt to *Jove* our ſolemn rites were paid;
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
A bull *Alphæus*; and a bull was ſlain
To the blue Monarch of the wat'ry main.
In arms we ſlept, beſide the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce *Epeians* ſtood.
Soon as the ſun, with all-revealing ray,
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;
Bright ſcenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there *Pylos*, *Elis* here.
The firſt who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
King *Augias'* ſon, and ſpouſe of *Agamede*:
(She that all ſimples' healing virtues knew,
And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I ſeiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
Th' *Epeians* ſaw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe diſpers'd, their braveſt warriour kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I ſwept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
Two chiefs from each, fell breathleſs to the plain.
Then *Actor's* ſons had dy'd, but *Neptune* ſhrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.

O'er heapy ſhields, and o'er the proſtrate throng,
Collecting ſpoils, and ſlaught'ring all along,
Thro' wide *Buprafian* fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' *Olenian* rocks aroſe;
'Till *Pallas* ſtopp'd us where *Aliſium* flows.
Ev'n there, the hindmoſt of their rear I ſlay,
And the ſame arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to *Pyle* triumphant take my way.
There to high *Jove* were publick thanks aſſign'd
As firſt of Gods; to *Neſtor*, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to paſſion what to *Greece* he owes.
How ſhall he grieve, when to th' eternal ſhade
Her hoſts ſhall ſink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When gath'ring aids along the *Grecian* ſea,

ỳ. 894. *There to high* Jove *were publick thanks aſſign'd*
As firſt of Gods; *to* Neſtor, *of mankind.*]

There is a reſemblance between this paſſage and one in the ſacred ſcripture, where all the congregation *bleſſed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worſhipped the Lord, and the King.* 1 Chron. xxix. 20.

I, and *Ulyſſes*, touch'd at *Pthia*'s port,
And enter'd *Peleus*' hoſpitable court.
A bull to *Jove* he ſlew in ſacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyſelf, *Achilles*, and thy rev'rend ſire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles ſees us, to the feaſt invites;
Social we ſit, and ſhare the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cauſe on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient father's gen'rous precepts gave;
Peleus ſaid only this—" My ſon! be brave."
Menœtius thus: " Tho' great *Achilles* ſhine
" In ſtrength ſuperiour, and of race divine,

ỳ. 915. Peleus *ſaid only this*——" *My ſon! be brave.*"] The conciſeneſs of this advice is very beautiful; *Achilles* being haſty, active and young, might not have burdened his memory with a long diſcourſe, therefore *Peleus* comprehends all his inſtructions in one ſentence. But *Menœtius* ſpeaks more largely to *Patroclus*, he being more advanced in years, and mature in judgment; and we ſee by the manner of the expreſſion, that he was ſent with *Achilles*, not only as a companion, but as a monitor, of which *Neſtor* puts him in mind, to ſhew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to *Achilles*, than to follow his caprice, and eſpouſe his reſentment. *Euſtathius*.

" Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
" Let thy juſt counſels aid, and rule thy friend."
Thus ſpoke your father at *Theſſalia*'s court; 920
Words now forgot, tho' now of vaſt import.
Ah! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay,
Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey;
Some fav'ring God *Achilles*' heart may move;
Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love. 925
If ſome dire oracle his breaſt alarm,
If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm;

℣. 922. *Ah! try the utmoſt*, &c.] It may not be ungrateful to the reader to ſee at one view the aim and deſign of *Neſtor*'s ſpeech. By putting *Patroclus* in mind of his father's injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his country: by the mention of the ſacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of thoſe engagements to which the Gods were witneſſes: by ſaying that the very arms of *Achilles* would reſtore the fortunes of *Greece*, he makes a high compliment to that hero, and offers a powerful inſinuation to *Patroclus* at the ſame time, by giving him to underſtand, that he may perſonate *Achilles*. *Euſtathius*.

℣. 927. *If ought from heav'n with-hold his ſaving arm.*] *Neſtor* ſays this upon account of what *Achilles* himſelf ſpoke in the ninth book; and it is very much to the purpoſe, for nothing could ſooner move *Achilles*, than to make him think it was the general report in the army, that he ſhut himſelf up in his

Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may ſhine,
If thou but lead the *Myrmidonian* line;
Clad in *Achilles'* arms, if thou appear,
Proud *Troy* may tremble, and deſiſt from war;
Preſs'd by freſh forces her o'er-labour'd train
Shall ſeek their walls, and *Greece* reſpire again.
This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
Along the ſhore with haſty ſtrides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crouded ſtrand,
The publick mart and courts of juſtice ſtand,
Where the tall fleet of great *Ulyſſes* lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods ariſe;
There ſad he met the brave *Evæmon's* ſon,
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The ſable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
As faintly reeling he confeſs'd the ſmart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntleſs was his heart;

tent, for no other reaſon but to eſcape death, with which his mother had threatened him in diſcovering to him the decrees of the deſtinies. *Dacier.*

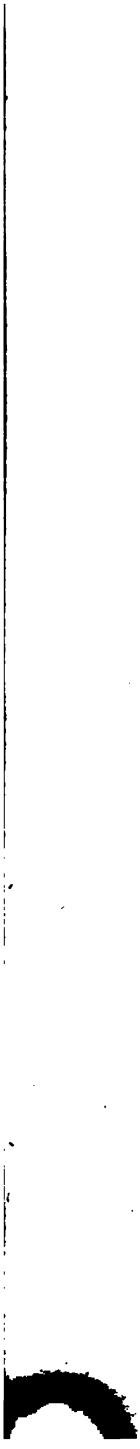
Divine compaſſion touch'd *Patroclus'* breaſt,
Who ſighing, thus his bleeding friend addreſt.
Ah hapleſs leaders of the *Grecian* hoſt!
Thus muſt ye periſh on a barb'rous coaſt?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native ſhore?
Say, great *Eurypylus!* ſhall *Greece* yet ſtand?
Reſiſts ſhe yet the raging *Hector's* hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with ſhame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?
Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ſhips victorious *Troy* purſues,
Her force encreaſing as her toil renews.
Thoſe chiefs, that us'd her utmoſt rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, *Patroclus!* act a friendly part,
Lead to my ſhips, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water waſh the gore away,
With healing balms the raging ſmart allay.

Such as ſage *Chiron*, Sire of *Pharmacy*,
Once taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* thee.
Of two fam'd ſurgeons, *Podalirius* ſtands
This hour ſurrounded by the *Trojan* bands;
And great *Machaon*, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that ſuccour which ſo oft' he lent.
To him the chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charg'd by *Achilles*' great command I fly,
And bear with haſte the *Pylian* King's reply;
But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.
He ſaid, and in his arms upheld the chief.

ỳ. 968. *Of two fam'd ſurgeons.*] Though *Podalirius* is mentioned firſt for the ſake of the verſe, both here and in the catalogue, *Machaon* ſeems to be the perſon of the greateſt character upon many accounts; beſides, it is to him that *Homer* attributes the cure of *Philoctetes*, who was lame by having let an arrow, dipt in the gall of the *Hydra* of *Lerna*, fall upon his foot; a plain mark that *Machaon* was an abler phyſician than *Chiron* the centaur, who could not cure himſelf of ſuch a wound. *Podalirius* had a ſon named *Hypolochus*, from whom the famous *Hippocrates* was deſcended.

ỳ. 976. *But thy diſtreſs this inſtant claims relief.*] *Euſtathius* remarks, that *Homer* draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the ſtay of *Patroclus*; for while he is employed in the friendly taſk of taking care of *Eurypylus*, he becomes an eye-witneſs of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the neceſſity of uſing his utmoſt efforts to move *Achilles*.

The ſlaves their maſter's ſlow approach ſurvey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor diſplay'd;
There ſtretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky ſteel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he waſh'd, the ſtyptick juice infus'd.
The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.



THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The ARGUMENT.

The battle at the *Grecian* wall.

THE Greeks *being retired into their entrenchments,* Hector *attempts to force them; but it proving impoſſible to paſs the ditch,* Polydamas *adviſes to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The* Trojans *follow his counſel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the aſſault, But upon the ſignal of an eagle with a ſerpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the* Trojans, Polydamas *endeavours to withdraw them again. This* Hector *oppoſes and continues the attack; in which, after many actions,* Sarpedon *makes the firſt breach in the wall:* Hector *alſo caſting a ſtone of a vaſt ſize, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his Troops, who victorionſly purſue the* Grecians *even to their ſhips.*

THE

*TWELFTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and ſafety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and *Greeks* with claſhing ſhields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.

* It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the *Iliad:* the whole deſign turns upon the wrath of *Achilles:* that wrath is not to be appeaſed but by the calamities of the *Greeks*, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in Epick, as in Tragick poetry, there ought to be ſome evident and neceſſary incident at the winding up of the cataſtrophe, and that ſhould be

Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppoſe;
With Gods averſe th' ill-fated works aroſe;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim ſlain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches ſunk in vain.

Without the Gods, how ſhort a period ſtands
The proudeſt monument of mortal hands!
This ſtood, while *Hector* and *Achilles* rag'd,
While ſacred *Troy* the warring hoſts engag'd;
But when her ſons were ſlain, her city burn'd,
And what ſurviv'd of *Greece* to *Greece* return'd;
Then *Neptune* and *Apollo* ſhook the ſhore,
Then *Ida*'s ſummits pour'd their wat'ry ſtore;

founded upon ſome viſible diſtreſs. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leiſure to the wrath of *Achilles* to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where deſcribed as a perſon of a ſtubborn reſentment, and conſequently ought not to be eaſily reconciled) but alſo as it highly contributes to the honour of *Achilles*, which was to be fully ſatisfied before he could relent.

ỳ. 9. *Without the Gods, how ſhort a period*, &c.] *Homer* here teaches a truth conformable to ſacred ſcripture, and almoſt in the very words of the *Pſalmiſt*; *Unleſs the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it.*

ỳ. 15. *Then* Neptune *and* Apollo, *&c.*] This whole Epiſode of the deſtruction of the wall is ſpoken as a kind of prophecy, where *Homer* in a poetical enthuſiaſm relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from

Rheſus and *Rhodius* then unite their rills,
Careſus roaring down the ſtony hills,

hence that our author flouriſhed not long after the *Trojan* war; for had he lived at a greater diſtance, there had been no occaſion to have recourſe to ſuch extraordinary means to deſtroy a wall, which would have been loſt and worn away by time alone. *Homer* (ſays *Ariſtotle*) foreſaw the queſtion might be aſked, how it came to paſs that no ruins remained of ſo great a work? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the neareſt reſemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are ſufficient to aboliſh the ſtrongeſt works of man, ſo as not to leave the leaſt remains where they ſtood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: we ſee *Apollo* turning the courſe of the rivers againſt the wall, *Jupiter* opening the cataracts of heaven, and *Neptune* rending the foundations with his trident: that is, the ſun exhales the vapours, which deſcend in rain from the air or *Æther*; this rain cauſes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the poetry of *Homer*, like magick, firſt raiſes a ſtupendous object, and then immediately cauſes it to vaniſh.

What farther ſtrengthens the opinion that *Homer* was particularly careful to avoid the objection which thoſe of his own age might raiſe againſt the probability of this fiction, is, that the verſes which contain this account of the deſtruction of the wall ſeem to be added after the firſt writing of the *Iliad*, by *Homer* himſelf. I believe the reader will incline to my opinion, if he conſiders the manner in which they are introduced, both here and in the ſeventh book, where firſt this wall is mentioned. There deſcribing how it was made, he ends with this line,

Ὡς οἱ μὲν ποίεον παρὰ νῆας Ἀχαιοί.

After which is inſerted the debate of the Gods concerning the method of its deſtruction, at the concluſion whereof immedi-

Æſopus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And *Xanthus* foaming from his fruitful ſource;
And gulphy *Simois,* rolling to the main
Helmets, and ſhields, and god-like heroes ſlain:
Theſe turn'd by *Phœbus* from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters ſaps the yielding wall,
And to the ſea the floating bulwarks fall.

ately follows a verſe that ſeems exactly to connect with the former.

Δύσετο δ' ἠέλιος, τετύκτο δὲ ἔργον Ἀχαιῶν.

In like manner in the preſent book, after the fourth verſe,

Τάφρος ἔτι σχήσειν Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὑπερθεν.

That which is now the thirty-ſixth, ſeems originally to have followed.

Τεῖχος ἀΐδηλητον, καναχίζε δὲ δέρατα πύργων, &c.

And all the lines between (which break the courſe of narration, and are introduced in a manner not uſual in *Homer*) ſeem to have been added for the reaſon aboveſaid. I do not inſiſt much upon this obſervation, but I doubt not ſeveral will agree to it upon the review of the paſſages.

ϒ. 24. *Nine continual days.*] Some of the ancients thought it incredible that a wall which was built in one day by the *Greeks,* ſhould reſiſt the joint efforts of three deities nine days: to ſolve this difficulty, *Crates* the *Malleſian,* was of opinion, that it ſhould be writ, ἓν ἦμαρ, *one day.* But there is no occaſion to have recourſe to ſo forced a ſolution; it being ſufficient to obſerve, that nothing but ſuch an extraordinary power could have ſo entirely ruined the wall, that not the leaſt remains of it ſhould appear; but ſuch a one, as we have before ſaid, *Homer* ſtood in need of. *Euſtathius.*

Inceſſant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the ſkies deſcend in ſluicy ſhow'rs,
The God of Ocean, marching ſtern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling ſhore,
Vaſt ſtones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the ſmoky ruin in the waves.
Now ſmooth'd with ſand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder ſtood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark ſtood, and brav'd the ſtorm;
The ſtrokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood diſtain'd the tow'rs.
Smote by the arm of *Jove*, and dire diſmay,
Cloſe by their hollow ſhips the *Grecians* lay:
Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
And *Hector*'s fury ev'ry moment fear.
He like a whirlwind, toſs'd the ſcatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.

So 'midſt the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion ſtands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hiſſing jav'lins rain an iron ſtorm:
His pow'rs untam'd their bold aſſault defy,
And where he turns, the rout diſperſe, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds againſt them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompaſs'd *Hector* glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches ſhows.
The panting ſteeds impatient fury breathe,
But ſnort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Juſt on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the ſkies reſound.
Eager they view'd the proſpect dark and deep,
Vaſt was the leap, and headlong hung the ſteep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable ſhow!)
And briſtled thick with ſharpen'd ſtakes below.
The foot alone this ſtrong defence could force,
And try the paſs impervious to the horſe.
This ſaw *Polydamas*; who, wiſely brave,
Reſtrain'd great *Hector*, and this counſel gave:

Oh thou! bold leader of the *Trojan* bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!
What ent'rance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The ſtakes beneath, the *Grecian* walls behind?
No paſs thro' thoſe, without a thouſand wounds,
No ſpace for combat in yon' narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty *Jove* has ſhown,
On certain dangers we too raſhly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this *inſtant* end the *Grecian* name!
Here, far from *Argos*, let their heroes fall;
And one great day deſtroy, and bury all!
But ſhould they turn, and here oppreſs our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiſcuous carnage cruſh'd and bruis'd;
All *Troy* muſt periſh, if their arms prevail,
Nor ſhall a *Trojan* live to tell the tale.
Hear then ye warriours! and obey with ſpeed;
Back from the trenches let your ſteeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and *Hector* lead the way.

So *Greece* ſhall ſtoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if *Jove* conſent) her fatal hour.
This counſel pleas'd: the god-like *Hector* ſprung
Swift from his ſeat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and iſſues on the plain.
By orders ſtrict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the courſers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands,
And all obey their ſev'ral chief's commands.
The beſt and braveſt in the firſt conſpire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great *Hector* glorious in the van of theſe,
Polydamas, and brave *Cebriones*.
Before the next the graceful *Paris* ſhines,
And bold *Alcathous*, and *Agenor* joins.

℣. 99. *The forces part in five diſtinguiſh'd bands.*] The *Trojan* army is divided into five parts, perhaps becauſe there were five gates in the wall, ſo that an attack might be made upon every gate at the ſame inſtant: by this means the *Greeks* would be obliged to diſunite, and form themſelves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the ſame time.

The Poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and ſtops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: by this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem. *Euſtathius.*

The ſons of *Priam* with the third appear,
Deïphobus, and *Helenus* the ſeer;
In arms with theſe the mighty *Aſius* ſtood,
Who drew from *Hyrtacus* his noble blood,
And whom *Ariſba*'s yellow courſers bore,
The courſers fed on *Selle*'s winding ſhore.
Antenor's ſons the fourth battalion guide,
And great *Æneas*, born on fount-full *Ide*.
Divine *Sarpedon* the laſt band obey'd,
Whom *Glaucus* and *Aſteropæus* aid,
Next him, the braveſt at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hoſts he led.
Now with compacted ſhields in cloſe array,
The moving legions ſpeed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And ſee the *Grecians* gaſping at their feet.
While ev'ry *Trojan* thus, and ev'ry Aid,
Th' advice of wiſe *Polydamas* obey'd;
Aſius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted courſers urg'd to meet the war.

℣. 125. Aſius *alone, confiding in his car.*] It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion, were not ſubordinate one to the other, but commanded ſeparately,

Unhappy hero! and adviſ'd in vain!
Thoſe wheels returning ne'er ſhall mark the plain;
No more thoſe courſers with triumphant joy
Reſtore their maſter to the gates of *Troy!*
Black death attends behind the *Grecian* wall,
And great *Idomeneus* ſhall boaſt thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,
The flying *Grecians* ſtrove their ſhips to gain;
Swift thro' the wall their horſe and chariots paſt,
The gates half-open'd to receive the laſt.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His following hoſt with clamours rend the ſkies;
To plunge the *Grecians* headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!

each being empowered to order his own troops as he thought fit: for otherwiſe *Aſius* had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the reſt were on foot. One may obſerve from hence, that *Homer* does not attribute the ſame regular diſcipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given to his *Grecians*; and he makes ſome uſe too of this defect, to caſt the more variety over this part of the deſcription. *Dacier.*

℣. 127. *Unhappy hero!* &c.] *Homer* obſerves a poetical juſtice in relation to *Aſius*; he puniſhes his folly and impiety with death, and ſhews the danger of deſpiſing wiſe counſel, and blaſpheming the Gods. In purſuance of this prophecy, *Aſius* is killed in the thirteenth book by *Idomeneus*.

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
Who from the *Lapithæ* warlike race deſcend;
This *Polypœtes*, great *Perithous'* heir,
And that *Leonteus*, like the God of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they riſe;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidſt the ſkies:
Whoſe ſpreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempeſt, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their ſtately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the ſtorm.
So graceful theſe, and ſo the ſhock they ſtand
Of raging *Aſius*, and his furious band.
Oreſtes, *Acamas* in front appear,
And *Oenomaus* and *Thoön* cloſe the rear;
In vain their clamours ſhake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow ſhields;

ỳ. 143. *This* Polypœtes — *And that* Leonteus, *&c.*] Theſe heroes are the originals of *Pandarus* and *Bitias* in *Virgil.* We ſee two gallant officers exhorting their ſoldiers to act bravely; but being deſerted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the paſs againſt the united force of the battalions of *Aſius*: nor does the Poet tranſgreſs the bounds of probability in the ſtory: the *Greeks* from above beat off ſome of the *Trojans* with ſtones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was eaſy to be defended. *Euſtathius.*

The fearleſs brothers on the *Grecians* call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they ſaw *Troy*'s ſable troops impend,
And *Greece* tumultuous from her tow'rs deſcend,
Forth from the portals ruſh'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breaſts, and ſtood themſelves the war.
So two wild boars ſpring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On ev'ry ſide the crackling trees they tear,
And root the ſhrubs, and lay the foreſt bare;
They gnaſh their tuſks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
'Till ſome wide wound lets out their mighty ſoul.
Around their heads the whiſtling jav'lins ſung,
With ſounding ſtrokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the *Grecian* pow'rs
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs;
To ſave their fleet, the laſt efforts they try,
And ſtones and darts in mingled tempeſts fly.
As when ſharp *Boreas* blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;

Beneath the low-hung clouds the ſheets of ſnow
Deſcend, and whiten all the fields below:
So faſt the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires roll the rocky ſhow'r;
Heavy, and thick, reſound the batter'd ſhields,
And the deaf echo' rattles round the fields.

With ſhame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantick *Aſius* thus accuſes heav'n:
In pow'rs immortal who ſhall now believe?
Can thoſe too flatter, and can *Jove* deceive?
What man could doubt but *Troy*'s victorious pow'r
Should humble *Greece*, and this her fatal hour?
But like when waſps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the ent'rance of their common hive,
Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
They ſtrike th' aſſailants, and infix their ſtings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce theſe *Greeks* their laſt retreats defend.

℣. 185. *The ſpeech of* Aſius.] This ſpeech of *Aſius* is very extravagant: he exclaims againſt *Jupiter* for a breach of promiſe, not becauſe he had broken his word, but becauſe he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in *Aſius*, is very natural to perſons under a diſappointment, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime. *Euſtathius*.

Gods! ſhall two warriours only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?
Theſe empty accents, mingled with the wind;
Nor mov'd great *Jove*'s unalterable mind;
To God-like *Hector* and his matchleſs might
Was ow'd the glory of the deſtin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates ſuſtain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the ſtony ſhow'rs were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flaſh of arms appear'd.
The ſpirit of a God my breaſt inſpire,
To raiſe each act to life, and ſing with fire!
While *Greece* unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep diſmay,
With unaſſiſting arms deplor'd the day.
Ev'n yet the dauntleſs *Lapithæ* maintain
The dreadful paſs, and round them heap the ſlain.
Firſt *Damaſus*, by *Polypœtes*' ſteel,
Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warriour ſinks, tremendous now no more!

Next *Ormenus* and *Pylon* yield their breath.
Nor leſs *Leonteus* ſtrows the field with death;
Firſt thro' the belt *Hippomachus* he gor'd,
Then ſudden wav'd his unreſiſted ſword;
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The falchion ſtruck, and fate purſu'd the ſtroke;
Iämenus, *Oreſtes*, *Menon*, bled;
And round him roſe a monument of dead.

Meantime, the braveſt of the *Trojan* crew,
Bold *Hector* and *Polydamas* purſue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
Theſe on the farther-bank now ſtood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A ſignal omen ſtopp'd the paſſing hoſt,
Their martial fury in their wonder loſt.
Jove's bird on ſounding pinions beat the ſkies;
A bleeding ſerpent of enormous ſize,

℣. 233. Jove's *bird on ſounding pinions*, &c.] *Virgil* has imitated this paſſage in the eleventh *Æneid*, ℣. 751.

"Utque volans altè raptum cùm fulva draconem
"Fert aquila, implicuitque pedes, atque unguibus hæſit;

His talons truſs'd; alive, and curling round,
He ſtung the bird, whoſe throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the ſmart he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries;
Amidſt the hoſt the fallen ſerpent lies.
They, pale with terrour, mark its ſpires unroll'd,
And *Jove*'s portent with beating hearts behold.
Then firſt *Polydamas* the ſilence broke,
Long weigh'd the ſignal, and to *Hector* ſpoke.

" Saucius at ſerpens ſinuoſa volumina verſat,
" Arrectiſque horret ſquamis, & ſibilat ore
" Arduus inſurgens; illa haud minùs urget obunco
" Luctantem roſtro; ſimul æthera verberat alis."

Which *Macrobius* compares with this of *Homer*, and gives the preference to the original, on account of *Virgil*'s having neglected to ſpecify the *Omen*. *His prætermiſſis (quòd ſiniſtrâ veniens vincentium prohibebat acceſſum, & accepto à ſerpente morſu prædam dolore dejecit; factoque Tripudio ſoliſtimo, cum clamore dolorem teſtante, prætervolat) quæ animam parabolæ dabant, velut exanime in latinis verſibus corpus remanſit.* Sat. *l.* v. *c.* 14. But methinks this criticiſm might have been ſpared, had he conſidered that *Virgil* had no deſign, or occaſion to make an *Omen* of it; but took it only as a natural image, to paint the poſture of two warriours ſtruggling with each other.

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and ſentiments ſincere?
True to thoſe counſels which I judge the beſt,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breaſt.
To ſpeak his thoughts is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy ſway,
But tends to raiſe that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the *Grecian* ſhips to gain;
For ſure to warn us *Jove* his omen ſent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whoſe ſiniſter flight
Retards our hoſt, and fills our hearts with fright,

℣. 245. *The ſpeech of* Polydamas.] The addreſs of *Polydamas* to *Hector* in this ſpeech is admirable: he knew that the daring ſpirit of that hero would not ſuffer him to liſten to any mention of a retreat: he had already ſtormed the walls in imagination, and conſequently the advice of *Polydamas* was ſure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore ſoftens every expreſſion, and endeavours to flatter *Hector* into an aſſent; and though he is aſſured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he ſeems to be diffident: but that his perſonated diſtruſt may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but ſcience, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army. *Euſtathius.*

Diſmiſs'd his conqueſt in the middle ſkies,
Allow'd to ſeize, but not poſſeſs the prize;
Thus tho' we gird with fires the *Grecian* fleet,
Tho' theſe proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeſeen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes ſhall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my ſoul, and bids me thus adviſe:
For thus a ſkilful ſeer would read the ſkies.
To him then *Hector* with diſdain return'd;
(Fierce as he ſpoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
Are theſe the faithful counſels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reaſon wrong:

℣. 267. *The ſpeech of* Hector.] This ſpeech of *Hector's* is full of ſpirit: his valour is greater than the ſkill of *Polydamas*, and he is not to be argued into a retreat. There is ſomething very heroick in that line,

— — His ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no Omen but his country's cauſe.

And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being ſo well adapted to the character of him who ſpeaks it, who is every where deſcribed as a great lover of his country.

It may ſeem at firſt view that *Hector* uſes *Polydamas* with too much ſeverity in the concluſion of his ſpeech: but he will be ſufficiently juſtified, if we conſider that the interpretation of the omen given by *Polydamas* might have diſcouraged the army; and this makes it neceſſary for him to decry the prediction, and inſinuate that the advice proceeded not from his ſkill but his cowardice. *Euſtathius.*

Or if the purpoſe of thy heart thou vent,
Sure heaven reſumes the little ſenſe it lent.
What coward counſels would thy madneſs move,
Againſt the word, the will reveal'd of *Jove*?
The leading ſign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,
Theſe ſhall I flight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the ſky! your wings extend,
Or where the ſuns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws,
And aſks no Omen but his country's cauſe.
But why ſhould'ſt thou ſuſpect the war's ſucceſs?
None fears it more, as none promotes it leſs:

y. 281. *To right, to left, unheeded take your way:*] *Euſtathius* has found out four meanings in theſe two lines, and tells us that the words may ſignify Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South. This is writ in the true ſpirit of a Critick, who can find out a myſtery in the plaineſt words, and is ever learnedly obſcure: for my part, I cannot imagine how any thing can be more clearly expreſſed; I care not, ſays *Hector*, whether the eagle flew on the right towards the ſun-riſing, which was propitious, or on the left towards his ſetting, which was unlucky.

Tho' all our chiefs amid yon' ſhips expire,
Truſt thy own cowardice t' eſcape their fire.
Troy and her ſons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou can'ſt live, for thou can'ſt be a ſlave.
Yet ſhould the fears that wary mind ſuggeſts
Spread their cold poiſon thro' our ſoldiers breaſts,
My jav'lin can revenge ſo baſe a part,
And free the ſoul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he ſpoke, and ruſhing to the wall,
Calls on his hoſt; his hoſt obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the ſkies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of *Ide*,
And drifts of duſt the clouded navy hide:
He fills the *Greeks* with terrour and diſmay,
And gives great *Hector* the predeſtin'd day.

℣. 299. Jove *breathes a whirlwind.*] It is worth our notice to obſerve how the leaſt circumſtance grows in the hand of a great Poet. In this battle it is to be ſuppoſed that the *Trojans* had got the advantage of the wind of the *Grecians*, ſo that a cloud of duſt was blown upon their army: this gave room for this fiction of *Homer*, which ſuppoſes that *Jove*, or the air, raiſed the duſt, and drove it in the face of the *Grecians*. *Euſtathius*.

Strong in themſelves, but ſtronger in their aid,
Cloſe to the works their rigid ſiege they laid.
In vain the mounds and maſſy beams defend,
While theſe they undermine, and thoſe they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the ſolid wall;
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart ſtands the fierce alarms;
The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching ſhield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hiſſing darts, inceſſant, rain below.
The bold *Ajaces* fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouſe, with flame divine, the *Grecian* pow'r.
The gen'rous impulſe ev'ry *Greek* obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praiſe.
Fellows in arms! whoſe deeds are known to Fame,
And you whoſe ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endu'd with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge thoſe who ſtand; and thoſe who faint, excite;
Drown *Hector*'s vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;

Conqueſt, not ſafety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but ſally from the wall;
So *Jove* once more may drive their routed train,
And *Troy* lie trembling in her walls again.
Their ardour kindles all the *Grecian* pow'rs;
And now the ſtones deſcend in heavier ſhow'rs.
As when high *Jove* his ſharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of ſtorms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A ſnowy inundation hides the plain;
He ſtills the winds, and bids the ſkies to ſleep;
Then pours the ſilent tempeſt, thick and deep:
And firſt the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the ſandy ſhore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are ſeen,
And one bright waſte hides all the works of men:
The circling ſeas alone abſorbing all,
Drink the diſſolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each ſide increas'd the ſtony rain,
And the white ruin riſes o'er the plain.
Thus God-like *Hector* and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;

Nor *Troy* could conquer, nor the *Greeks* would yield,
'Till great *Sarpedon* tow'r'd amid the field;
For mighty *Jove* inſpir'd with martial flame
His matchleſs ſon, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample ſhield in air;
Within whoſe orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with braſs, and bound with ductile gold:
And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majeſtick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* bands.
So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Deſcends a lion on the flocks below;

℣. 348. *'Till great* Sarpedon, *&c.*] The Poet here uſhers in *Sarpedon* with abundance of pomp: he forces him upon the obſervation of the reader by the greatneſs of the deſcription, and raiſes our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the ſequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of *Patroclus*. *Euſtathius*.

℣. 357. *So preſs'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow Deſcends a lion.*] This compariſon very much reſembles that of the prophet *Iſaiah*, ch. xxxi. ℣. 4. where God himſelf is compared to a lion: *Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of ſhepherds is called forth againſt him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abaſe himſelf for the noiſe of them: ſo ſhall the Lord of hoſts come down that he may fight upon mount* Sion. *Dacier*.

So ſtalks the lordly ſavage o'er the plain,
In ſullen majeſty, and ſtern diſdain:
In vain loud maſtives bay him from afar,
And ſhepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardleſs, furious, he purſues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Reſolv'd alike, divine *Sarpedon* glows
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
To ſure deſtruction dooms th' aſpiring wall;
Then caſting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirſt of glory, thus he ſpoke.
Why boaſt we, *Glaucus!* our extended reign,
Where *Xanthus'* ſtreams enrich the *Lycian* plain,

℣. 371. *The ſpeech of* Sarpedon *to* Glaucus.] In former times Kings were looked upon as the generals of armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expoſe themſelves firſt in the battle, and be an example to their ſoldiers. Upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his diſcourſe, which is full of generoſity and nobleneſs. We are, ſays he, honoured like Gods; and what can be more unjuſt, than not to behave ourſelves like men? he ought to be ſuperiour in virtue, who is ſuperiour in dignity. What ſtrength is there, and what greatneſs in that thought? It includes juſtice, gratitude, and magnanimity; juſtice, in that he ſcorns to enjoy what he does not merit; gratitude, becauſe he would en-

Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſick's ſprightly ſound?
Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unleſs great acts ſuperiour merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above.
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place:
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,

deavour to recompenſe his obligations to his Subjects; and magnanimity, in that he deſpiſes death, and thinks of nothing but glory. *Euſtathius. Dacier.*

ỳ. 387. *Could all our care*, &c.] There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men contemn dangers, and ſeek glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory purchaſed with the loſs of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at laſt, though perhaps late, muſt end. It is ordained

For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He ſaid; his words the liſt'ning chief inſpire
With equal warmth, and rouſe the warriour's fire;
The troops purſue their leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Meneſtheus from on high the ſtorm beheld
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;

that all men ſhall die, nor can our eſcaping danger ſecure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in diſgrace, and even that continuance will be but ſhort, though the infamy everlaſting. This is inconteſtible, and whoever weighs his actions in theſe ſcales, can never heſitate in his choice: but what is moſt worthy of remark, is, that *Homer* does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary perſon, but aſcribes it the ſon of *Jupiter*. *Euſtathius*. *Dacier*.

I ought not to neglect putting the reader in mind, that this ſpeech of *Sarpedon* is excellently tranſlated by Sir *John Denham*, and if I have done it with any ſpirit, it is partly owing to him.

Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And ſaw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* ſtood,
Of fight inſatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and ſhields
Rings to the ſkies, and echoes thro' the fields,
The brazen hinges fly, the walls reſound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to *Thoös*; — Hence with ſpeed, (he ſaid)
And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our aid;
Their ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let *Telamon*, at leaſt, our tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe.
Swift at the word, the Herald ſpeeds along
The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng;

And finds the heroes bath'd in ſweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the duſty ſhore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid (ſaid *Thoös*) *Peteus*' ſon demands,
Your ſtrength, united, beſt may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the *Lycian* Princes bend their courſe,
The beſt and braveſt of the hoſtile force.
But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend,
At leaſt, let *Telamon* thoſe tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haſte with his unerring bow,
To ſhare the danger, and repel the foe,
Straight to the fort great *Ajax* turn'd his care,
And thus beſpoke his brothers of the war.
Now valiant *Lycomede!* exert your might,
And brave *Oïleus*, prove your force in fight:
To you I truſt the fortune of the field,
'Till by this arm the foe ſhall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his ſev'nfold ſhield, he ſtrode away.

With equal ſteps bold *Teucer* preſs'd the ſhore,
Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong *Pandion* bore.
High on the walls appear'd the *Lycian* pow'rs,
Like ſome black tempeſt gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The *Greeks*, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies.
Fierce *Ajax* firſt th' advancing hoſt invades,
And ſends the brave *Epicles* to the ſhades,
Sarpedon's friend; a-croſs the warriour's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;

℣. 444. *Whoſe fatal bow the ſtrong* Pandion *bore.*] It is remarkable that *Teucer*, who is excellent for his ſkill in archery, does not carry his own bow, but has it borne after him by *Pandion:* I thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reaſon of its unuſualneſs. It may be ſuppoſed that *Teucer* had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigence of the battle, which was about the wall; he might judge that ſome other weapon might be more neceſſary upon this occaſion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of *Pandion*. *Euſtathius*.

℣. 454. *A rocky fragment*, &c.] In this book both *Ajax* and *Hector* are deſcribed throwing ſtones of a prodigious ſize. But the Poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates the action much to the advantage of *Ajax: Ajax*, by his natural ſtrength, performs what *Hector* could not do without the aſſiſtance of *Jupiter*. *Euſtathius*.

In modern ages not the ſtrongeſt ſwain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then toſs'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the ſky;
Full on the *Lycian*'s helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin cruſh'd his batter'd crown.
As ſkilful divers from ſome airy ſteep,
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the deep,
So falls *Epicles*; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the ſhades the ſoul retires.
While to the ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,
From *Teucer*'s hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded ſhaft the deſtin'd paſſage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd ſome foe's inſulting boaſt
Might ſtop the progreſs of his warlike hoſt,

ỳ. 455. *In modern ages.*] The difference which our author makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is ſo great, that ſome have made uſe of it as an argument that *Homer* lived many ages after the war of *Troy*: but this argument does not ſeem to be of any weight; for ſuppoſing *Homer* to have writ two hundred and fifty, or two hundred and ſixty years after the deſtruction of *Troy*, this ſpace is long enough to make ſuch a change as he ſpeaks of; Peace, Luxury, or Effeminacy would do it in a much leſs time. *Dacier.*

Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd fight.
Divine *Sarpedon* with regret beheld
Diſabled *Glaucus* ſlowly quit the field;
His beating breaſt with gen'rous ardour glows,
He ſprings to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmäon firſt was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the pointed ſteel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The ſpear, purſu'd by guſhing ſtreams of gore;
Down ſinks the warriour with a thund'ring ſound,
His brazen armour rings againſt the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pond'rous ſtones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins ſmoke along the field.

ỳ. 483. *Swift to the battlements the victor flies.*] From what *Sarpedon* here performs, we may gather that this wall of the *Greeks* was not higher than a tall man; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is deſcribed juſt before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwiſe from this paſſage; and conſequently the thickneſs of the wall was anſwerable to the wideneſs of the ditch. *Euſtathius.*

A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, ruſhes in the war.
At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging bow,
And *Ajax* ſends his jav'lin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon ſtood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But *Jove* was preſent in the dire debate,
To ſhield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The Prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and ſeverer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting ſquadrons to new fury warms.
O where, ye *Lycians!* is the ſtrength you boaſt?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue loſt!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that hoſtile fleet ſhall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.
This juſt rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' aſſault renew;
Unmov'd th' embody'd *Greeks* their fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the weight of all the war;

Nor could the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* pow'rs,
Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* tow'rs.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two ſtubborn ſwains with blows diſpute their bounds;
They tug, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obſtinate to death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the wall.
Their manly breaſts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud ſtrokes are heard, and rattling arms reſound,
The copious ſlaughter covers all the ſhore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two ſcales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling balance nods,

ỳ. 511. *As on the confines of adjoining grounds.*] This ſimile, ſays *Euſtathius*, is wonderfully proper; it has one circumſtance that is ſeldom to be found in *Homer*'s alluſions; it correſponds in every point with the ſubject it was intended to illuſtrate: the meaſures of the two neighbours repreſent the ſpears of the combatants: the confines of the field ſhew that they engaged hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies gives us a lively idea of the large ſtones that were fixed to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

ỳ. 521. *As when two ſcales*, &c.] This compariſon is excellent on account of its juſtneſs; for there is nothing better

(While ſome laborious matron, juſt and poor,
With nice exactneſs weighs her woolly ſtore)
'Till pois'd aloft, the reſting beam ſuſpends
Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, deſcends:
So ſtood the war, 'till *Hector*'s matchleſs might
With fates prevailing, turn'd the ſcale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hoſt with loud repeated cries.
Advance, ye *Trojans!* lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs the blazing brands!
They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
Raiſe ſcaling engines, and aſcend the wall:

repreſents an exact equality than a balance: but *Homer* was particularly exact, in having neither deſcribed a woman of wealth and condition, for ſuch a one is never very exact, not valuing a ſmall inequality; nor a ſlave, for ſuch a one is ever regardleſs of his maſter's intereſt: but he ſpeaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the ſame time juſt and honeſt; for ſhe will neither defraud others nor be defrauded herſelf. She therefore takes care that the ſcales be exactly of the ſame weight.

It was an ancient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of *Homer*'s life aſcribed to *Herodotus*) that the Poet drew this compariſon from his own family; being himſelf the ſon of a woman who maintained herſelf by her own induſtry; he therefore to extol her honeſty (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem. *Euſtathius.*

Around the works a wood of glitt'ring ſpears
Shoots up, and all the riſing hoſt appears.
A pond'rous ſtone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong men th' enormous weight could raiſe,
Such men as live in theſe degen'rate days.
Yet this, as eaſy as a ſwain could bear
The ſnowy fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in air:
For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of maſſy ſubſtance, and ſtupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges ſtrong,
On lofty beams of ſolid timber hung:
Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful ſway,
Drives the ſharp rock; the ſolid beams give way,
The folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the reſounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears;

A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living flame.
He moves a God, reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
And ſeems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping ſpace,
A tide of *Trojans* flows, and fills the place;
The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the ſky.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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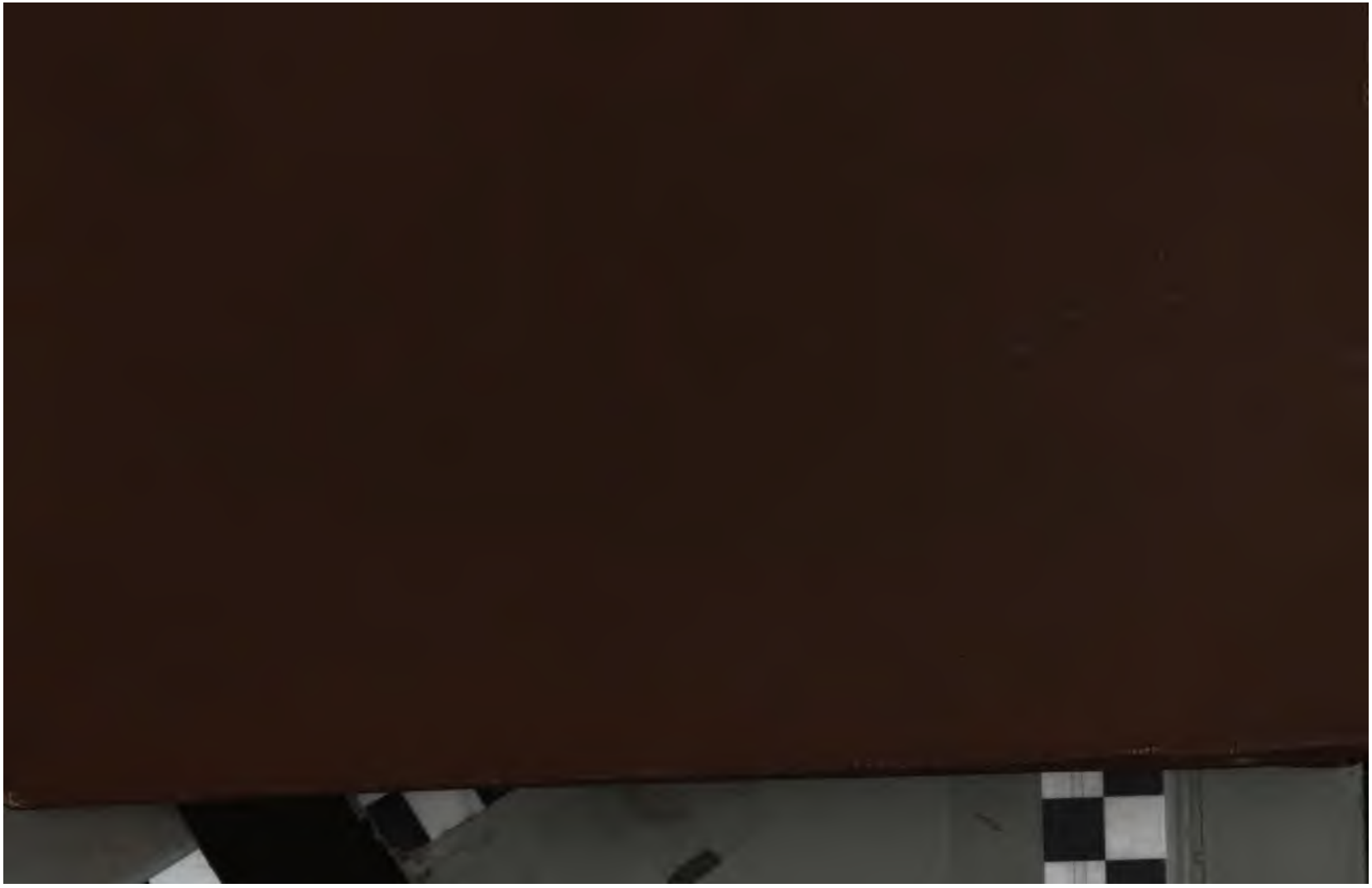
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